The Saturday Evening
POST
August 4, 1956 — 15¢

JUL 31 '56

I Make Up Hollywood

By Wally Westmore

ALSO • Oregon Grudge Fight: Can the GOP Break Wayne Morse? • I Came Back From Madness, by a Cured Mental Patient • Bob Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates • The Communist Supersalesmen Muscle In

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Today's new colored appliances can be a real decorating problem. For example, you may want *this* brand of dishwasher, *that* kind of oven. Will they match? Probably not. Or perhaps you'd like to collect your colored appliances one by one over a period of years. What happens to your color scheme in the meanwhile?

Just put down one of the many handsome Armstrong Floors that go with any color—and you can mix other colors freely. Here, the problem was solved with an elegant, vinyl plastic floor of Armstrong Terrazzo Corlon. With its smooth, virtually seamless surface, this floor is highly practical for a kitchen. Even spilled grease wipes right up, and the smart terrazzo design helps hide dust. Armstrong Plastic Corlon is made to bring colorful, carefree living to every room in your home.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK. "Plastic Floors of Armstrong Corlon." You also get description of this gay kitchen, with list of furnishings and appliances. *Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5608 Madison St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

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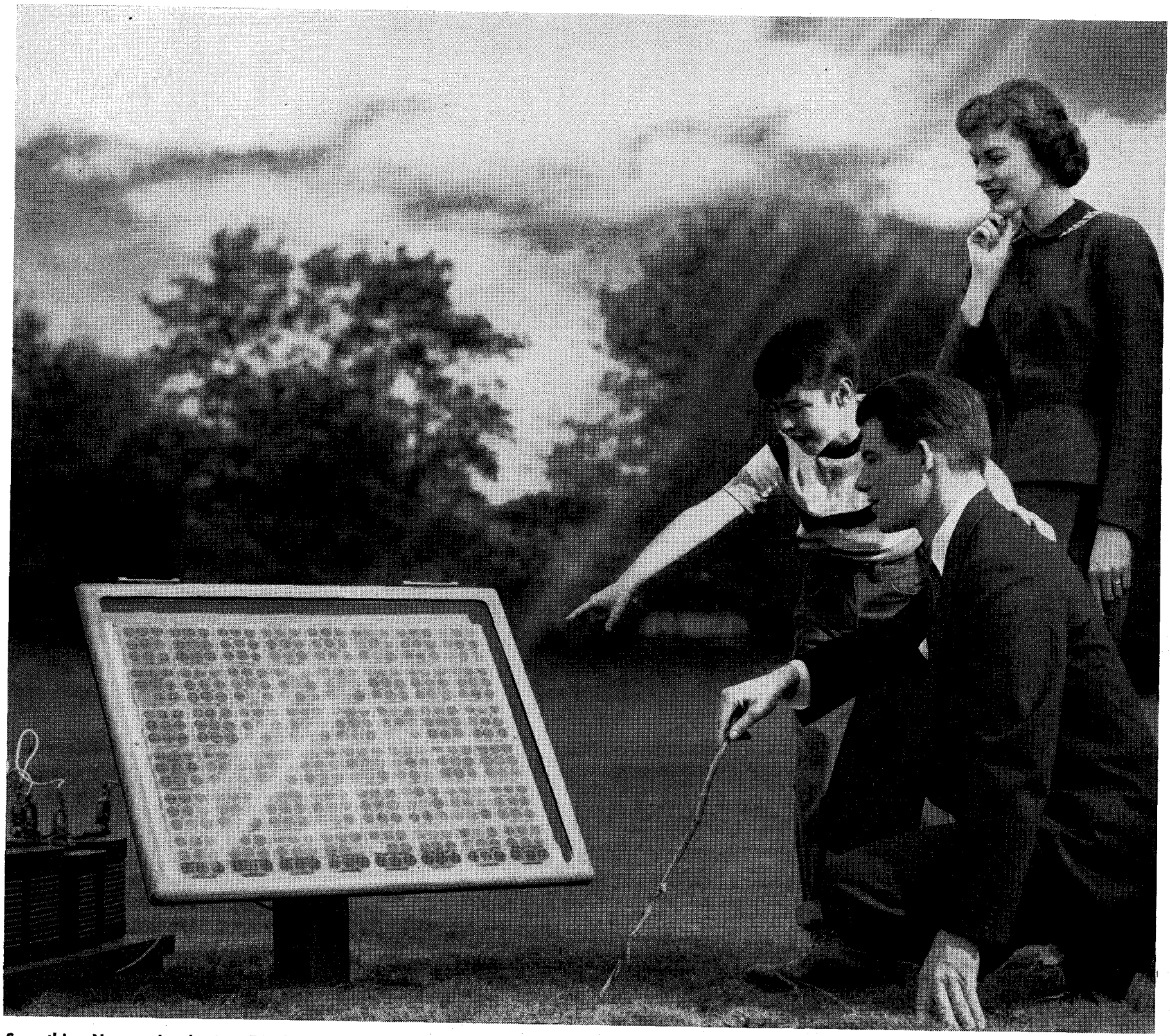

Something New under the Sun. It's the Bell Solar Battery, made of thin discs of specially treated silicon, an ingredient of common sand. It converts the sun's rays directly into usable amounts of electricity. Simple and trouble-free. The storage batteries beside the solar battery store up its electricity for night use.

Bell System Solar Battery Converts Sun's Rays into Electricity!

Bell Telephone Laboratories invention has great possibilities for telephone service and for all mankind

Ever since Archimedes, men have been searching for the secret of the sun.

For it is known that the same kindly rays that help the flowers and the grains and the fruits to grow also send us almost limitless power . . . nearly as much every three days as in all known reserves of coal, oil and uranium.

If this energy could be put to use—instead of going to waste—there would be enough to turn every wheel and light every lamp that mankind would ever need.

The dream of ages has been brought closer by the Bell System Solar Battery. It was invented at the Bell Telephone Laboratories after long research and first announced in 1954. Since then its efficiency has been doubled and its usefulness extended.

There's still much to be done before the battery's possibilities in telephony and for other uses are fully developed. But a good and pioneering start has been made.

The progress so far is like the opening of a door through which we can glimpse exciting new things for the future.

Great benefits for telephone users and for all mankind may come from this forward step in putting the energy of the sun to practical use.

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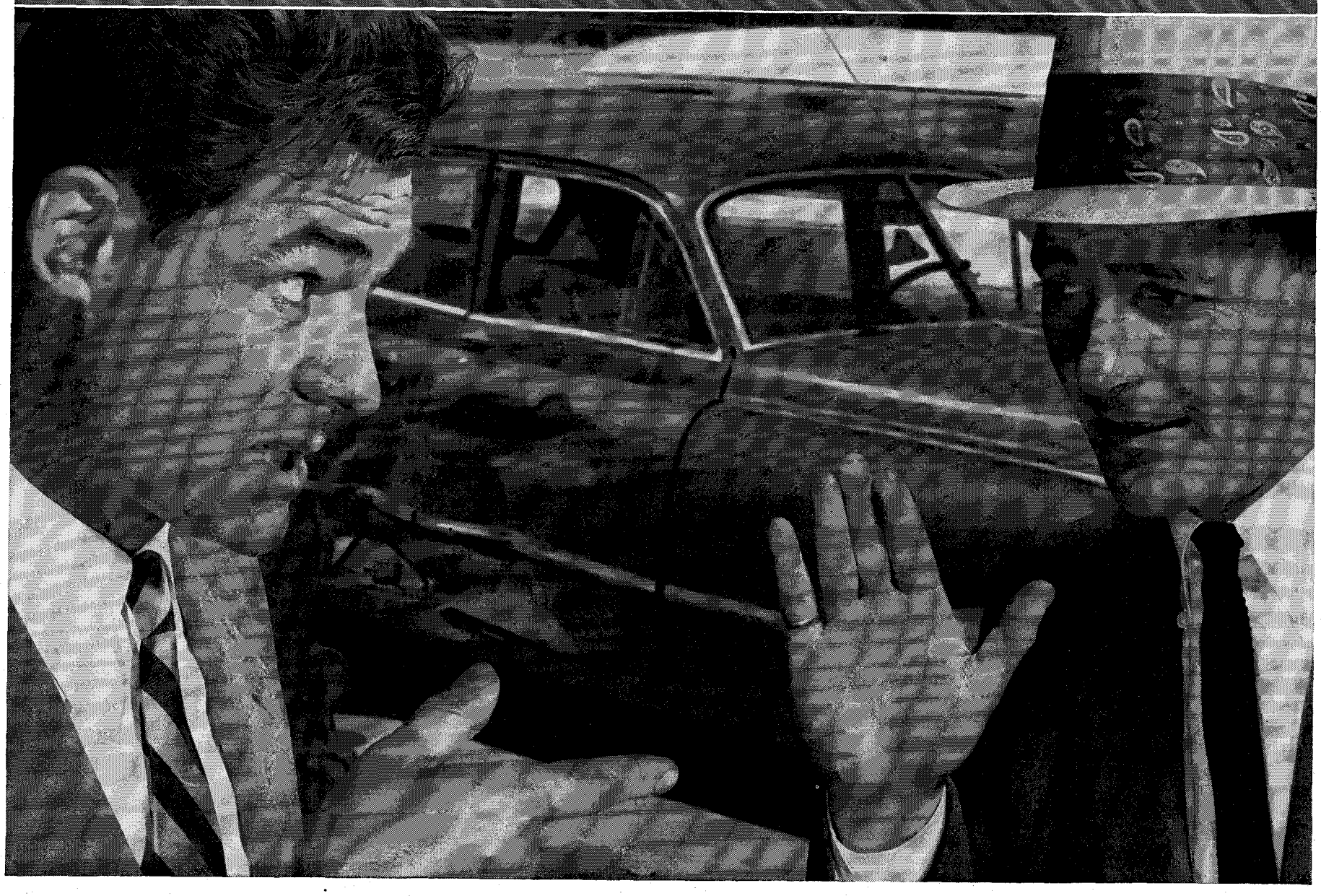
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



"He called me a fool driver ...I called Liberty Mutual"

"THE driver of the other car was so mad I thought he'd burst. I think he put it on because he knew his own carelessness caused the smash-up. Just the same, I was glad I had the solid backing of Liberty Mutual car insurance to protect me. And when I mentioned Liberty, I noticed that he calmed down some. I phoned the Liberty number — the claimsman took over. From that minute on, I felt secure — Liberty certainly saved me a lot of trouble."

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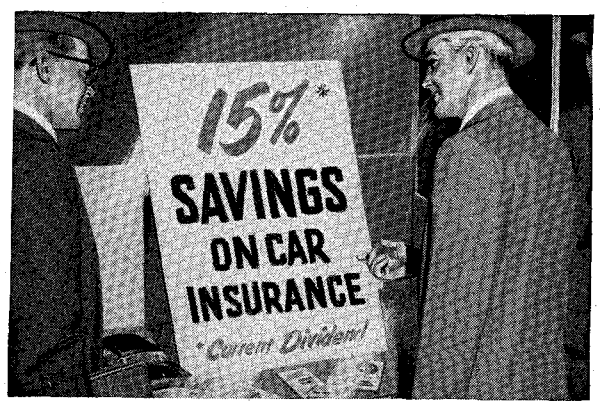

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

August 4, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 5*

4 Short Stories

Typhoon Rescue . . . . . *Jacland Marmur* 20
Manhattan Cowboy . . . . . *Colin Lofting* 24
Love Came Late . . . . . *Robert Carson* 28
A Letter From Home . . . . . *Robert Murphy* 31

7 Articles

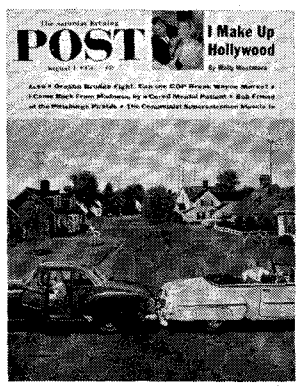
I Make Up Hollywood (First of two articles)
Wally Westmore, as told to Pete Martin 17
The Red Supersalesmen Muscle In . . . . . *John Bird* 22
I Came Back From Madness . . . . . *Ann Bentley* 25
Grudge Fight in Oregon . . . . . *William L. Worden* 26
Customer's Man With a Fast Ball . . . . . *Myron Cope* 30
The Face of America: Down East . . . . . *Photograph by Bill Rapp* 32
How to Talk Like a Native . . . . . *Dean Jennings* 34

2 Serials

Escape in the Desert (Third of six parts) . . . *Christopher Landon* 36
Reunion With Terror (Conclusion) . . . . . *Martha Albrand* 41

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 38
Verse 46, 58, 70, 82
Keeping Posted 88



THE COVER

Goodness, the vehicles of Mrs. Stryker and Mrs. Bangs have entered into a collision. If the operators weren't trying to have such a neat, clean-cut smack, however did they manage it? Perhaps each saw the other coming, each stopped, then came, confident that the other was graciously waiting—whereupon, kerwham! Or did they emerge with their eyes shut? Oh, it was just one of those things; so the ladies shouldn't berate each other, but instead blame this on Fate, agreeing that if either one had put on her lipstick thirty seconds faster, they would not have kerwhammed. Later, if their husbands don't find this logical, they can be reminded that men bend cars, too, even without lipstick. The bill for damages goes to Steve Dohanos. For not putting stop signs on the driveways.

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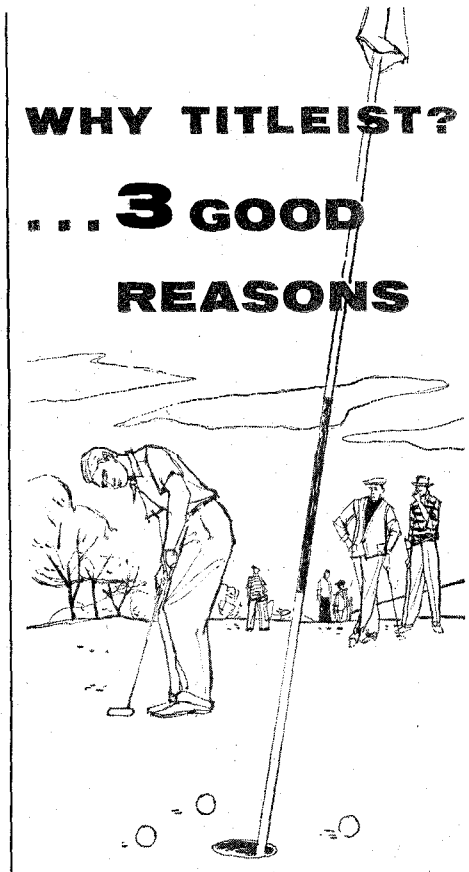
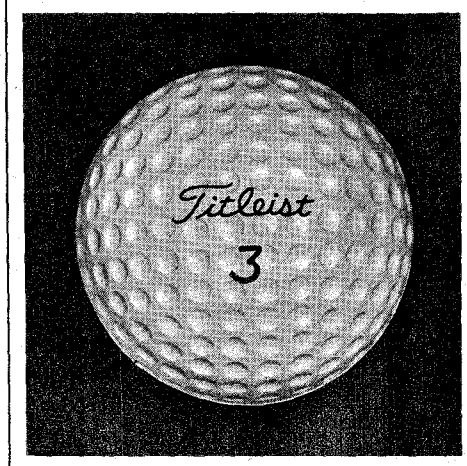
. . . 3 GOOD REASONS





1 To date in *every* open tournament of the 1956 circuit — yes, we said *every open tournament* — more players, pros and amateurs alike, have used Titleist than any other ball.

2 At one time or another, *every* major men's tournament in the country, amateur and pro, has been won by a player using the Titleist.

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SHURON

Our friends in the ophthalmic professions will recognize the illustration of the lady by the telephone as an application of the Gestalt figure-ground studies in visual perception.

GOOD VISUAL CARE DOESN'T COST... IT PAYS!

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Letters

George Meany, Golfer

Dear Sirs:

This seems impossible, a picture of George Meany, AFL-CIO Prexy with a golf club in his hand [BIG LABOR'S BIG BOSS, by Paul Healy, June 23]. Where oh where will the detractors of the President now turn for charges of inaction on the

job? . . . George's frontage indicates his steak-and-chops absorption is at least normal. It also, incidentally, indicates that all labor is not on a starvation diet.

George's profile certainly is an advertisement for the need of exercise and relaxation. Let those who moan about the President's golf be made aware that the millions who engage in this exercise are not all tycoons.

T. W. ESSIG
Chula Vista, Cal.

Medic's Role

Dear Sirs:

While reading the story SUICIDE CASE (by Ronald Sercombe, June 30) and noting on page 96 that: "It was Dr. Sullivan's contention, after many years of observation, that time and nature heal; physicians and medication merely cooperate."

I wondered whether the author's Dr. Sullivan is a reincarnation of the famous surgeon, Ambroise Paré (1517–1590), who in his old age repeatedly said, "I dressed him and God cured him."

L. B. TUCKERMAN
Washington, D.C.

Gospel Singing

Dear Sirs:

Regarding your June 23rd article, THEY PUT RHYTHM IN RELIGION [by Furman Bisher]: This singing in the Lord's Name for money exclusively for bettering oneself is an outrage!

MRS. JESTON MOORE
St. Thomas, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

I wish someone would answer one question for me. Why do people object to these men making a good living for their families, while bringing so much happiness to thousands of people at the same time?

MRS. BEN H. PETERS
Ft. Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

I have been a gospel-music devotee for a long time and have heard sing many of the quartets mentioned in Mr. Bisher's article. . . .

Their songs and the straight-to-the-heart messages contained therein have been and are truly a blessing. These men are not just entertainers. They are men who have dedicated their time, talents and lives to the spread of the gospel through song.

MARGIE MARTINDALE
Dallas, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Speaking as Nashville's only gospel disk jockey, and as Gospel Music Editor of Deejay Magazine, the country's only disk-jockey trade journal, I think Mr. Bisher missed an important part of this upcoming business. Not all gospel music is "jazz." Some of it is as beautiful as any music you'll find anywhere. . . . I program primarily the non-jazz gospel music, and my listeners represent thousands of all denominations. . . . Letters of praise from ministers far outweigh the complaints. . . .

My point is that there's a gospel song for everyone.

DAVID E. LYMAN
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Your writer states the Blackwoods cruised to their engagements in their own plane until it crashed in Alabama and killed one of the members.

There were two members of the quartet killed—R. W. Blackwood, their baritone and pilot of the plane, and Bill Lyle, their bass singer. They had a double funeral in the municipal auditorium in Memphis, with the governor of the state present.

W. D. BURKE
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I hope that your article will help to extend this form of bringing the gospel to even more people. I believe from talking with quartet members that you will find over 99% of them wonderful Christian men, who feel that this is one way they have of bringing the word to more people. Of course, it is a business, we all have to make a living, but I can't think of any better way to do it.

BILL BENTLEY
Stephenville, Texas

Dear Sirs:

How nauseating to hear religious lyrics set to rock-and-roll music! Shame on such hopped-up singing groups.

JOSEPH CUMMINGS
Belle, W. Va.

Sukarno

Dear Sirs:

I would like to compliment you for your fine editorial on Sukarno [LET'S HOPE WE AREN'T GOING OVERBOARD FOR MR. SUKARNO!, June 30]. It irked me to read the write-ups he received as "the freedom-loving leader of a new Asian democracy". . . .

If the United States should refuse foreign aid to the many-faced Mr. Sukarno, it is possible that he may seek the same from Bulganin and Krushchev, the Communist Katzenjammer Kids, along with (Continued on Page 6)

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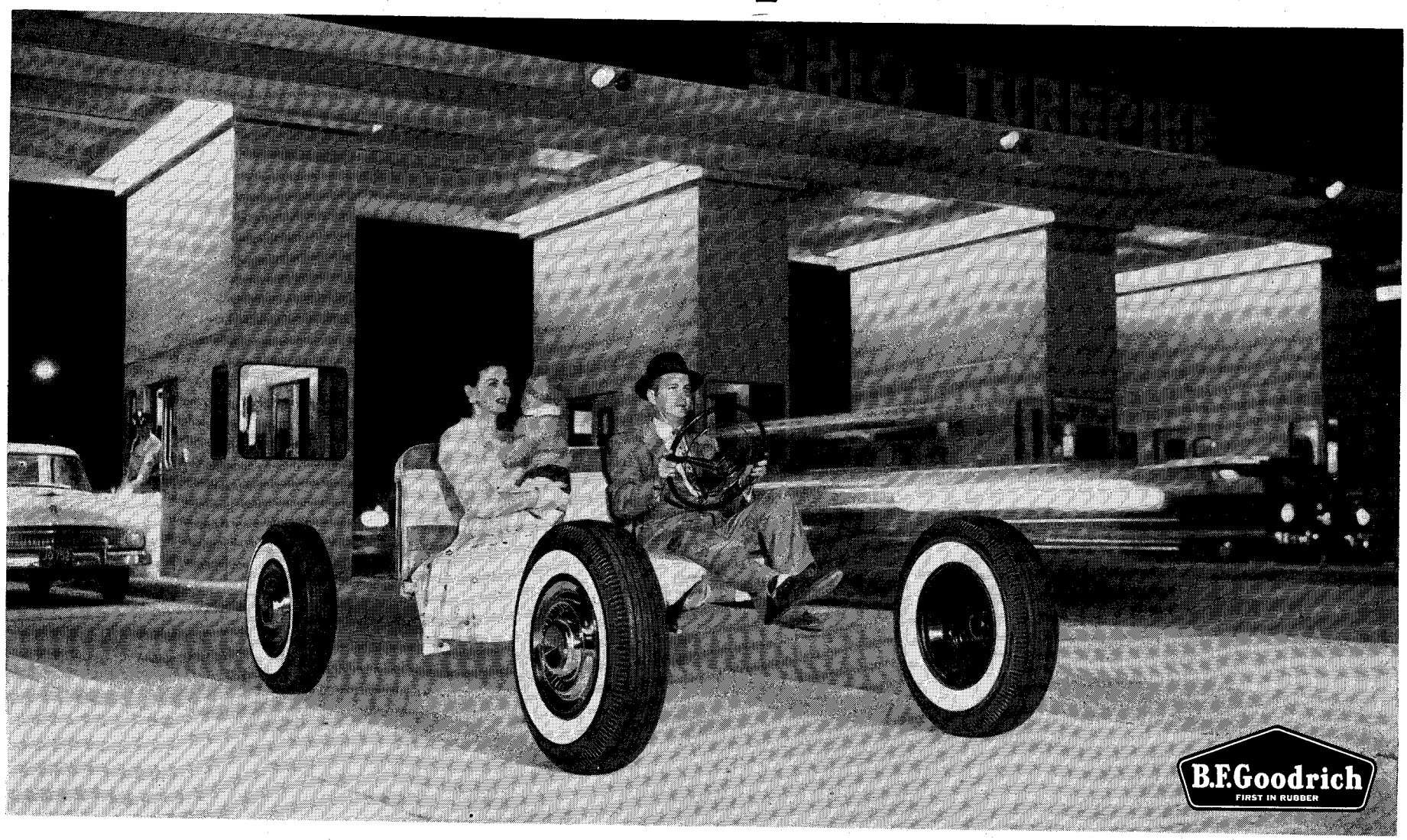
B.F.Goodrich Tubeless
– because you're only as safe as your tires



Hitting rocks or chuckholes can bruise tire cords. As the tire flexes, the bruise becomes a bruise-break, causing a blowout. But LIFE-SAVERS have no tube to blow out. Instead, a patented inner liner, part of the tire, limits air loss to pinhole leaks. Instead of a blowout, you get a safe s-s-slowout that gives you time to stop.

WHY are accidents increasing daily, in spite of better roads and safer cars? Safety experts blame bad driving and bad tires. You can help end both. Join the Safe Driver League sponsored by B. F. Goodrich to cut the traffic accident toll. And get the extra protection of B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless Tires.

Think how much you depend on your tires. They are your only link with the road. If they fail, your only safe contact is gone. *You're only as safe as your tires.*

All tubeless tires are not the same. LIFE-SAVERS give patented protection against bruise-blowouts, skids and punctures. Regular tubeless do not. LIFE-SAVERS seal punctures *permanently*. Most other tubeless do not. LIFE-SAVERS are backed by 8 years of use and proof that only the Inventor of Tubeless, B. F. Goodrich, can offer.

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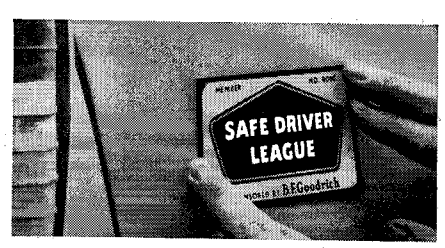

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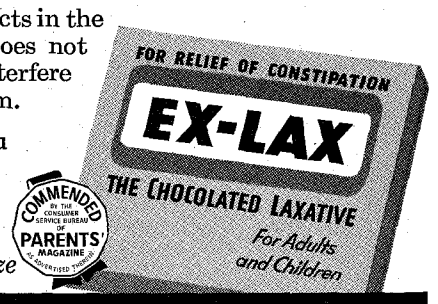
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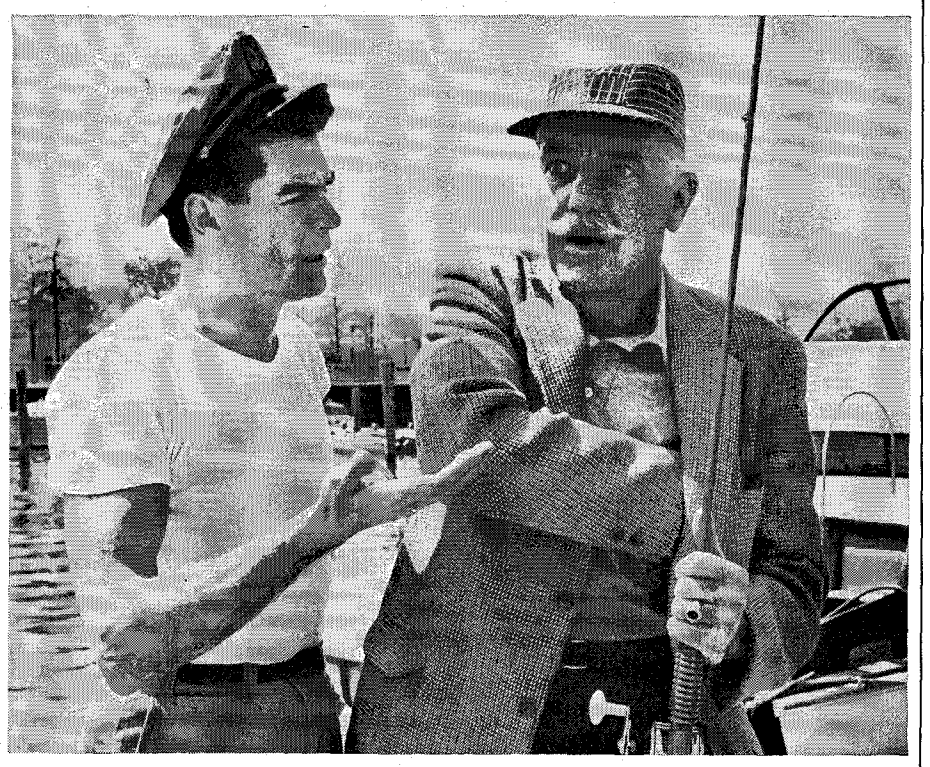

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Always insist on American Express Travelers Cheques

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

a good-sized dose of infiltration by Soviet agents. If, on the other hand, the U.S. should hand him a large chunk of economic and military aid, it is not altogether impossible that he may in the not so distant future, pull a Tito on us.

GEORGE HINTZKE
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Re Sukarno's visit, it would appear he certainly has our number and a very easy number it is: merely cry the magic word "democracy" and Uncle Sap opens up his money bags.

MRS. CARROLL T. COX
Robinson, Ill.

45-Room "Cottage"

Dear Sirs:

I was interested to read your recent article WORKING GIRLS ON A FROLIC [by Ashley Halsey, Jr., June 30] as I was one of the family of five who occupied Eastover as our 'summer cottage' . . .

"Eastover" was built in about 1912 by my father, Harris Fahnestock, and not by my grandfather Harris C. Fahnestock. . . . I can think offhand of at least ten more rooms than the 35 you list. My father splurged to the extent of 1000 acres whereas you only credit us with 500.

It is nice to know so many people are enjoying the "cottage."

HARRIS FAHNESTOCK, JR.
Concord, Mass.

Wonderful Ferries

Dear Sirs:

Apropos of SPECTACULAR BOAT RIDE [by Leonard A. Stevens, June 30]. . . . My memory goes back to the old ferry rides between Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and Staten Island. Almost 40 years ago my fiancée and I on a summer evening would embark from the Brooklyn end for a couple of round trips, costing forty cents altogether, a lovely couple of hours of semidarkness, semiprivacy and discreet romance. . . . It was the greatest boatride in existence.

O tempora, O mores!

RUSSELL ANDERSON
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The old boats have roomy walks running all around because many people used to walk briskly around for exercise and fresh air.

They changed that on the new boats because people have changed. Almost nobody walks now for the fun of it. The new boats have a small strip on the top deck, for the few who wish to walk. Ain't that somethin?

WILLIAM T. WHITE
Staten Island, N.Y.

Hole in the Wall

Dear Sirs:

My eye caught Roy Arnold Fryer's WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, June 9, 1956, issue.

It was not necessary for me to turn to page 138 for the answer, and I will call Mr. Fryer's attention to an error in the illustration, which, to me, is a serious

one. No weatherboard was used in the construction of Grouseland [the Indiana home of William Henry Harrison]; the building was entirely of brick exterior. You see, I have had my finger in that bullet hole many times and my grandfather made the brick walls which stand as solidly today as more than a century and a half ago.

JOHN C. HOGUE
San Jose, Cal.

Outside Loop

Dear Sirs:

Paul Mantz [HOLLYWOOD'S PLANE CRASHER, by Richard Thruelsen, April 14] was not the first man to perform an outside loop in a commercial airplane. . . . This distinction belonged to my late husband Freddie Lund. . . . Freddie performed this maneuver and received credit for same in the fall of 1928 at Troy, Ohio. . . . Freddie Lund was the third man in the world ever to do one, having been preceded by Jimmy Doolittle in an Army plane and Al Williams in a Navy plane.

BETTIE LUND CARY
Anchorage, Alaska

Turnpike Cheaters

Dear Sirs:

One of the most shocking articles I have read in some time is Joe Alex Morris' SWINDLERS ON THE TURNPIKES, June 30. It is shocking not just because of the dishonesty revealed both by users of the turnpikes and collectors of the tolls, distressing as that is, but because of the underlying implication that it is impossible to find men of integrity to hold positions of trust.

If honesty and reliability can be had only through the use of elaborate mechanical and electronic installations, we have an evil creeping insidiously into our way of life . . . which will eventually destroy us.

MRS. MABEL T. STEVENS
Hudson, Mass.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Ollie Atkins. • 17, 18, 19–Gene Lester. • 20, 21–Anton Otto Fischer. • 22–Pix, United Press, Brian Brake (Magnum). • 23–Brian Brake (Magnum), two by Sam Waagenaar. • 24–Robert Meyers. • 26–Two from Wide World; two by John Bickel. 27–Portland Oregonian, Wide World, International. • 28, 29–Joe De Mers. • 30–Harry Saltzman. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–Bill Rapp. • 34–Hans Knopf, Claude Jacoby, Peter Scheier. • 35–Hans Knopf, Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, Hans Knopf. 36, 37–Robert Moore. • 41–Al Muenchen. • 62–John Bickel. • 78–Gene Lester. 88–Anonymous, Bill Bailey, Gene Lester, two by Hans Knopf.

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REXALL AEROSOL INSECT REPELLENT keeps many bugs away, indoors and out. 5 oz., **$1.19**

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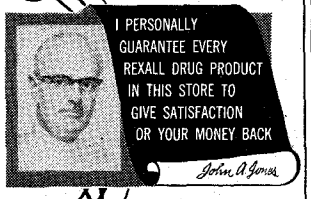

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2. NYLON STRETCH SOX for men, boys, girls. Stretch to fit any foot easily, any ankle neatly—and stay up! Men's styles: argyle, ribbed, clock, plain (smart colors). Pair, reg. 75¢, now **69¢** or **3** for **$1.98** Styles for boys, and stretch bobby-sox for girls: pr., reg. 65¢, **59¢** or **3** for **$1.69**
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2. CARA NOME COLOGNE is ½-price this month! Delicate but definite. Reg. $2.00, now **$1.00**
3. CARA NOME "RADIANCE" FACE POWDER is cut 25¢ to introduce 8 thrilling new shades: Natural, "In The Pink," deep-dark Tan Ray and Gypsy Tan; and 4 lovely rachelles: Lt., Dark, Olive and Rose. Ea., reg. $1.25, **$1.00**
CARA NOME LOTIONS are ½ price! Choice of 3 fragrances: Cara Nome, White Mink or Springwood. 6 oz., reg. $1.00, each, now **50¢**

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REXALL FIRST-AID KIT has 7 emergency needs and first-aid booklet, in metal box....**$1.35**
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REXALL SUNBURN CREAM soothes smarting and pain. 5-oz. Aerosol, $1.49. 3-oz. cream..**69¢**
REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC. 1-oz. bottle...**33¢**
REXALL POISON IVY LOTION quickly relieves itching, irritation. 5-oz. Aerosol spray, **$1.69**
REXALL EPOTHRICIN, antibiotic skin cream for cuts, scratches, abrasions. 1 ounce, only..**79¢**
REXALL PEROXIDE, U.S.P. 3%, full pint, **45¢**

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CAPE COD LUNCH KIT has pint vacuum bottle, sandwich space, collapsible metal grip, ventilating louvres. $2.95 value, now only..**$2.49**
LEAD PENCILS, cello-pack of 12. Silvertone finish, medium lead, erasers. 60¢ value, **39¢**
ALL-PURPOSE TABLET for pencil or ball pen. 8" x 10", ruled. Reg. 39¢, now only.....**27¢**
IRISH LINEN WRITING TABLET, note size, ruled or plain. 140 sheets—a real buy for.....**25¢**
RIPPLE BOND TYPEWRITER TABLET, thick, **50¢**
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VINYL ZIPPER POCKET for standard 2- or 3-ring zipper binders. Holds pencils, papers...**29¢**
BELMONT BALL PEN looks and feels like a pencil but writes easily, like a pen. Longer-lasting ink won't leak or smudge. Now only....**19¢**
CASCADE BALL PEN REFILL fits more than 150 pens. Long-lasting ink dries instantly...**49¢**
BELMONT RUBBER CEMENT is ideal for scrapbooks and albums because it sticks without wrinkling. 4-oz. brush-top bottle, only **40¢**
WASHABLE SCHOOL BAG of vinyl plastic has lunch pocket, ID card, girl-of-the-west or ranger design. Handles for boys, straps for girls. Roomy, sturdy, thrifty. Now only **$1.49**

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Rexall DRUG STORES

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Editorials

An Efficient President Needn't be a One-Man Band

The presidency is an executive office. How any man in the White House will carry out his duties must depend on his own concept of the right way to manage large affairs.

Yet some of the comment on Mr. Eisenhower's great decision assumed that there was only one proper atmosphere for the Chief Executive, and that was the white heat and high pressures generated in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. After three years' experience of the Eisenhower approach to the presidency, not to mention his record in the Army, it ought to be clear that he belongs to the calm school of efficiency.

Some able and useful Presidents seemed incapable of functioning at all except in the midst of alarums and excursions. Controversy was the breath of their nostrils. Every minor disagreement had to become a knock-down-and-drag-out fight with the devil, ending like an Elizabethan drama, with political corpses littering the national stage.

That was the Andrew Jackson style and, on the Republican side, the strenuous manner of Theodore Roosevelt. Yet each party could recall, if it wished, other examples. Grover Cleveland is not much mentioned nowadays, possibly because he was a conservative Democrat. But he was a prime example of the excellent executive, well liked by the people, who consistently underplayed his role.

Nor was Abraham Lincoln much for ranting and chewing the scenery. He bore unflinchingly the greatest burden ever to fall on the shoulders of an American President. No one could have taken his office more seriously, and no one could have taken himself less seriously. Again and again he exasperated extremists in the North by his steady patience, his refusal to get excited.

First-rate men get things done in various ways, each according to his temperament. It is notorious that Churchill, as Prime Minister and therefore chief executive of the British Government during the war, breakfasted in bed and dispatched an enormous amount of official business at ease among the pillows. No available photograph shows him in the least agitated or visibly in a hurry, whatever the agitation at lower levels.

It ought not to be necessary to make so obvious a point, except for the Gratuitous Advice Section of the Democratic National Committee and the We're-So-Concerned Division of the A.D.A. groups which confuse "strong" presidents with jittery ones. Anybody who has ever worked in office or shop knows that the best executive is often a rather mild character who never seems particularly busy, but who has a talent for getting things done.

Now We're Easing the Lot of the "Uncommitted Peoples" With Heavy Doses of Culture

Jazzman Dizzy Gillespie, who recently returned with his band from a two-month tour of Iran, Pakistan, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, Yugoslavia and Greece, has among his souvenirs a snapshot showing him in Syria with four of his fans, all Syrian officials, and many rave notices published in foreign newspapers. Significant to non-bop fans is the news that Gillespie's tour was partially underwritten by our Government and that the Department of State feels that foreign relations have been distinctly improved by such goings-on.

President Eisenhower is largely responsible for this new wrinkle in foreign policy. In 1954, at the President's request, Congress voted a $5,000,000 President's Emergency Fund for International Affairs. The same amount was voted for 1955–1956. Two and a half million dollars goes to the Department of Commerce for its International Trade Fair Program. The remainder of the fund is used partially to defray the costs of sending to foreign countries American performing artists—musicians, actors, dancers and sports groups.

Since November, 1954, some fifty different cultural attractions have appeared in about seventy countries under the auspices of the State Department. This part of the program, known as the International Exchange Program, is administered by the congressionally chartered American National Theater and Academy.

José Limon, Mexican-born dancer, opened the culture campaign in South America in November, 1954. Since then, Porgy and Bess has toured fourteen countries from Yugoslavia to Mexico; the Symphony of the Air played in Japan and six other Far Eastern countries. Modern dancer Martha Graham and her company danced in ten Middle and Far Eastern countries; the Robert Shaw Chorale performed in twenty countries ranging from Iceland to Egypt. Other groups that have gone on tour for the United States are the Ballet Theater, the Philadelphia Orchestra, The New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Mary Martin and Helen Hayes were part of a Salute to France last year.

The program has its opponents, and matters reached a boil late last year when Congressman John J. Rooney, of New York, charged that the Symphony of the Air—which was scheduled to tour the Near East—had some pro-communists among its musicians. The State Department subsequently canceled the tour.

Despite this setback, the balance sheet seems very much in our favor so far. Foreign audiences have been overwhelmingly enthusiastic over our artists, athletes and trade exhibits. Some overseas publications, congenitally unable to see anything admirable in the culture medium coming out of the United States, have soft-pedaled their hostile refrain and agreed that the arts have come of age in the U.S.A.

Investment Clubs Catch 'em Young

One of our underground agents while paying his way through the turnstile of a chain store was astonished to hear the checker on his aisle call out to the checker next door: "Does your investment club have Monsanto Chemical?" The other boy couldn't reply immediately, being involved with adding up the prices of a pile of the products of General Foods and placing them in an enormous paper bag. However, before our man left the place he overheard the answer: "They brought that up at the meeting, but we went along with Sunray, like our president thought we should."

All this stimulated our man's curiosity, and he asked the New York Stock Exchange what it knew about investment clubs. The exchange doesn't know all about them, because most investment clubs are very informal groups. Nevertheless, it is estimated that there are at least 10,000 such organizations in the United States, with an average membership of about ten people. One of the older of such groups is the Mutual Investment Club, of Detroit, which was started in 1939 by six young men who expected to pool their savings until they had enough to start a business of their own. The club eventually grew to fourteen with investments worth, at recent stock prices, $40,000 from total payments of $14,000.

The Stock Exchange feels that people interested in setting up investment clubs should check into the legal requirements of their states and the nation relating to such operations. After all, the popularity of such clubs does lend opportunity for fraud, as well as for unwitting violations of the law.

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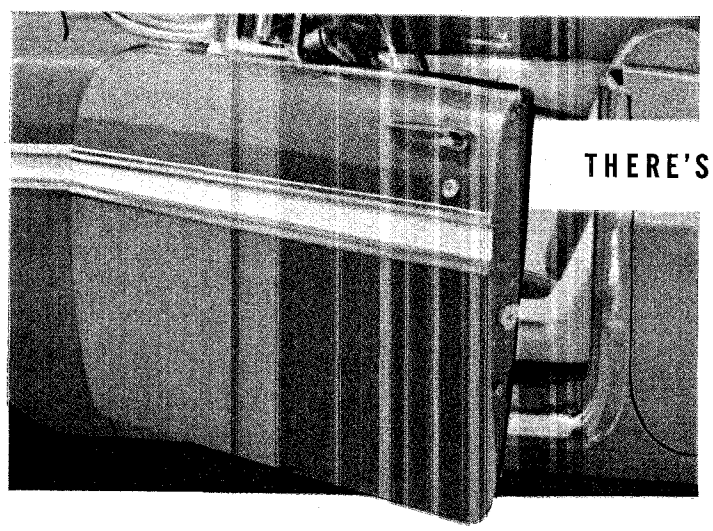
Azaleas by Charleston's Middleton Gardens

Lace Tea Gown by Fontana of Rome

4-Door Sport Sedan by Chevrolet



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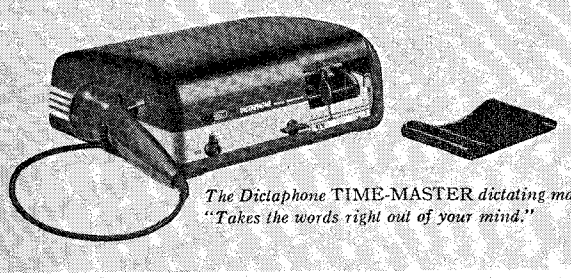

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Watch the 'Jeep' Truck go! Hauls a ton and more, carries supplies, tools and men "anywhere-anytime" with the extra "tough-job" traction of its 4-wheel drive. All 4 wheels work together—pull and push you through mud, sand, soft earth or snow. *Willys knows traction*—it has billions of miles of 4-wheel drive experience. 'Jeep' traction really gets you there—on or off the road!

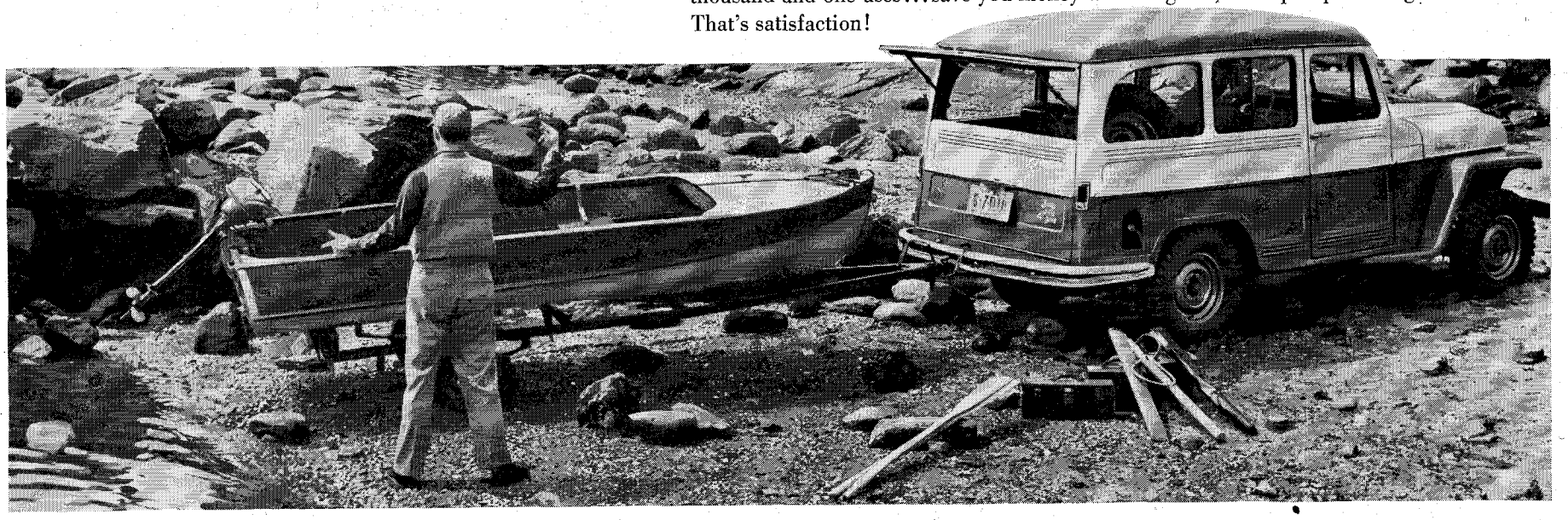
Action...

You name 'em—the Universal 'Jeep',* with power take-off, operates 'em—crop sprayer, winch, conveyor, trencher or belt-driven machinery! 'Jeep' vehicles not only take equipment to the job—they supply smooth governor-controlled power to do the job when you get there. And their mobility saves travel time between jobs. That's action that works for you!

*Model CJ-5 shown

Satisfaction!

A workhorse and a family vehicle all wrapped up in one! The versatile 4-Wheel-Drive 'Jeep' Utility Wagon gets tough jobs done faster and gives you more leisure time. It takes you to remote recreation areas—to your favorite fishing or hunting spots. 'Jeep' vehicles serve a thousand and one uses...save you money with long life, low upkeep and high resale value. That's satisfaction!



'Jeep'® 4-WHEEL-DRIVE VEHICLES BY WILLYS KEEP AMERICA ON THE MOVE

See 'Jeep' vehicles at your Willys dealer

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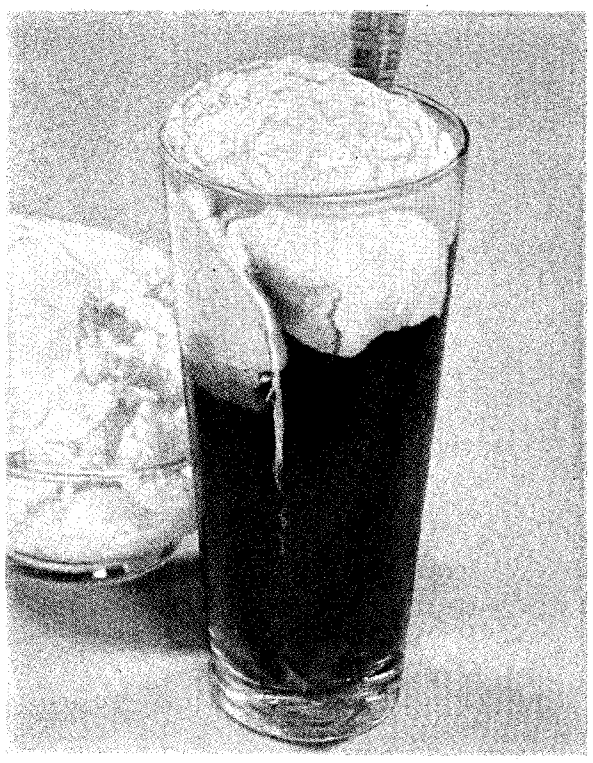
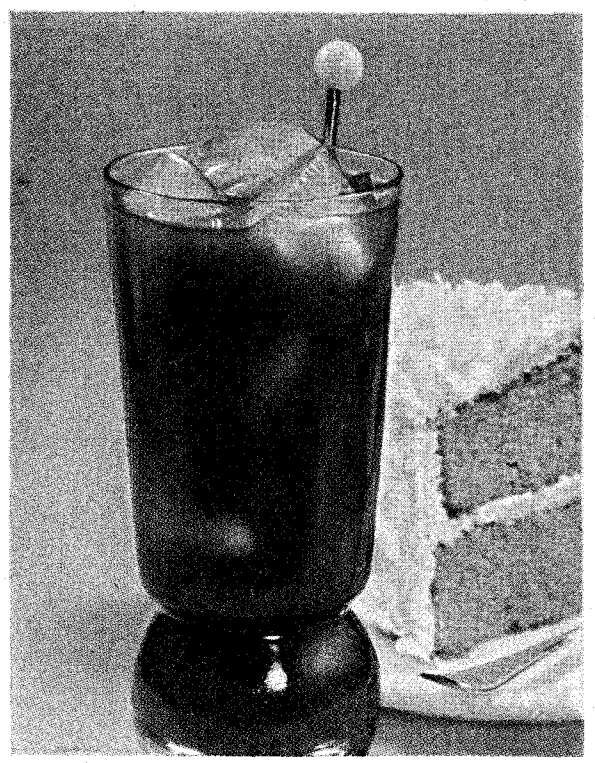
How to cool off with coffee!

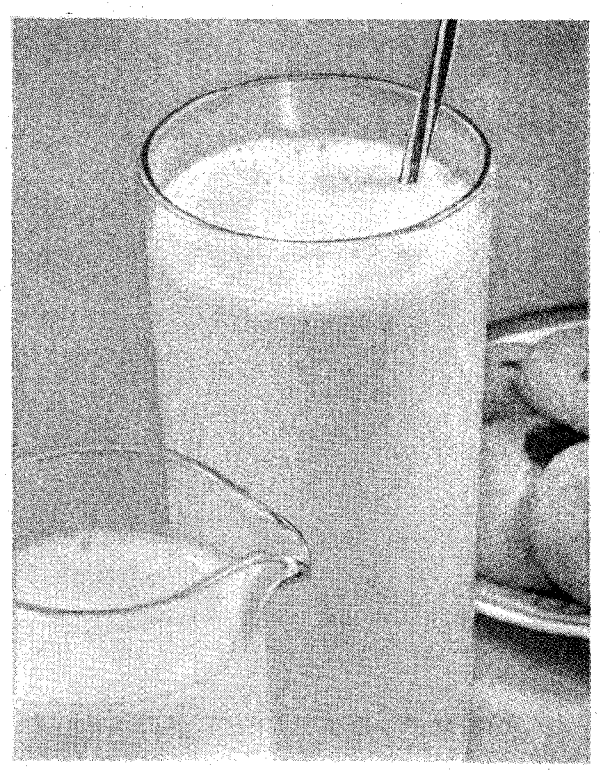
Wonderful new ways to serve iced coffee—save this page!



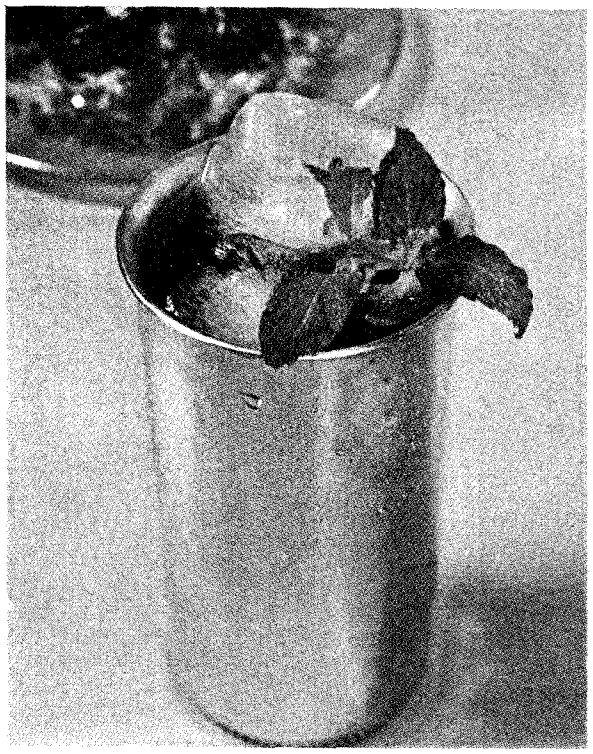
Coffee Float — drop a generous amount of your favorite ice cream into good iced coffee—coffee ice cream, of course, or vanilla, chocolate, mint or maple walnut.



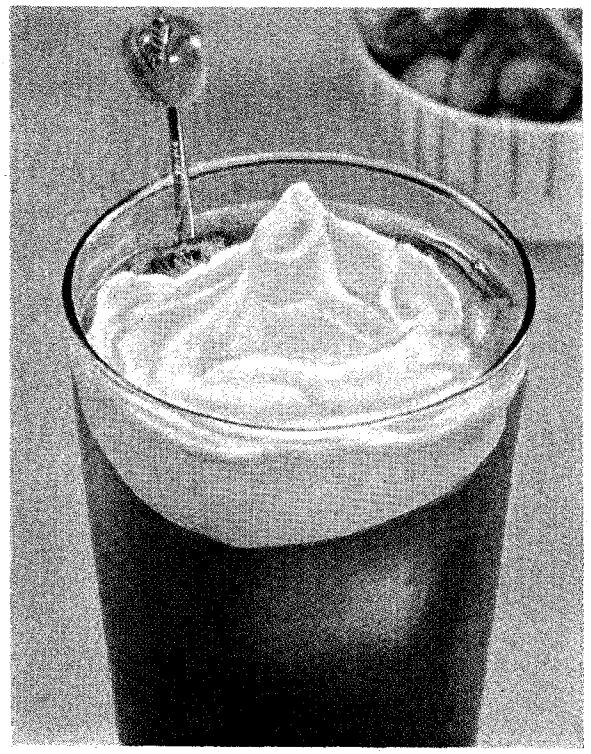
Iced Coffee Mocha — so easy when you add a teaspoon of chocolate syrup or cocoa per cup—at the last minute or when making your good, full-strength iced coffee.



Iced Coffee Junior —makes youngsters feel "grown up" and tastes good! Just sweeten milk a little, color it with cold coffee—you're the best judge of the amount.



Coffee Julep — coolest looking, coolest tasting midsummer drink! Add a dash of mint flavor to iced coffee; serve in silver or aluminum tumblers, well frosted.



Iced Coffee Viennese — topped with a snowy swirl of whipped cream, your iced coffee is Continental! A delightful way to win praise from guests and family!

Three

ways to make delicious Iced Coffee every time!

Quick way. Make coffee double strength: use half the amount of water—pour over regular ice cubes. Extra-strength coffee compensates for dilution from melting ice.

Pre-cooled way. Make coffee full strength—use 1 Standard Coffee Measure (2 level tablespoons) of coffee for each cup. Cool in a non-metal container, tightly covered, for no more than 3 hours. Pour over ice cubes.

Coffee Cube way. Freeze freshly brewed, regular strength coffee into coffee cubes in your refrigerator trays. Pour freshly brewed coffee over the coffee ice cubes.

Instant Note — mix *twice* the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold according to brand) in each glass. Add ice cubes—fill with cold water.

Send for this exciting, helpful, new booklet

FUN WITH COFFEE

Dozens of ways to enjoy America's favorite beverage

A collection of the world's finest coffee recipes—glamorous serving suggestions—proper-brewing methods—all tested and approved—and the whole remarkable story of how your good friend, Coffee, reaches your table! 32 colorful pages.

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Fill in this coupon, enclose 25¢, mail to:

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

P.O. Box 33,
Old Chelsea Station,
New York 11, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 25¢ for my copy of FUN WITH COFFEE. Send to:

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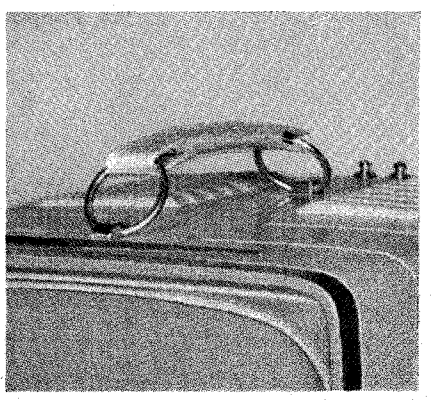
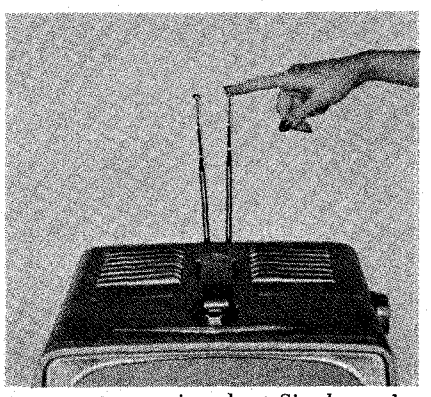
High-powered—family size—includes built-in antenna and strap handle—no extras to buy. 108 sq. in.* *Wayfarer*. Your choice of red, gray or ivory finishes (14S707). $149.95. Not shown: *Sportster*—ebony (14S705). $129.95, including built-in antenna, rigid handle.

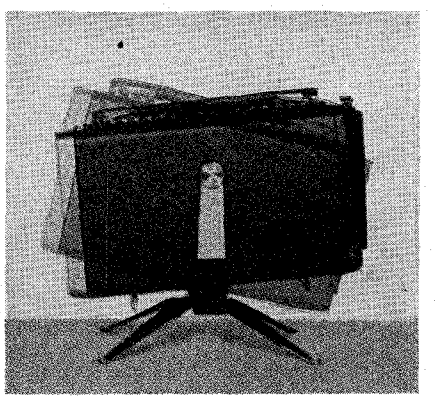


Comfortable handle on *Wayfarer* lies flat for trim appearance, lifts up for easy traveling.

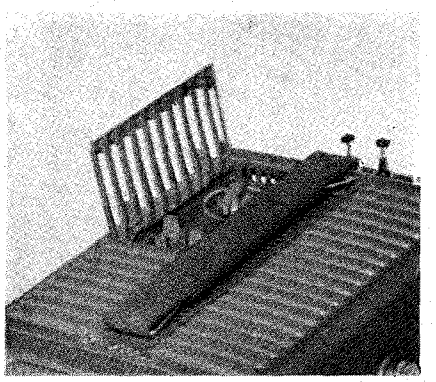


Antenna telescopes in and out. Simple attachment for outdoor antenna, too, if needed.

Ideal for the office or home. Only 9½" wide, 8⅛" high without stand, 12⅞" long. 36 sq. in.* "*Personal.*" Choose from red, gray, ebony or ivory finishes (8PT703). Only $125, including telescoping antenna, handle, removable tilt stand—at no extra cost.



"*Personal*" TV tilts up, down on its removable stand, adjusts for most comfortable viewing.



Recessing handle fits snugly against cabinet. Has famous "Hidden Panel" tuning too!

Don't compromise on quality when you buy TV to take along!
Pick RCA Victor---First Choice in Television

The take-along idea appeals to everyone! TV so small and light you can carry it onto the porch, to the kitchen or bedroom! TV that breaks the kids' monopoly on the family set. Great idea—but naturally you're interested in performance, too. And . . .

RCA Victor brings you fine reception in *two* new kinds of TV you can carry anywhere—plug into any AC outlet! Into small, sturdy metal cabinets, you'll find packed all the dependable quality you have come to expect from RCA Victor. Both give you performance equaling that of many larger table models. Clear, sharp, brilliant picture—superb sound!

The new "*Personal*" is *your* TV—brings in *your* favorite programs sharp and clear. And the family-size high-powered *Wayfarer* and *Sportster*—for all their compactness—have the new "Living Image" picture, so marvelously crisp and detailed you have to see it to believe it!

So for take-along TV to *last a long time*, make sure you get an RCA Victor "*Personal*" or portable!

AT YOUR SERVICE! NEW! *Low-cost RCA Victor Factory Service* Contract for maintenance of "*Personal*" or portable TV, only $14.95. Manufacturer's nationally advertised VHF list prices shown. UHF optional, extra (not available on "*Personal*"). Slightly higher far West, South and Canada. Prices, specifications subject to change.

*Square inches of viewable picture area	36	108
Picture tube, overall diagonal (inches):	8	14

RCA VICTOR Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TV

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Make-up man Wally Westmore with a client, Anita Ekberg, "the Swedish iceberg." Anita is costumed for a bedroom scene in a new movie.

I Make Up Hollywood

He makes old stars look young, plain ones glamorous and tired ones fresh. Here he reveals what his clients say and do while they still have their real faces on.

First of Two Parts

By WALLY WESTMORE, as told to Pete Martin

This is a thing that is true about most beauty parlors: when women go into them for a treatment, words pour out of them as if they've just unbuttoned their minds. To listen to them you'd think they were talking to their psychiatrist or to their marriage counselor or something.

A Hollywood make-up man gets pretty much this same view of actors and actresses. I know. For thirty years I've been with the make-up department at the Paramount Studio. Most of that time I've been in charge of it. I'm fifty now. I did my first movie make-up job thirty-four years ago—when I was sixteen.

I've had a star say to me, "I'm about to lose my husband. What'll I do?" I've had a film actor in the box-office first ten tell me, "I think my wife is cheating on me"; then look at me for a solution. What can I say? Under the circumstances, I have

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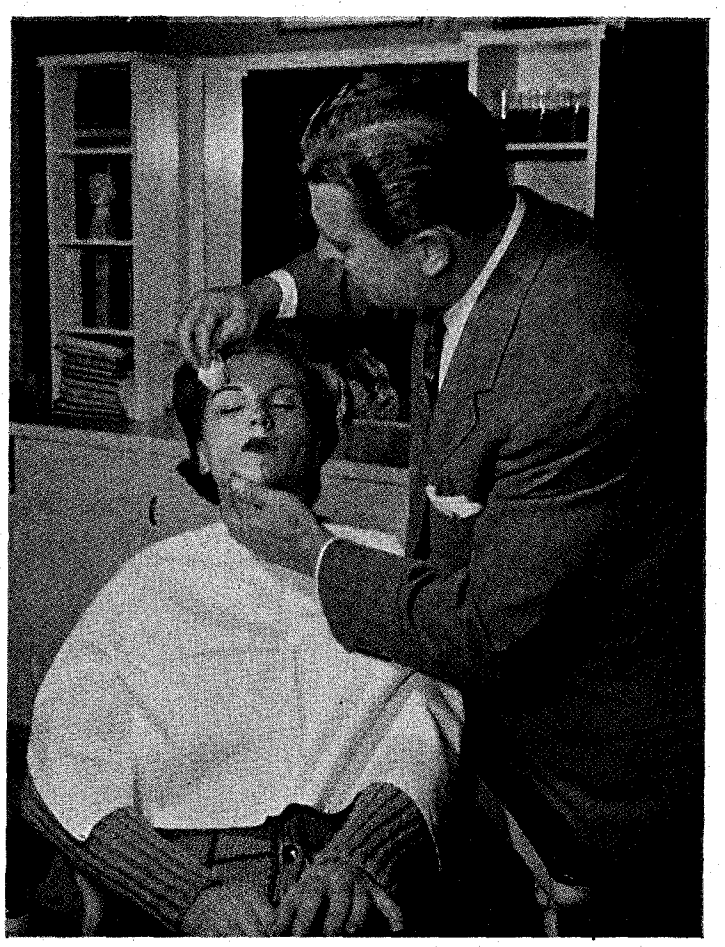
1. 7:00 A.M.: Debra Paget arrives at the studio to be made up for her role in Omar Khayyám.



2. Westmore transforms Debra into a dark-skinned Oriental beauty.

no stock answer for such people; I try to tailor my replies to fit each case.

But the point is that I see actors and actresses with their emotional guards down. I'm the first one they talk to when they come to work in the morning. It's only seven o'clock. They've just got up and they're the way you'd be at that hour of the morning. They're not really awake and they're apt to sit in my chair and tell me what they did the night before. I've had them give me a play by play of dreams they've just had or reveal their ambitions. They say, "I want to be better than I've ever been in this new part I'm playing. How'm I doing?" They know I see the daily rushes every morning at eleven o'clock, when we have an executive showing of the scenes the studio's shot the day before.

I figure that if anybody asks me a question like that he wants an honest answer, so I try to give him one, whether it hurts or not. If his daily rushes are bad, I tell him. If they're good, likewise. Take Grace Kelly, for instance; when she first came to work at Paramount, she asked me every morning if I'd seen the dailies, and when I said "Sure," she'd ask me how I thought she'd done in certain scenes. I did my best to come clean with her, but the trouble was that to me she never did a bad job, so there was nothing much I could criticize. Since I always gave her the same answer, she stopped asking me every morning and only questioned me when she was more than usually bothered about a scene.

It's no sign of advancing age that those who work alongside me call me Daddy or Father. My son Jim is twenty-seven and has two boys, one four years and one eighteen months, and my daughter Anne is twenty-four. She is now Mrs. Barbour, has a son a year old, but that's not how I got those two nicknames. Grace Kelly started calling me that when she came to Paramount to do four pictures, and some of the girls who work with me in make-up picked it up from Grace. I've got a hunch that somebody had been kidding Grace about me and saying, "Watch out for Wally. He's an old wolf," and she started calling me Father right away as a hint for me to be my age. I came right back at her by calling her Daughter, and we've kept those nicknames going ever since. I'd like to have her for a real daughter. That would be something!

But in telling a lot of actors and actresses the truth, I have to say to them they're not doing so good, and while they all think that they want the truth, some of them don't like it when they get it. It's human to want compliments and, if they aren't forthcoming, to say, "The hell with it. Wally Westmore is for the birds."

The two big early-morning topics in the make-up room at Paramount are "my work" and "my love life." Take a married actress who's had an argument over any of the silly things that married couples argue about. Her

"Harem girls" get their body make-up applied by women. The dark coloring is a cake-type preparation which is soluble in water and can be washed out of costumes.

Photographs by Gene Lester

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3. 9:00 A.M.: Debra ready for the cameras. Although he's spent his life making up beautiful women, the author says he has yet to find a face that doesn't need some correction.

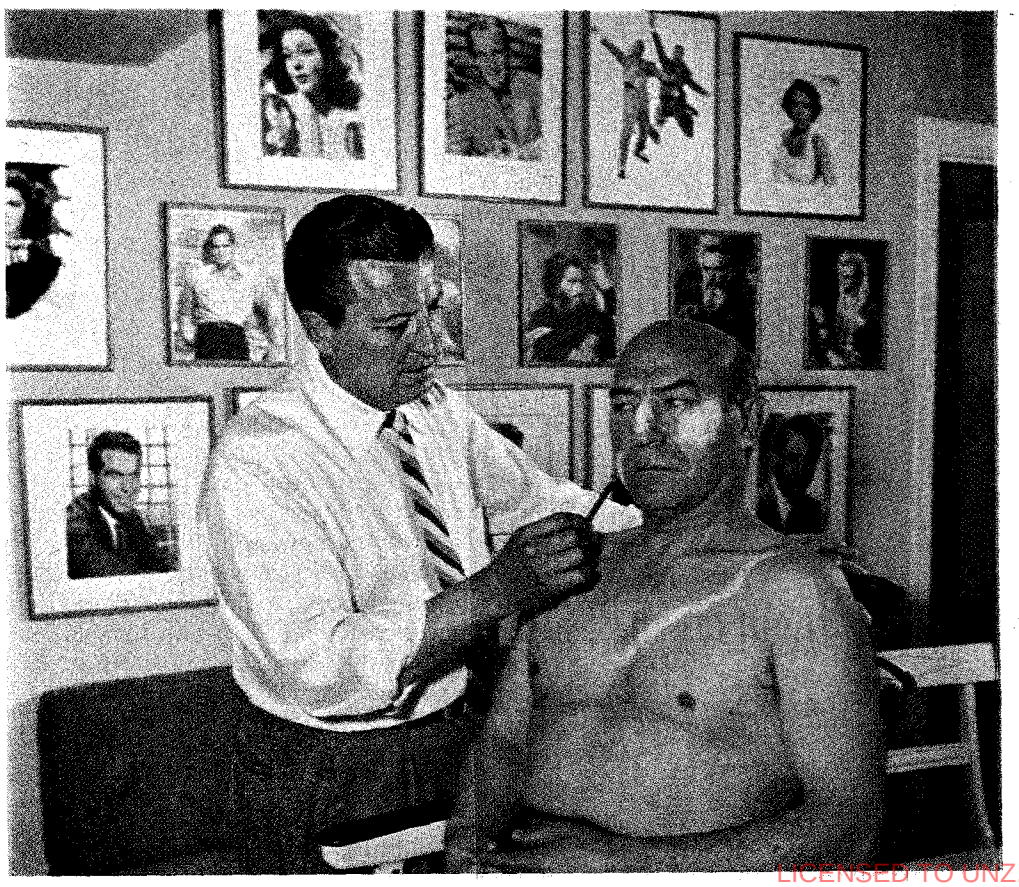
husband is belting the booze too much and she's upset; and she's got to spill her insides to somebody. I'm the first one she sees after it's happened, so she tells me. Or if she's not married, she may tell me about some guy she's in love with, but he's not in love with her.

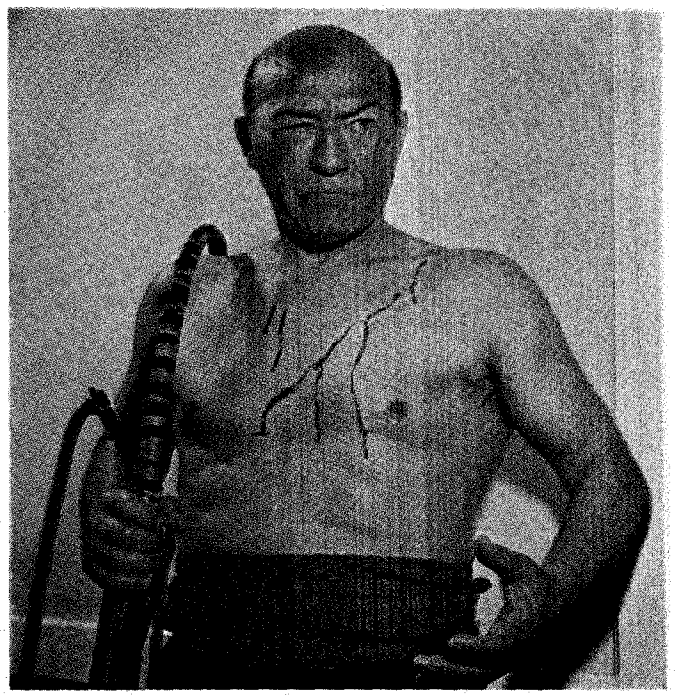
A straight make-up takes from thirty-five to forty minutes, and all the time this actress is telling me the personal things that are important to her, such as: "Maybe I shouldn't have let him see me home," or asking me, "Is there anything wrong with me, Wally? My date last night didn't kiss me good night," or "He did kiss me, and after that I had trouble keeping him in line."

What it comes down to is this: she's thinking out loud. But the interesting thing is that as the make-up progresses and she becomes more and more awake, little by little she clams up. It's funny to watch the true-confessions bit change to "I'd better keep my big mouth shut" as the morning grows older. I can see the actress I'm working on begin to ask herself, *What am I saying, for goodness' sake? Why am I telling Wally this?* By the time the make-up is over, it's as if she has pulled a cloak over her head. In the end, she walks out of my make-up room as if she'd never said a revealing word to me in her life. She doesn't really need to worry, because I've never betrayed a confidence.

I remember in particular one girl who asked me, during one of those sunrise sessions in my chair, "What's wrong with me, anyhow, Wally?" I should have known better, but she insisted, so I told her the truth, and she never forgave me. She was a young actress who had knocked around as an extra before being put under contract by Paramount. She was a blonde with a slick figure, but she had no upbringing, and once she became a star she began to walk over everybody. She'd go into a tantrum and throw a brush at the hairdresser or she'd snarl at a wardrobe woman.

Finally her reputation as a stinker seeped down through (Continued on Page 78)





Left: In the make-up chair, Dave Kashner painlessly acquires the scars and wounds his role as a villain calls for. "Blood" oozing from his body (above) is a stainless red paste.

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TYPHOON RESCUE

By JACLAND MARMUR

The sea was a raging, living thing, striving to drag them down.

It began in the teak-paneled outer room of Jardine's shipping office, over on China Street in Singapore. That's where he saw her first. When he came in, she was there. She was standing against that window where the east light reached her, trim, full-figured in a snug brown suit, wearing a sly little puffball hat perched askew on rust-blond hair. And she was angry.

Maybe it was the letter she was reading. She rustled the square of paper, and suddenly looked up. She looked straight at Mr. Pawling and he thought her eyes were green. Then she was striding toward him, past him when he heard her say with a wrath distinct and fierce, "Well, blast you anyhow, John!"

John Pawling spun around, astonished. He was just in time to see two flashing legs before the door swung closed. Then Jardine's clerk called out his name. He had to turn away. So he shrugged—which was sensible. Then he

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The sea boat fell away into the trough, green, glassy hills all towering around them.

frowned—which was silly. Because it meant he wouldn't forget her. It meant he wanted to know if her eyes were really green. He wanted to tell her what for. And late that same September afternoon, in the Straits Hotel on Anson Road down near the Keppel Harbor docks, he did.

The minute he came in, he saw her. Across that red-tiled courtyard, dappled with pools of broken light, she sat at one of those tables by that banyan tree, its aerial roots a shadowy pattern behind her. Late shafts of hot, white light just missed her. Mr. Pawling strode across the tiles at once.

"Do you always cuss out strangers?" he demanded, towering above her.

Startled, she looked up and said, "I beg your pardon?"

"You certainly should."

"Now, look here!" She tossed her head, and the anger flared. "I don't know ——"

"You should. My name is John Pawling. You blasted me in Jardine's office, and I'd ——"

"Oh!" Her hand flew up. Two fingers touched her lips. "Oh," she said again. "But I didn't mean you at all!" She looked contrite and very lovely. "I'm sorry, Mr. Pawling. Honestly, I am."

"Well, you should be. I just got a Dear John letter in Manila and I'm not in any mood to ——"

"Oh, no! You too?"

"Now what would you mean—'You too!'"

"That's just what I got, Mr. Pawling, up in Jardine's office. A Dear Jane letter!" she wailed.

"Now I've heard everything!"

"My name is Sally Jane Buckley, but John always called me Jane. And he threw me over! It makes me mad. He just changed his mind, that's all. He doesn't want to marry me, after all. Couldn't wait till I got home to tell me. Mr. Pawling, it makes me mad. I got jilted."

He sat down and looked at her. Her eyes were green, all right. He said quietly, "The man must be nuts."

"Thanks," she moaned, her throaty voice forlorn. "Have I got the mumps, or something?"

"If you have," he grinned, "then on you it looks wonderful."

"Thanks again." She sighed. "And what did your girl tell you?"

"Simple. Very old yarn. She won't marry a man who goes to sea."

"Oh, no! You too?"

"Now what would you mean—'You too!'"

"That's just what John told me."

"Now," said Mr. Pawling, "now I've really heard everything. What are you? Chief mate of that Russian freighter down at Government Wharf?" (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

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Sergei Kiktev (left), reputed to be Russia's top trader, and an MVD agent, tries his sales talk on President Kamil Chammoun, of Lebanon (right), and politician Georges Hanna (center).

Supersalesman Dmitri Shepilov (left), new Soviet foreign minister, has a good laugh with Egypt's strong man, Gamal Abdel Nasser (right), with whom he set up an arms deal.

The Red Supersalesmen Muscle In

By JOHN BIRD

A Post editor reports from the Middle East, where communist pitchmen have launched a clever campaign that may cost us some old friends.

The wily Mr. Shepilov was the only foreign minister present at Egypt's independence celebration early this summer. In front of him here in Cairo is Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, of Morocco. Arabs complain that U.S. aid became sizable only after the bustling Bolsheviks appeared on the scene.

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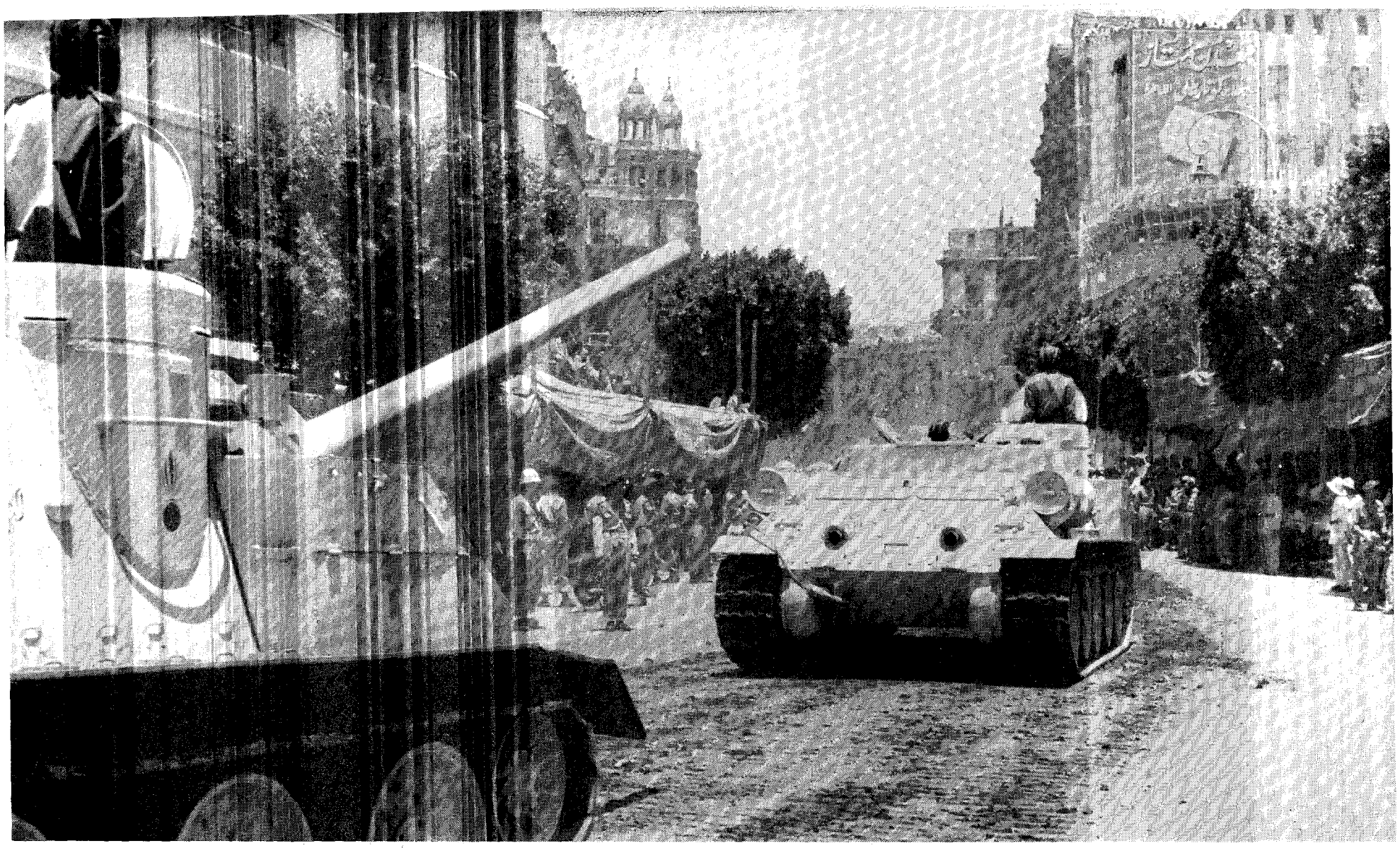

Russian armor on parade during "liberation" festivities in Cairo. In return for these weapons, half of Egypt's cotton exports now go into communist hands.

A few days ago, on an airliner bound for Baghdad, I sat next to an elderly American businessman who just had been mousetrapped by one of Soviet Russia's numerous supersalesmen in Egypt. He was still nursing his bruises and was eager to pour out his troubles to a compatriot. This gentleman was an old hand in foreign trade; he had been selling American industrial machinery around the world for more than thirty-five years. Recently he had gone to Cairo to help his company's distributor there with an anticipated sale of $100,000 worth of fork-lift trucks to an Egyptian government agency. The order seemed to be all ready to sign, except for a few formalities. Then, suddenly, a huckster from one of the Iron Curtain countries moved in with a simple, devastating offer:

"Whatever the American price, we will sell you the same type of equipment for twenty per cent less," the agent told the Egyptians. "Terms to suit your convenience. No down payment. Four years to meet the balance. You can pay in cotton, if you wish."

He got the business.

The American businessman shook his head sadly as our plane droned over the Syrian desert. "How can private enterprise compete with those cutthroat communists?" he asked. "It seems to me that they are determined to ruin Western trade in the Middle East, for keeps."

By far the most spectacular Soviet coup in this new war of conquest by contract was the recent visit of Moscow's handsome new foreign minister, Dmitri Shepilov, to Cairo, where he is reported to have offered Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser the whole amount necessary to finance Egypt's great project, the High Dam at Aswan. Shepilov, who is as great a charmer as Molotov was a chiller, offered a loan of $1,300,000,000, to be repaid over a twenty-year period at two per cent interest, according to one report. But while this was perhaps the Soviet's gaudiest effort to outdo the West in helping underdeveloped lands out here, a multitude of smaller deals which have not been widely publicized probably have been much more effective in weakening the influence of the United States in the Middle East.

Perhaps the most devilish feature of the Soviet's new strategy of conquest by contract is the cunning way in which it makes active partners of solid businessmen in target countries. "We are the very people the communists would shoot in a cellar, if they took over," one Lebanese entrepreneur told me bitterly. "It makes me sick at the stomach when I see some of my friends so hungry for profits that they grab the Red bait."

The profits are fantastic, in some cases. Consider the proposition offered a Syrian company by the Russians—a deal so amazing that the board of directors couldn't believe their ears. To protect my source of information, I can't be specific about the type of enterprise, but the facts are these:

X Company was negotiating with a United States contractor for a new plant and had received a tentative bid of $2,000,000. Then last spring the Soviet Techno-Export Mission, which has been ranging over the Middle East, arrived in Syria and met with a number of firms, including the directors of X Company. The Russian engineers looked over the blueprints of the new X factory and announced they could run (Continued on Page 65)

Red Czechoslovakia shows a new automobile by the giant Skoda combine, at the Czech Trade Fair in Beirut, Lebanon.

The opportunistic Reds export farm machinery to Egypt, despite Russia's shortage.

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The bull passed Pinky in two vicious, spine-jarring jumps. The cowboys couldn't believe their eyes.

Manhattan Cowboy

The kid from the slums of New York was showing the West's top cowboys how to ride.

By COLIN LOFTING

When the announcer spoke Danny's name there was a noticeable noise from one section. About fifty people dressed in vivid shirts—obviously Eastern dudes—clapped and shouted enthusiastically.

Dean Dollarhide, hunkered on his heels in the arena below, said to Casey McGowan, squatting next to him, "These Catskill cowboys help keep New York goin'. Seems like it's good for the gate to have a man mashed. Wonder why this Daniel character would do it?"

Casey smiled. "Exhibition something—ism, I think. I read it somewhere. Great balls o' fire! Look where Pinky's playin' the bull!"

The clown, dressed in a pair of oversized overalls and wearing a silly, deerstalker hat, was standing not more than twenty feet from the chute. He was doing a little dance step—the drums and cymbals of the orchestra keeping time—but his eyes never left the gate.

Dean said, "Pinky'll save this jasper, if he can, but I'd hate to have a clown figure me not stayin' on a bull any futher than that."

"He sure knows this string of bulls," Casey said. "He's worked a dozen shows where Colburn's supplied the stock. This Fifty-three bull is rank; flapped Jim Shoulders off, at Houston, like a sack of laundry."

Both men watched the chute. They could just see, between the planks of the gate, the head and shoulders of a slim boy, sitting on the bull. Evidently the bull's head was turned because one of the chute hands was leaning over the top of the gate, trying to make the animal stand squarely.

The announcer, filling in the lack of activity, repeated, "In Chute Number Three, we're waiting for (Continued on Page 69)

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I Came Back from Madness

At the age of 23, the author was committed to an insane asylum. Now, eighteen years later, she is a registered nurse leading a normal, useful life. Here, under a pseudonym, is her own story.

By Ann Bentley

The voices found me first. Words swooped around my head like birds looking for a place to light: "Ann. . . . Window. . . . Police. . . . Sedation."

A stinging sensation ran along my arm. I moved my hand, and pain raced through my body. Somewhere in my memory a siren wailed.

"I hope she will be all right." The words now hung together in sentences. "After the way she acted, I shouldn't care."

"She will be all right." The voice was gentle.

"I didn't know what to do. You should have told us—about her."

I opened my eyes. Whiteness floated over me. White walls. A woman in a white cap. A white sheet pulled tight across my chest.

"There! You feel better now, don't you, Ann?" the woman asked. "She's coming around, doctor."

"Fine! You will excuse me, please?" A door closed and the man with the gentle voice walked to my bedside.

"Am I hurt?" I whispered.

"Not much, Ann." His eyes were kind. "You cut your arm a little—on a broken window. That's all."

"I'm in a hospital?"

"Yes. Go back to sleep. We will talk later."

I turned my head, and I saw the bars on the window. I knew where I was. I was in a hospital, true enough—a mental hospital. I tried to shut my eyes against the remembering that now crowded in upon me. I remembered that hospital, and Doctor Matthews, and the nurse, Miss Dolby. I remembered the voice beyond the door was the voice of Mrs. Stewart, my landlady. The brave experiment of returning me to normal living had not worked.

"I failed, Doctor Matthews," I said. Tears slid down my cheeks.

"Don't worry about it." Strong fingers gripped my shoulder. After a while I slept.

That was eighteen years ago.

Today I am a graduate nurse at a big hospital, with health and comfort of many others in my care. I know that mental illness can be cured because I am a cured mental patient. I am a recovered schizophrenic.

Recovery was not easy. There were no miracle drugs and no new surgical techniques for sickness like mine. Today I must still watch my emotions as carefully as a diabetic watches his diet. I talk my problems out with a psychologist or even write (Continued on Page 84)

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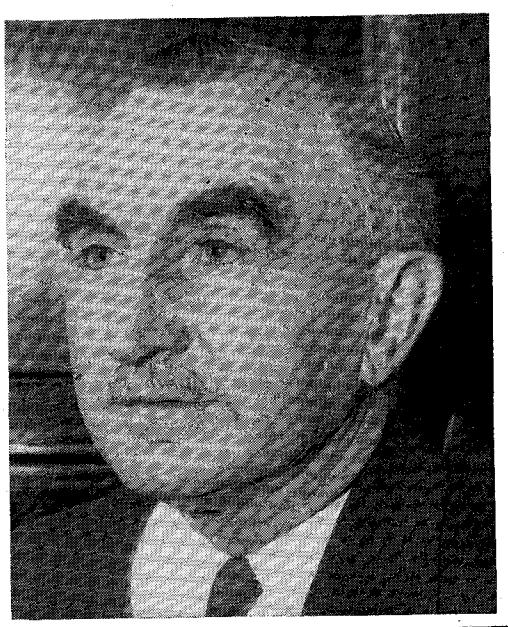
Ex-Republican Senator Wayne Morse is the man the G.O.P. wants most to break, and the high command has assigned no less than a cabinet member to take him on in the

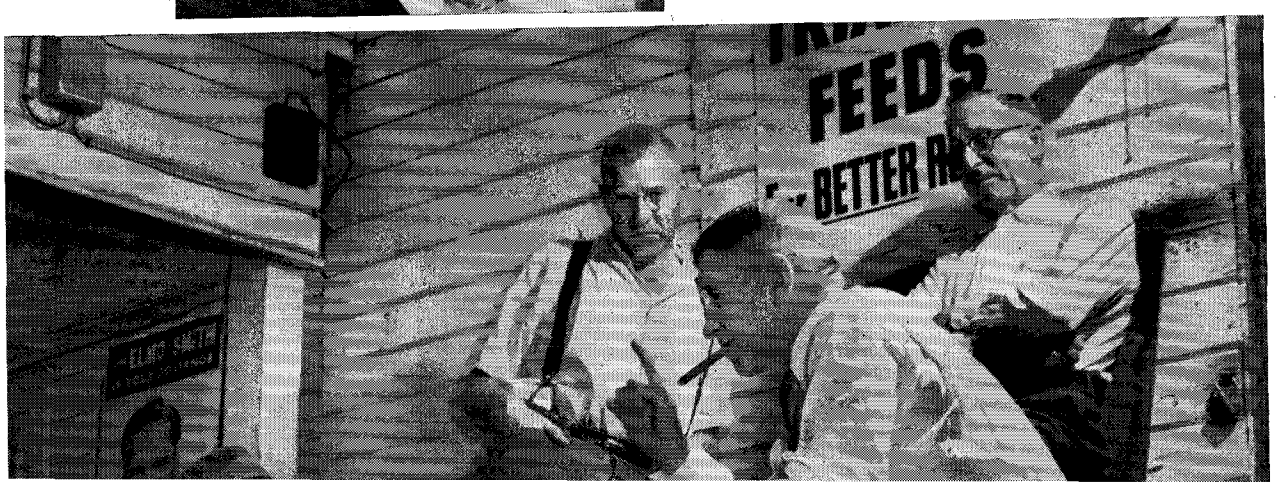
Grudge Fight in Oregon

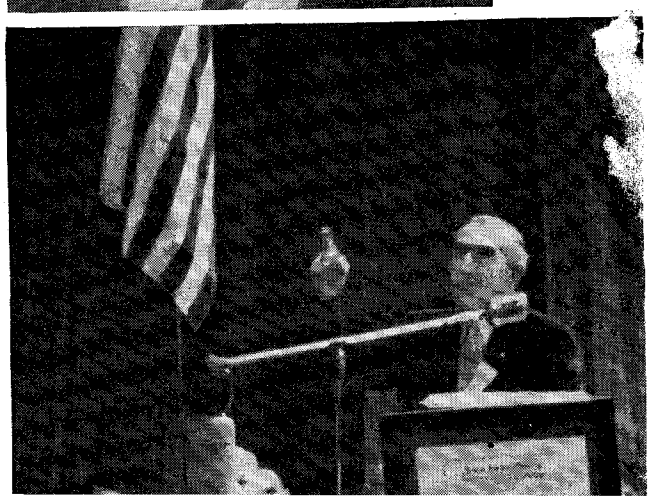
By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Republican challenger Douglas McKay, until recently Ike's Secretary of the Interior. His strategy is to campaign on the administration's record.



Democratic incumbent Morse, who switched parties in mid-term. Six years ago he and McKay shared platforms as fellow Republicans. Now they are bitter enemies.





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Early in 1953, Sen. Wayne Morse, of Oregon, wrote to a personal friend: "I have absolutely no confidence in him [Dwight Eisenhower] and I am satisfied that he is lacking in all political morality. In my judgment, he is the most dangerous man who will ever have been in the White House."

The exact effect of that sizzling statement will become evident in the state of Oregon in November, 1956, when Wayne Morse for the first time faces voters as a Democrat. Four years ago, Morse left the Republican Party in the middle of a presidential campaign, expressed his distrust of Eisenhower and later upset Republican control of the United States Senate. Subsequently, he consistently has opposed the administration on methods of power development, settlement of the Korean war, protection of Formosa, the policies of the Department of the Interior and many other issues. He has become one of the most aggressive and vitriolic critics the administration has. In 1954, he materially assisted Richard L. Neuberger in unseating Oregon's remaining Republican senator, Guy Cordon.

All this has been done strictly on his own, which naturally outrages Republicans, from national leaders down to precinct committeemen, and astonishes voters of Oregon and the public elsewhere. Now, at last, the chips are down, both for Morse and for the Republican Party in Oregon. In November, the Oregon ballot will be normal in appearance. But the biggest decision on it for any voter will be the unwritten question: Is Wayne Morse a man of principle who has followed his conscience with great personal bravery, ignoring grave threats to his future career, his public popularity and his personal friendships? Or is Morse a traitor not only to his party but to his personal promises, spoken and implied?

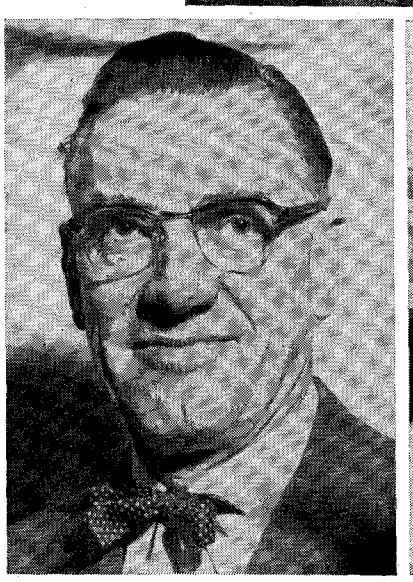
By comparison, other political battles in the Pacific Northwest are emotionally insignificant. "Morse Must Go" is a Republican slogan with all the overtones of a holy war, and this war has aroused national interest out of all proportion to its importance. So personal is this contest that it appears almost as the battle of an entire national party against one man, with what the rest of the Oregon Democratic Party does unimportant.

Up till now, developments have been interesting. Morse, the maverick, was welcomed definitely into state Democratic councils when he campaigned for Neuberger in 1954. This year there was no major opposition to him in the primary, although an obscure filling-station operator, Woody Smith, collected some 39,000 votes. Smith had done very little except to file an unsuccessful legal complaint, trying to keep Morse off the Democratic primary ballot on the ground that he really wasn't a Democrat. So Republicans chose to consider these 39,000 votes as indicating a grass-roots Democratic protest against Morse. Morse spent only a few days in the state before the May eighteenth primary and made only one radio speech—about as noncontroversial a speech as he ever utters.

On the Republican side, however, tragedy hit early and confusion followed. Gov. Paul Patterson had been primed for the senatorial race, and many party leaders believed he could beat Morse. His sudden death early this year left the party more or less adrift. Elmo Smith, president of the State Senate, succeeded to the governorship—the state has no lieutenant governor—and became immediately popular—but he was in no mood for a giant-killing job. Three principal senatorial candidates did appear: Philip Hitchcock, a leading Presbyterian layman and former state legislator from Klamath Falls; Lamar Tooze, a long-time party stalwart, and (Continued on Page 62)

Morse speaks at the Portland Labor Temple. He has the united support of the labor bosses, but how much of the rank-and-file vote he'll win is a question.

Mrs. Virginia Grant, a waitress in a Portland bar and no Morse supporter, threw the Democrats into a tizzy by getting herself elected national committeewoman.



Philip Hitchcock tallied 99,000 votes in the G.O.P. primary after refusing to withdraw in favor of McKay.

Sen. Richard Neuberger: McKay has accused him of being Morse's "hatchet man."

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"Gossamer," he said. "I suspect
I'm doing the wrong thing,
but all right."

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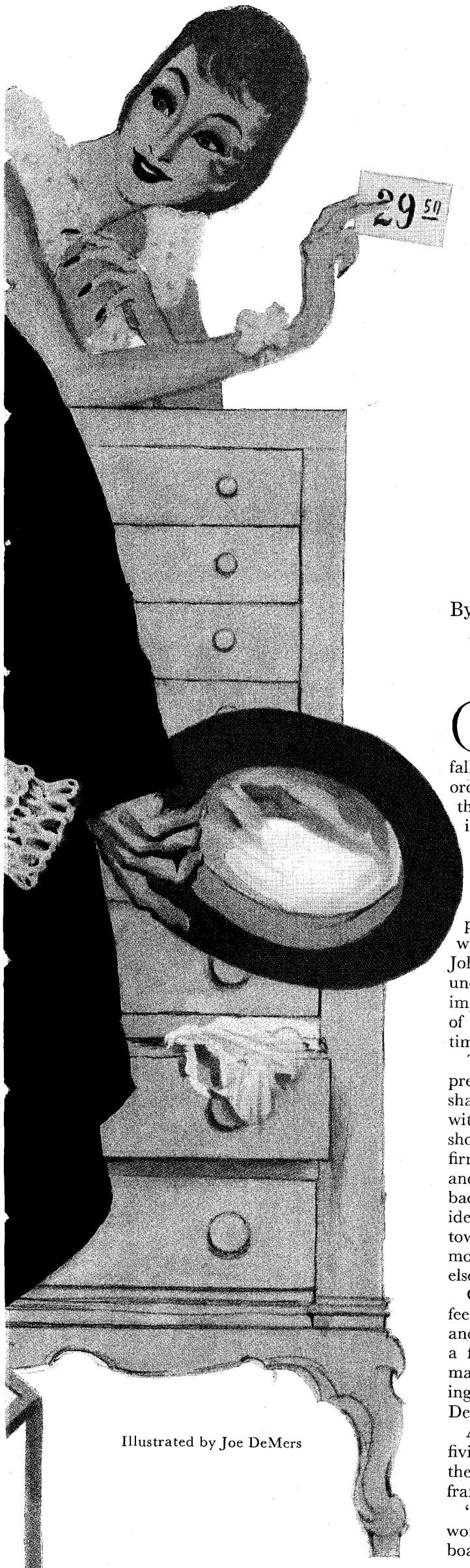

Illustrated by Joe DeMers

When he finally decided to marry, he made up for lost time in a hurry.

LOVE CAME LATE

By ROBERT CARSON

Old Professor Barris, vice chancellor of the university and a man of tremendous rectitude, eventually managed to fall from grace. He was drunk, he was disorderly, he scraped the fender of his car and that of a police car, and he was arrested. The impact of his getting into trouble after a blameless and dull life was felt all over town. The results were extraordinary, especially to the professor.

It got into the newspapers. Barris was photographed and gave an interview which was distinctly peculiar. A magistrate named John B. Morrison, popularly known among the undergraduates as "the hanging judge," felt impelled by the publicity and his own sense of righteousness to give the professor a hard time.

The "old" in Arthur Barris' name wasn't precisely correct. He was fifty-one and in good shape, even if his thick hair was heavily salted with gray, his cheeks a trifle lined and his shoulders slightly stooped. His muscles were firm from walking, he'd kept his weight down, and lately—considering that he was a lifelong bachelor—he had proved he had rather young ideas. Still, a prevailingly youthful college town referred to him as Old Professor Barris, more as part of his honorific than anything else.

On the day Arthur met Allie Evans he was feeling a bit ancient. A favorite niece of his in another city had proceeded to grow up with a frightening rapidity and arranged to get married; prevented by his duties from attending the wedding, Arthur was in Hardwood's Department Store shopping for a present.

Allie waited on him—a handsome, forty-fivish, slim, blue-eyed lady, an ornament of the lingerie section. He immediately liked her frank, smiling manner.

"I believe you are a mature, educated woman with whom I can be open and aboveboard," Doctor Barris said. "My problem does require careful handling. May I have your name?"

"Mrs. Evans, sir," Allie said, "and you can rely on my discretion. In this department we all have to be discreet."

"I can see that," Arthur said. "I'm placing myself in your hands, Mrs. Evans. My name is Doctor Barris. I'm an educator ——"

"Yes, sir," Allie said. "Glad to meet you, Doctor Barris. Who is the lingerie for?"

He looked at her, pleased at her perception. "For my niece, nineteen years of age. She is going to spend her honeymoon in a trailer, I think. The young man is an airman, first class, in the United States Air Force."

"My son lives in a trailer with his wife and a baby," Allie said. "He was Air Force and now is doing postgraduate work."

"Evans," Arthur said. "Evans. Would that be Jack Evans?"

"Yes, sir."

Arthur paused. "He isn't doing as well as he should, Mrs. Evans. Jack has great capabilities."

"I know," Allie said. "But he wants to live, too, doctor. He went through a difficult phase in Korea, and you have an awfully high standard. And he has a wife and baby."

"I have remonstrated with him."

"Yes—and upset Jack."

"Don't be a typical indulgent mother," Arthur said. "Even undergraduates, except for the drones, should be serious and unremitting in attitude. There is no excuse whatever for the graduate student. He is about to enter the world. An exacting world."

"He is well aware of that," Allie replied, "after dealing with you, Doctor Barris. If he comes from your institution—and I call it that advisedly—he also knows he has to do credit to you."

There was another interval of silence. Allie didn't drop her level glance. Arthur cleared his throat.

(Continued on Page 74)

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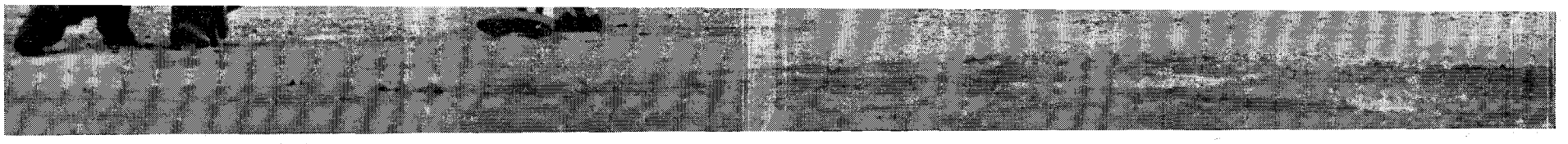


Friend faces Stan Musial in the June 16 game when he notched victory No. 11 by shutting out the Cards at Pittsburgh, 2–0. Last year, he became the first cellar-club pitcher in history to lead his league in earned-run averages.

CUSTOMER'S MAN with a FAST BALL

By MYRON COPE

The long-suffering Pittsburgh Pirates seem likely to escape from the cellar this year. How far they go depends on the strong right arm of handsome Bob Friend, an eligible bachelor with a talent for finance.

The time is approximately eleven in the morning. As the Pittsburgh Pirates dress for their afternoon game, a group of five men take seats on trunks in a corner of the Forbes Field clubhouse and go into conference.

Two of them are coaches—Clyde Sukeforth, a leathery-skinned, gray-haired veteran, and Sam Narron, a roly-poly man in his forties. The clubhouse boy is there, and so is utility infielder Dick Cole. Finally, there is pitcher Bobby Friend, a collegiate type, who has not yet got out of his collegiate clothes.

Friend loosens his Oxford-cloth shirt at the neck, tugs at his rep tie, and, in a scratchy voice that resembles that of his fellow Hoosier, Herb Shriner, says, "The meeting of the shareholders of Tropical Oil will now come to order."

"I got a motion to make, Robert," announces Sukeforth.

"Mr. Sukeforth has a motion."

"I move we sell and get out."

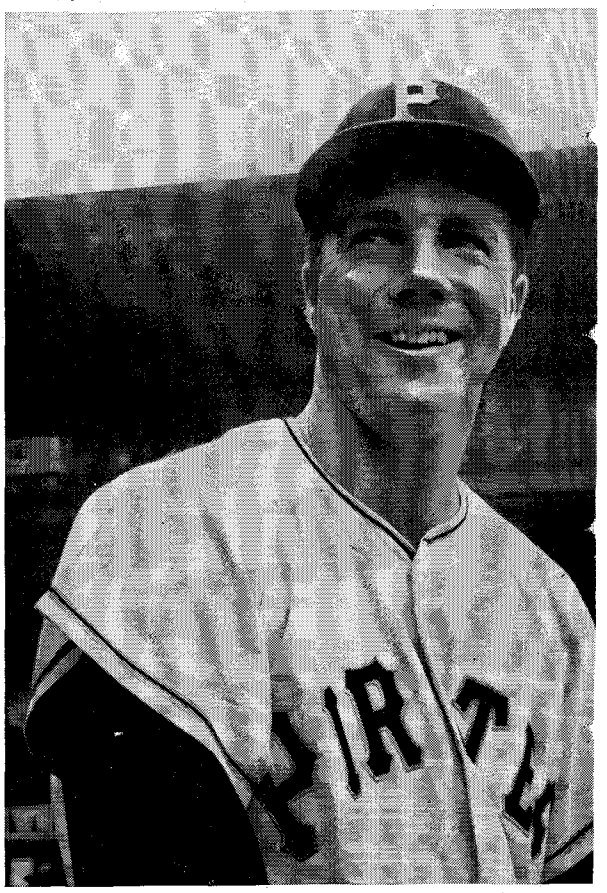
"I second the motion," says Narron. "I been readin' them monthly bulletins, and so far Tropical Oil ain't hit nothin' but rock."

"Nonsense," says Friend. "Have some patience. You can't get rich in a day, you know. Motion out of order."

"I got a wife and three kids to support," says the clubhouse boy. "Remember that."

The pressure is on Bobby Friend, a boyish, almost pretty young bachelor of twenty-five. He touted the stock, so Tropical Oil—which isn't its real name—must come through or he will have no peace in this clubhouse. The Pirates, however, should be willing to tolerate an occasional slip-up by Bobby, for his pitching victories have helped tremendously this year in the club's transformation from a laughingstock to a recognizable major-league baseball team.

In 1955, somewhat like a Menuhin playing first fiddle for Spike Jones and his City Slickers, Bobby compiled (Continued on Page 59)



His teammates used to call him "Nervous, Nervous Friend." Bob now has confidence to spare and says, "I've always known I had the stuff to do the job."

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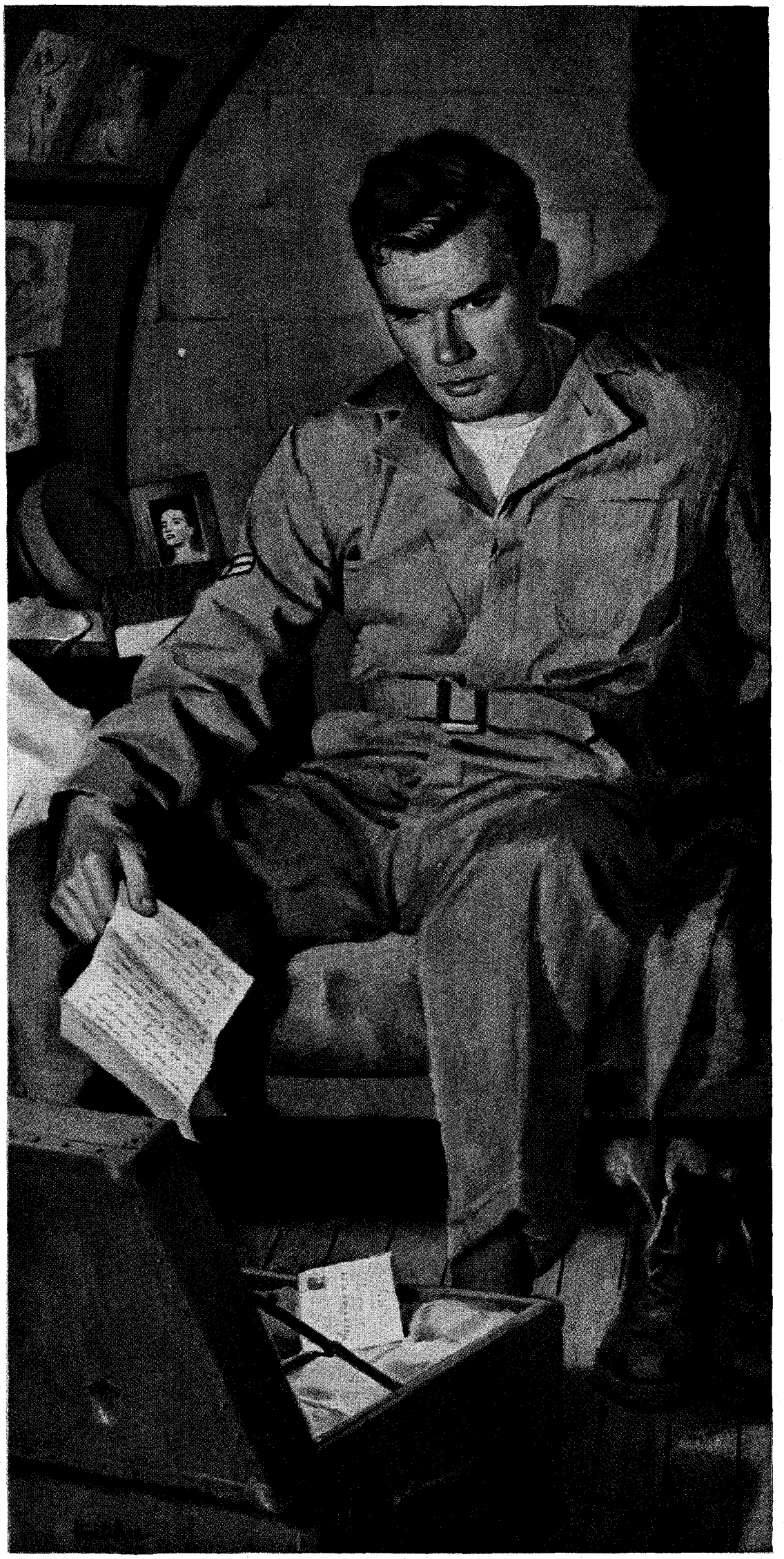
A LETTER FROM HOME

Suddenly the loneliness of the remote outpost closed in on the young airman and engulfed him.

By ROBERT MURPHY



Drew shivered, then bent to the letter again.

It was the middle of the afternoon when Drew MacNichol awoke. He hadn't slept well and didn't feel rested and, looking at his watch, he saw that it was nearly five hours before his trick at the radar screen was due to begin. There was no one else in the room; the other cots were all empty and neatly made up, and he thought of the letter again.

He didn't want to think of it; he hadn't wanted to think of it since reading it the first time, the afternoon before, when it had been brought in by the Air Force supply plane. They all knew Anne's handwriting by this time, and there was some good-natured horseplay. Masterson, the clown of the outfit, had sniffed the envelope and rolled his eyes above his red beard, and somebody else had said, "O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?" as Masterson handed it to him.

He'd gone back to his sack to read it, leaving the rest of the off-duty men gathered around the air crew as they sat down to steak and potatoes, after finding once more—God knew how—the narrow runway and tiny group of buildings lost in the immensity of tundra and dark, cold water, soon to be locked in ice, that stretched in featureless, grim monotony from Greenland to Alaska, from Churchill to the Pole.

He turned restlessly on the cot, drew his knees up and tried to go back to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come to him, and he knew that it wouldn't; there was no escape that way, and presently he gave up trying and sat up. Restless and wanting to get away from himself, he got off the cot, walked the length of the room, looking at the pictures the other men had hung up, and finally came back again and sat down without looking at his own picture of Anne. He sat there for a time,

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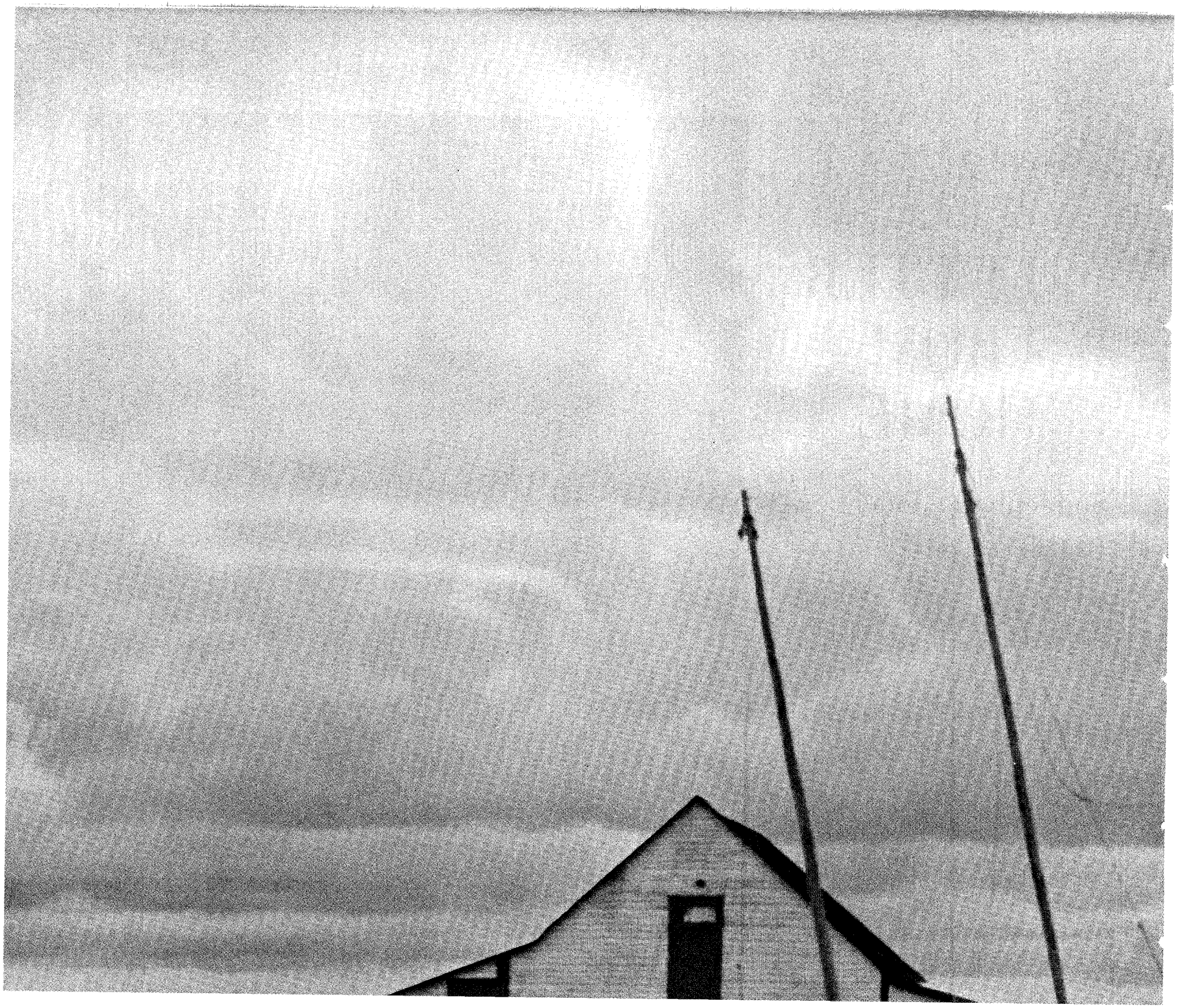

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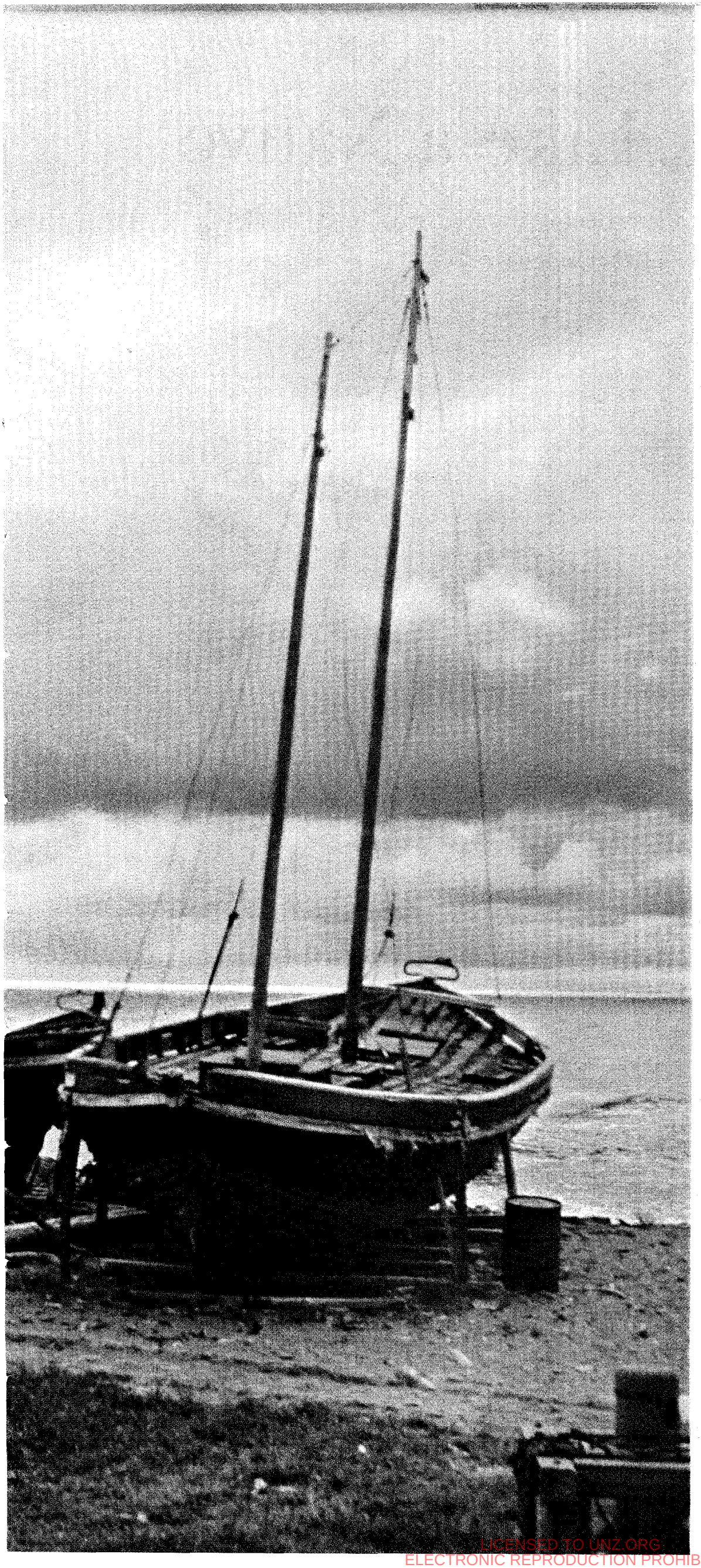

The Face of AMERICA

Down East

For seven generations Maine men have put ships to sea from their fog-shrouded coast—some bearing U.S. battle flags to troubled corners of the world, others taking American traders to the islands of Polynesia and far Cathay. And all the while, from coves and inlets along the serrated coast, Yankee fishermen cruise the inexhaustible storehouse of the North Atlantic, each bringing home his share of the sea's gifts. Many of their boats and most of their gear are the same today as they were a century and more ago. The old broad-beamed smacks shown here go to sea in fair weather and foul. At the same time, diesel-powered trawlers, equipped with radar and other modern scientific devices adapted from the Navy, ply their trade alongside the old-timers. Maine men, it has been said, are a mixture of orneriness, wisdom and serenity. Slow to discard the old ways, they are quick to exploit the new ones. So for generations to come, fishermen will work the down-East coast in fog and gale, in boats not far different from those used 2000 years ago. Radar can see in the dark, to be sure, but a Maine fisherman has a sailor's sixth sense to guide him—and in the long run, he considers it more reliable than any electronic gadget. ◉ Photograph by Bill Rapp

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How to Talk Like a Native

Many millions of people, including Clare Boothe Luce, Gypsy Rose Lee and the Duke of Windsor, have learned another language from Charles Berlitz. Here are his teaching secrets.

By DEAN JENNINGS

New York: Joseph Gigaudet, one of 6000 Berlitz instructors, teaches Pamela Curran to speak French.

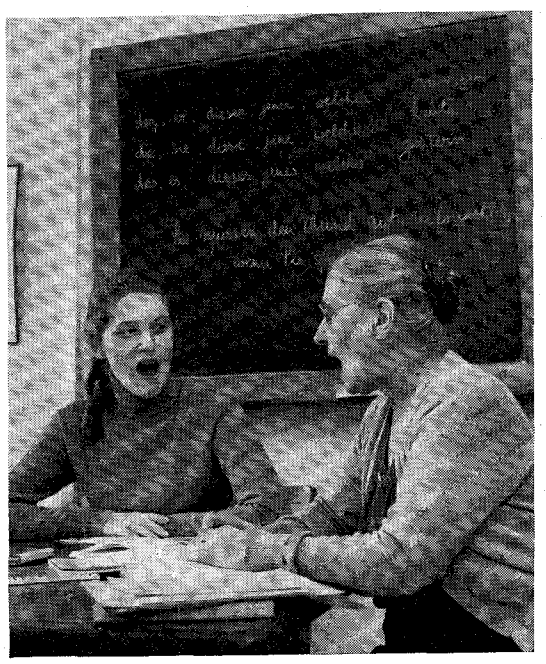
Theodore Roosevelt, in one of his battling moods, once implied that Americans were no better off than the people of Babel in the Biblical land of Shinar. "We have room for but one language here," he wrote in a letter, "for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boardinghouse."

But Mr. Roosevelt probably had not watched the growth of a stubborn adversary called The Berlitz School of Languages, nor could he predict that an American boy named Charles Frambach Berlitz, then only four years old, would eventually risk his life now and then as part of a global crusade to help millions of people say, "How much?", "What's for supper?" and other useful phrases in any of 1176 languages and 800 dialects, including a new tongue called "American."

Now forty-one, Charles Berlitz, of New York, is a cherub-faced, crew-cut, button-down-collar executive who speaks thirty-one languages and is also vice-president and idea man in a world-wide chain of 400 language schools. Since its modest beginning seventy-five years ago—it was founded in Providence, Rhode Island, by Charles' grandfather, Maximilian D. Berlitz—the Berlitz network has worked with 20,000,000 students. Some 6000 instructors now teach another 100,000 every year, for a gross annual yield of $8,000,000.

Berlitz textbooks and pocket-sized phrase books for tourists have sold an astronomical 28,000,000 copies so far. Because these volumes, most of which he wrote himself, are not mentioned on the best-seller lists, Charles Berlitz is currently at odds with newspaper book-page editors, contending that his books should be bracketed with the Bible, Dale Carnegie, Gone With the Wind and other popular works. The editors unfeelingly insist on putting the Berlitz literature into the "do-it-yourself" class. "This is a compliment in one way," Berlitz says, "but not quite enough. We have put Babel on a sound, practical basis."

Berlitz also conducts a translation service—one notable feat was the translation of the entire Koran into twenty-seven languages in one year—and a research bureau which will



Switzerland: American girl masters German umlaut.

Brazil: A Hungarian engineer and a Brazilian government worker learn German from pretty Berlitz instructor.

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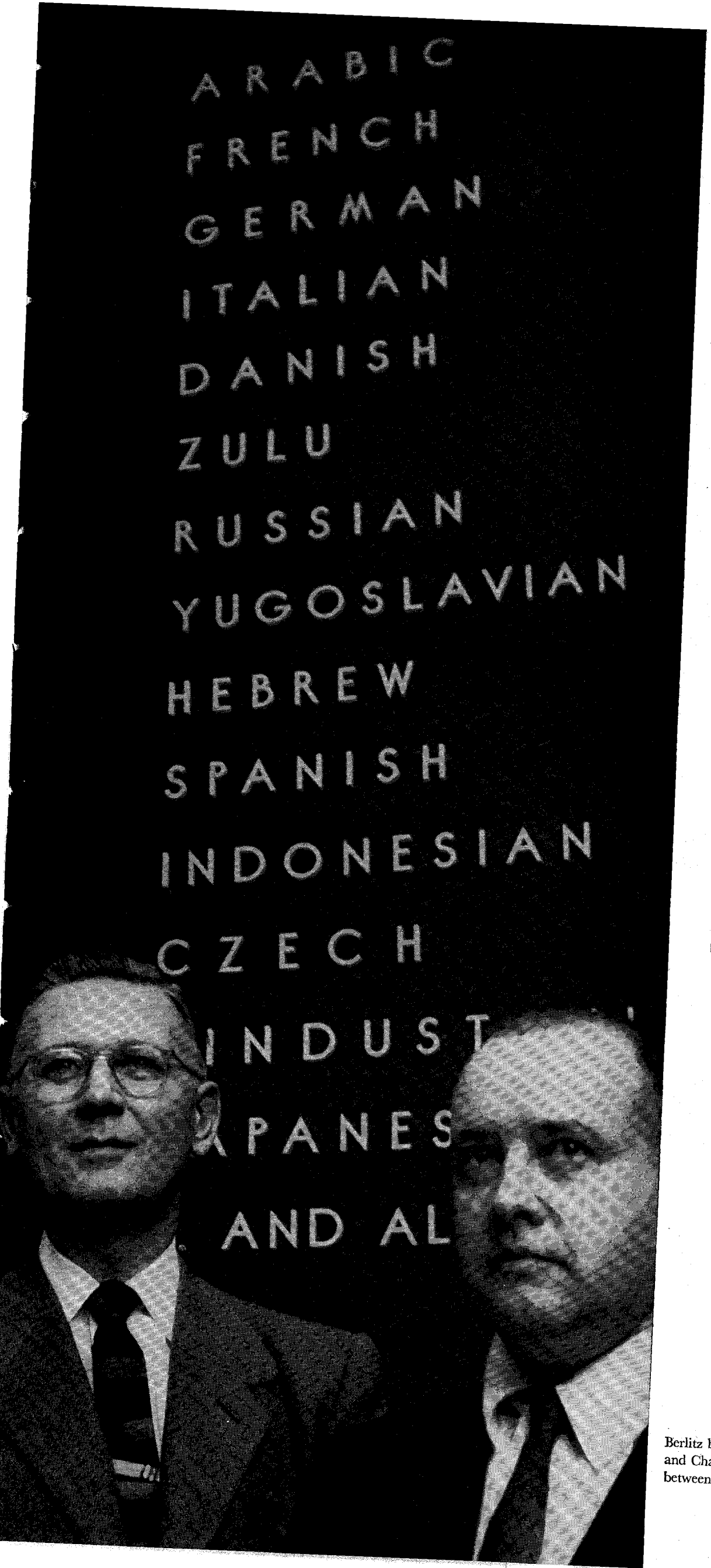
Indonesia: American engineer E. C. Salmon (above, seated), of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Co., had to learn "Bahasa Indonesia" the hard way. Now (below), a Berlitz teacher instructs Standard-Vacuum men and their wives in New York before they embark for the Far East.



settle bets on language questions or unscramble love letters written in Swahili.

Not all of the Berlitz enterprises are conducted in scholarly surroundings. Roving teachers, including Charles Berlitz himself, have chopped their way through dangerous jungles in order to reach their students. One teacher, Julio Vargas, tutored the ten-year-old son of Dominican dictator Trujillo in a New York hotel while the boy's bodyguards kept guns aimed at Vargas' back. Berlitz graduates, trained in investigative Spanish and French, are pursuing narcotic smugglers in Cairo, Algiers and Marseilles. The company's schools on the western fringe of the Iron Curtain often pick up important bits of news or gossip, and there is hardly an American consulate or embassy anywhere without a Berlitz student on the rolls. Many oil companies, banks, airlines and

(Continued on Page 50)

Berlitz bigwigs Robert Strumpen-Darrie and Charles Berlitz. They even distinguish between English-English and American-English.

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Zimmerman found the key. It made a faint clicking as it started to transmit.

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

By CHRISTOPHER LANDON

There was an enemy spy in their midst.

Would he be found out before it was too late?

Zimmerman's orders had been explicit: He was to deliver the contents of his pack to Cairo and join up with Agent P9. Zimmerman had been dropped by the Germans into Tobruk, disguised as a South African captain who had been separated from his unit. Luckily, he had been picked up by a British ambulance that was making a dash for freedom.

The ambulance carried Capt. George Anson, Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh and two nursing sisters, Diana Murdoch and Denise Norton. These four had been left behind when Tobruk was evacuated, and had begun the perilous desert journey to Alexandria.

Outside Tobruk, the party was trapped by a German Panzer unit. Sister Denise died of a bullet wound. Zimmerman won the group's release by revealing his secret mission to the German commander. Zimmerman later told Anson he had convinced the German that all in the ambulance were medical personnel and that Denise was alive and in need of hospital care.

Now Zimmerman was formulating a plan for keeping his identity secret. Anson would

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be easy to control, for he had a strong craving for liquor, and only Zimmerman had a supply of the stuff. Zimmerman could win the girl's confidence by playing up to her. The sergeant major seemed to be the only real problem. *Be careful there, Zimmerman,* he told himself. *That one says little, but sees a lot.*

III

The corned beef wasn't like any she had had before; apart from the sand that gritted against her teeth, it was almost liquid, greasy, like a half-set jelly. It was nauseous to have to push it onto a biscuit with one's fingers and swallow it like that, but none of the others made any comment, so she assumed it was always that way. As they ate, she heard calculations of petrol and water and food; she gathered there was plenty of all for what Anson planned to do—"provided that pump holds"—and she saw the look that passed between Tom Pugh and Anson.

While the other two started to clear up, she watched Anson get out his map board and sit with it propped on the steering wheel, drawing and measuring with ruler and protractor, scribbling sums in the margin.

She waited until he had finished before she said, "Do you mind if I ask questions?"

"No, of course not."

She peered at the map board. "You see, I don't want you to think of me as a woman, a liability. I want to understand what's happening. Where are we going?"

He smiled at her. "I wish I knew the answer to that one. What I'm trying to do is this: Work southeast from here to the next cliff—about there"—his finger prodded the map—"then lie up in a wadi for the night, so that we can all rest, and"—he hesitated—"see about Sister Norton. Then, tomorrow, strike due east to the frontier—'the wire,' we call it, this line here—and come gradually round to the coast at Sidi Barrani. Two hundred miles at the outside. We'll be there tomorrow night."

"And that will be safe?"

"Oh, miles behind our new line; even at the farthest they will come back."

"There's another thing ——" she said, and stopped.

"Ask away, Diana."

"Well, we're not safe here. But you've got no lookout. For any vehicles, I mean."

"Tom and I are listening all the time. It gets automatic. You can hear a vehicle long before you can see it in this." He nodded at the curtain of the mirage, dancing and swaying as it hemmed in their small circle.

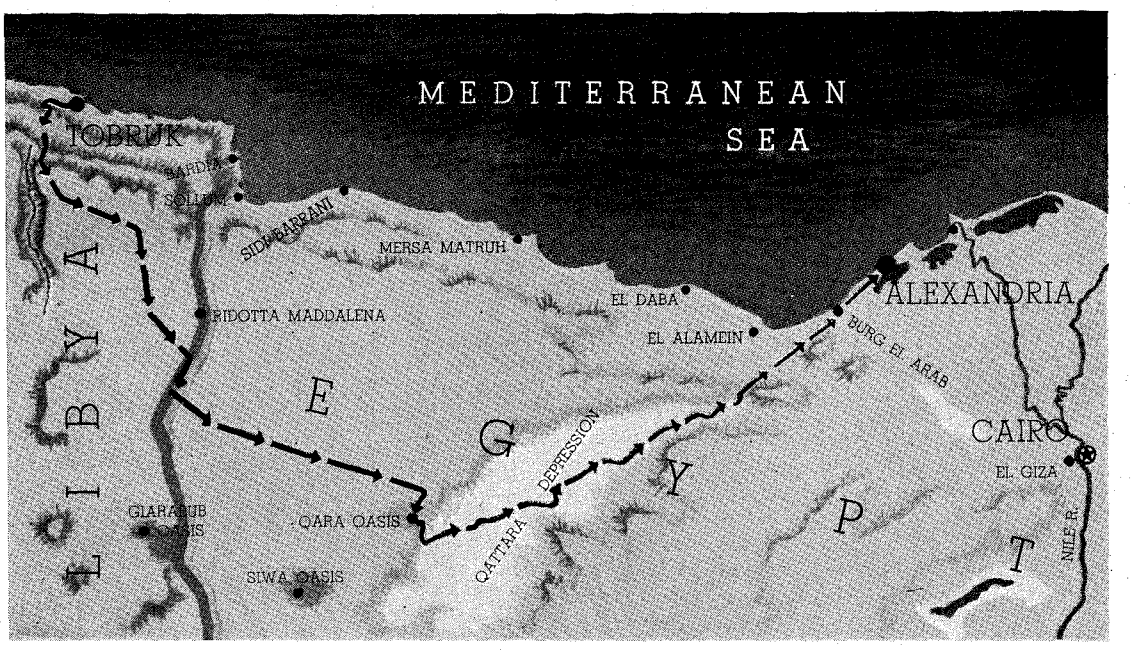
When they moved off, Tom was offered a rest in the back, but he said, "No, I'm all right, sir."

Zimmerman said, "If no one else wants it, I will"—and went through the door, taking his two packs with him.

Anson was driving now, with Tom in the passenger seat. She was sitting on the floor between them. She sat with eyes closed for most of the time, listening to the broken, soft flow of talk that went over her, vaguely resentful of their relationship.

Once Anson said, "Tom, when we find a wadi, the first thing will be for someone to go to the top of the cliff and put up a little cairn of stones."

There was no answer, and when she turned to look, he was fast asleep, head nodding on chest, swaying in his seat to the movement of the car.



"He's asleep," she said.

"Good. But for heaven's sake see that he doesn't fall out if I swerve. Hang onto his belt."

She slid a hand up between it and the top of his pants and was comforted by the warmth of him and the easy rise and fall of his side in the slow breathing. They went on steadily, the engine monotonous in its even beat. The sun had fallen away behind them now and the square shadow of the ambulance was creeping farther and farther ahead. The mirage had quite gone; there was a purple tinge staining the brown of the sand and, on their right, the cliff was close and clear, the shadow of wadis etching it in dark, jagged cuts. Nothing else but their tiny moving speck on all the broad horizon. She talked to Anson in spasms—of the Delta, of home—the other life. Tom slept on.

Much later they were nosing along the foot of it, bumping over the rock slab, twisting round boulders. At last Anson said, "I think this should do," and swung the car in toward a narrow cleft. They were going up a twisting channel now, cut off from the plain behind, the noise of the motor beating back on them from the steep rocky walls. The going was easier as they went on—hard clay covered with tinder-dry camel thorn. Tom woke up with a start and she was sorry to have to leave off holding his belt. They came to a widening—a sort of dell—and Anson turned the ambulance sideways and cut the engine. A deep compelling silence fell on everything. They got down and stretched and rubbed their eyes.

Anson said, "Tom, will you go up to the top, near the cliff and make a pile of stones? I'll get things moving down here."

She said, "I'll come with you."

It was a steep climb and, as they toiled up, she asked, "What are we doing this for?"

His voice was gentle as he answered, "We're supposed to mark all graves—for afterward."

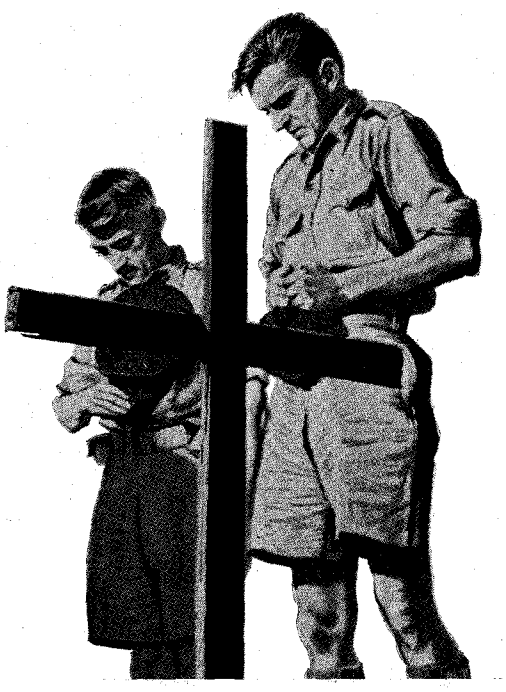
The top of the cliff was hard and level, with another flat brown plain stretching away to the south. There were plenty of limestone slabs lying there, and soon they had made a pile of them. They walked to the edge, looking back over the full sweep of desert and sky to the north. A breath of wind came suddenly, infinitely refreshing.

He said, softly, "I've lived in green hills all my life. But here—at this time—it always gets me."

The ambulance was hidden by the angle of the wadi; there was nothing in all the world but the two of them, standing there under the wide bowl of heaven that shaded through every color from pink to lilac, with the blue curtain of night sliding (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

Slowly, Tom's soft Devon voice stumbled out the words: "The Lord is my shepherd ——"



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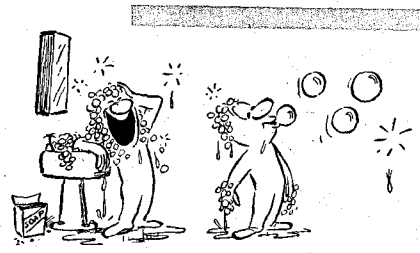
Post Scripts



The 7 Ages of the Married Moon

"Angel baby-puss, hurry out here! There's a great big bootiful-ootiful harvest moon, and I've put The Record on the record player so we can listen to our song!"

"Darling, come on out and look at that harvest moon! Know what it reminds me of? The first time I saw you. You were wearing that white scarf thing and ——"

"Hey, baby, there's quite a moon tonight—a real harvest moon! A fellow could practically read the paper out here —— Say, bring me the paper."

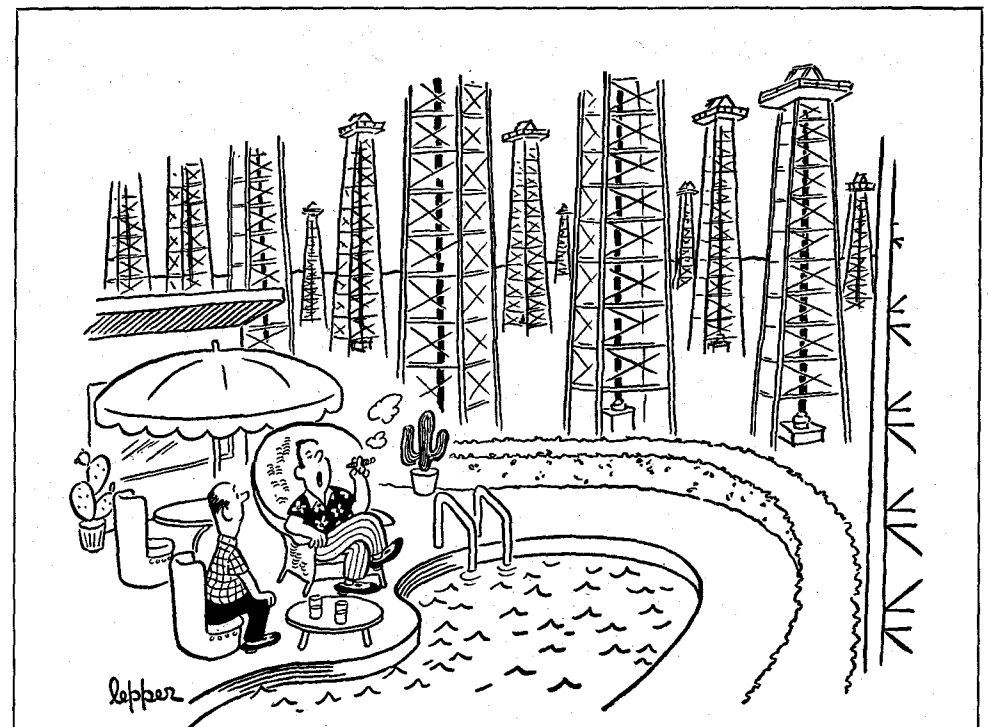
"Now there's a moon for you, honey—a real golfer's moon! Maybe I better phone the boys."

"Some moon tonight, hon. Say, there's a real nip in the air too. Did you call the man about the oil?"

"Say, Marge, will you pull that blind? That darned harvest moon's so bright I can't see the TV."

"Quite a moo—— Hey, where's Judy? Out? Out where? With that Davis twerp? Did you tell her she had to be in by nine o'clock? Now listen, if I've said it once I've said it forty times, that Davis kid is no darned good, and furthermore ——"

PEG BRACKEN



"It's a living."

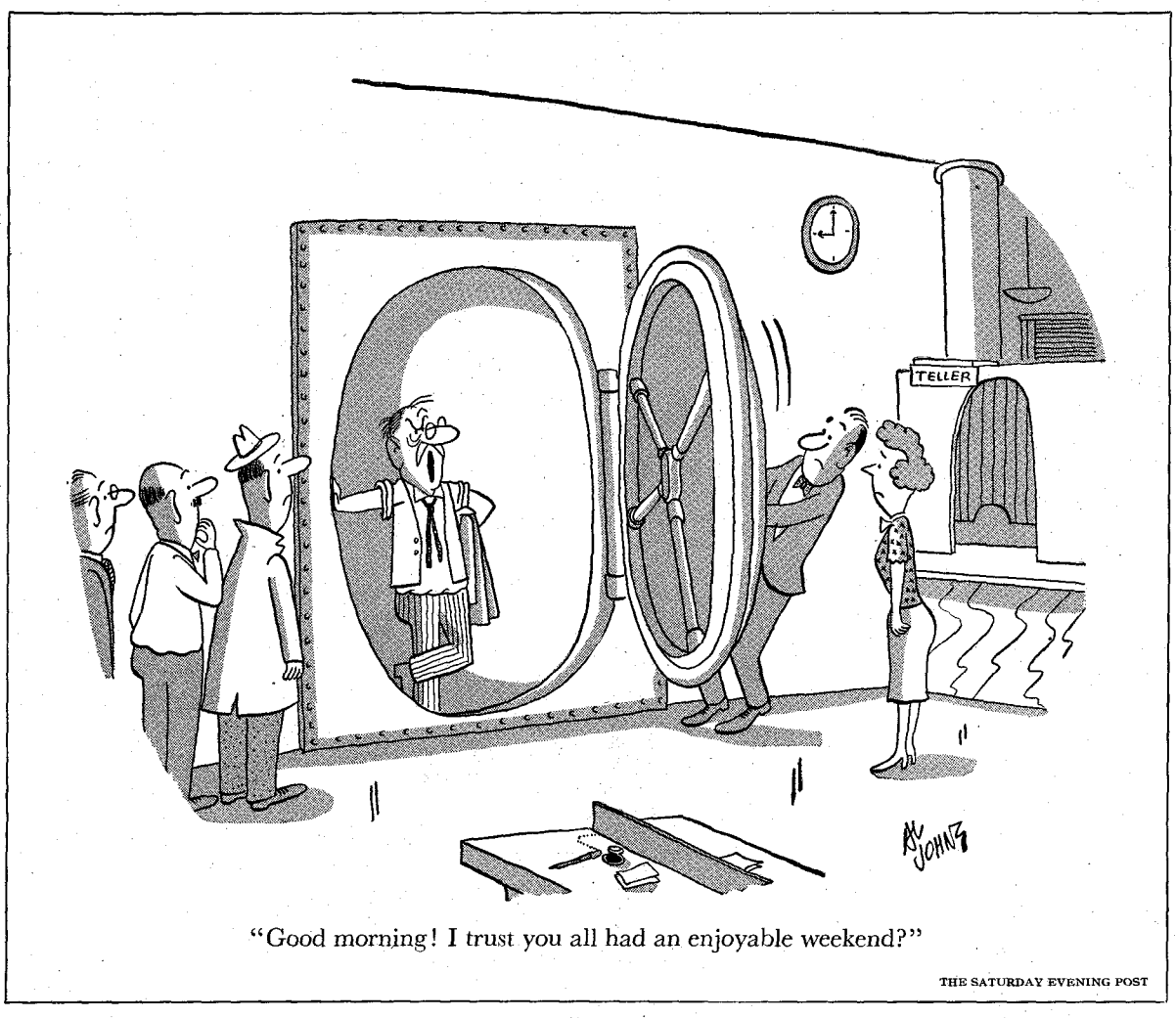
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It's Elementary

When youth is in our arteries
And life is animation,
Our miles are run without a wheeze
And little palpitation,
And we absorb our A B C's
By mental concentration.

In later years when sight is blurred
And cheeks are rather hollowed,
The rules on vitamins are heard
And diligently followed,
And this time, though it sounds absurd,
The A B C's are swallowed.

WILLIAM W. PRATT



"Good morning! I trust you all had an enjoyable weekend?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I Meant to Tell You

One thing—one, I might say, of the many—that irks me about the opposite sex is what I call their "Don't come down on the ladder because there isn't any ladder" technique. I refer to their gambit whereby they present you with a *fait accompli* and ask you if it's all right.

For example, I returned home from a grueling day at the office—we gruel every Tuesday—and my wife's smile was normal, but when I went down to my workbench I noticed that my tools were in the vegetable bin, and my wife had set into my bench an electric sewing machine.

"I hope you don't mind," she said.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I inquired.

"I thought I did."

One time I discovered little boys in the street playing with my tennis racket and wearing my Rideau Juniors Tennis sweater. When I mentioned it to my wife, she explained lightly, keeping a large frying pan between me and herself, that she had given them to the rummage sale. It was for a new sand pile in the Sunday school and only a monster would want to see those little tots playing around in the old sand pile.

"But you should have asked me," I insisted.

"I meant to," my wife said, "but everything happened so quickly, and then Mrs. Prissleby was here with the car and I just gave her whatever was handy. I didn't think you'd care."

Then, again, there was the night I worked until eleven balancing the accounts payable and came home dog-tired and half-dead and flung myself in bed with my father-in-law. I jumped up quickly, thinking my wife had bought a new sheep dog, and then, when I saw who it was, I ran downstairs to where my wife was playing six-handed canasta with her mother, her two brothers and her uncle and aunt. I called her into privacy and asked her what gave.

"Oh," she said, "I meant to tell you. Mother and dad and the gang wrote me about staying the month of July. Well, here they are. And don't they all look swell? Mom'll sleep in my bed. Dad in yours. Uncle and aunt in the guest room, and Chick and Junk can have the divan. I thought you'd like it out on the grass in the back yard. I meant to tell you. In fact, I thought I had."

There you are. The only defense I can think of is to come home with a ravishing blonde and say, "Oh, this is Miss Doodledeby. I'm divorcing you and marrying her. I meant to tell you."

It wouldn't work. Even if it did, wouldn't I be back where I started?

ROBERT FONTAINE

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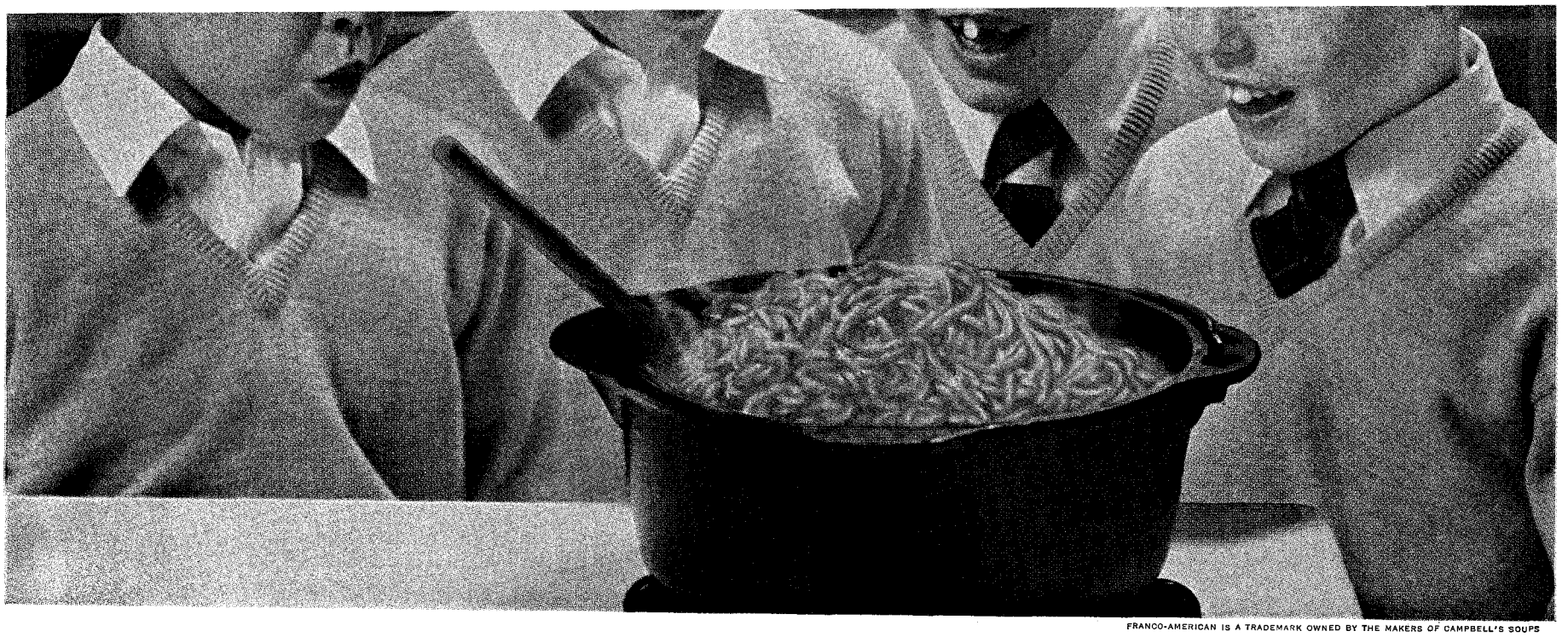

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

"What—only one potful for the four of us?"

DO YOU THINK our young hopefuls are greedy? Not a bit of it. They simply know *superior eating* when they see it. And that's how they rate FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti!

It's such *fun* to eat. Twirling a neatly packed forkful from plate to mouth is a challenge kids go for. (Grownups secretly take pride in it, too.)

And that rich, red tomato sauce is so good, you can't blame a fellow for saying, "More!"

You ought to see the ingredients that go into our Spaghetti. Tomatoes that have grown red and juicy on the vine. Shelf-cured Cheddar cheese. A long list of seasonings that you yourself might choose.

Naturally, all that goodness adds up to *nutritious* eating. There's plenty of *energy* in Franco-American Spaghetti. And body-building protein, too.

Thinking of ordering several cans right this minute? Then you'll be glad to know that Franco-American Spaghetti is a wonderfully economical food. It actually costs *less than eight cents a serving!*

Take your choice of two sizes:
Regular Size can or this popular Large Size.➔

Spaghetti
by Franco-American

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And, on the highway, you'll thrill to the power of its 227-h.p. Strato-Streak V-8 . . . the incomparable smoothness of its exclusive Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic* . . . the brilliant, road-ruling performance of America's most advanced performance team.

Just a few minutes in this lovely and lively creation is royally rewarding. Try it and you'll know—this is the queen of them all!

**An extra-cost option.*

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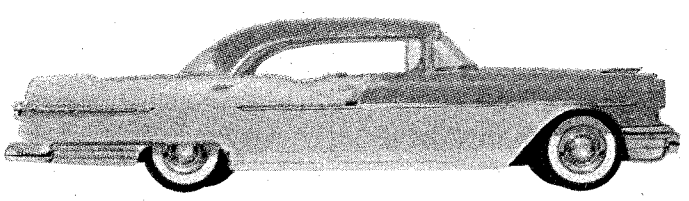

PONTIAC Catalina

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Lisa screamed and tried to run, but Kozlov's hands closed over her lips.

Reunion With Terror

By MARTHA ALBRAND

It was too bad that she had learned the truth about him. Now he would have to kill her.

CONCLUSION

Was Ward right? Was her own father a communist agent? No! Lisa Linden told herself. No! She wouldn't believe it.

Dr. Franz Linden, a well-known anticommunist, had recently been released by the Reds after over twelve years of imprisonment. Following his release, Linden was named head of a West German Security office.

Soon after Linden's appointment, Nemec, a minister in the Czech government who had come over to the West, was abducted. Linden produced evidence pinning the blame for Nemec's abduction on Holm, a member of Linden's staff.

Holm was a close friend of Lisa Linden and her late mother, Tilly. Lisa was certain Holm was innocent. Her father refused to help Holm, so Lisa went to Ward, whom she knew as Martin, a reporter. Actually, Ward's main job was as an American Intelligence agent.

Ward was busy trying to track down Nemec, but he consented to help Lisa. Despite the objections of his boss, Colonel Harrison, Ward reopened Holm's case. His investigations convinced Ward that Holm had been framed by Doctor Linden. Ward concluded that Linden had been brain-washed and was now working for the communists.

Actually, the man known as Linden was a Russian secret agent, Kozlov, who had been picked to play the role of the murdered Linden. Kozlov learned that Ward was looking into Holm's case. Kozlov arranged to have Ward killed. The murder attempt just barely failed.

When Ward first disclosed his suspicions to Lisa, she refused to go along with them. She admitted that her father seemed strange at times, but blamed his behavior on his years in captivity.

As he investigated further, Ward became more certain that his suspicions were correct. He arranged another meeting with Lisa, but still he had no positive proof to show that her father was a communist.

"By the way," said Lisa, "I told papa that I met a friend of Holm's who, like me, did not believe in his guilt."

She felt entirely miserable. She had come, not only to let him know what she had just told him but also to defend her father in still another matter.

If Lisa had not mentioned having met him to her father, Ward thought, Linden would have known much later—when his death was not reported—that he was still alive, and he might not have had a chance to see the little man come out of his house.

"And you can see how wrong you were," Lisa was saying, "to suspect anything abnormal. The man you pointed out, who was following me—well, he was a detective. But papa had engaged him to watch me because he was afraid I was so upset about Holm that I might hurt myself."

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Ward had difficulty keeping quiet. If you loved an illusion, he thought, you tried to fit a person into the part you wanted him to play. But he had made up his mind to follow one straight line through to all its consequences.

"Lisa, I can very well understand that your father is more important to you than anything else. Principles are one thing, love is another. Don't answer right away; just think about it for a moment."

"But you said—I remember it distinctly—that you were merely theorizing. You said you had no base whatsoever for having said what you did."

"Since I saw you last I have found out certain things."

She did not let him finish. She almost cried, "What? What things?" *Tell me I misunderstood,* her eyes said, while her lips repeated, "What things?"

"I can't tell you very well. It's too early."

"You daren't tell me, but you ask me to accept your accusations." Her laugh was a little hysterical, frightened and pitiful at the same time.

He turned and took her hand. "When we first met," he said, "remember? You thought you could trust me. Trust me now, Lisa."

Her heart was beating so slowly she had trouble breathing. "I trust your good will," she said, "but how can you ask me to trust your suspicions? Don't you see what they involve?"

She was so pale; he was afraid she might faint. "I know," he said softly, "and it is not easy to talk to you about it. But if my suspicions are correct, then you must also think of the danger a man in your father's position might be to others—to the whole country."

"He can't be a traitor to his country." Her voice was almost wild. "He hated the communists. I should know, I who live with him. Don't you think I would know?"

She sank back in her seat and began to cry helplessly. Ward felt just as helpless. He had hoped his carefully phrased words of Saturday morning might have prepared her for what he had just told her, that his suspicions did have a base. He had been wrong.

He put his arm around her trembling shoulders. "Oh, darling, darling," he said. "For your sake, I'm praying that I'm wrong, but don't you see, now that I suspect your father, I cannot act otherwise until I have found the proof that I am wrong or he ——" He didn't finish. In his arms she went on trembling, but apparently unaware that he was holding her.

"And I," she whispered. "How am I to live with him if I am to believe you could be right?" Then, with horror, she recalled that even Saturday, when she had tried to dismiss his words as insane nonsense, she had started testing her father.

"I wasn't thinking of you," Ward said, trying to catch her eye. "I was thinking of Holm; I was thinking of ——"

"Holm," she said, sitting bolt upright. "On Saturday you said you only wanted to find out whom I would choose if one or the other had to be guilty. Then you lied. You didn't find out anything new in these last hours. You were already convinced that my father was working with the Russians."

"Not convinced," he said; "just as I am not convinced now. Only suspecting."

"I've known Holm nine years," she answered. "I know my father only since a few weeks, but my mother ——" Panic and reason struggled in her eyes. "What do you want from me? You want me to spy on him, don't you? Well, that I cannot do. I cannot cheat. I cannot live with him and secretly——" She shook her head. "I can only meet him openly. Tell him that I—that you ——"

She saw the expression on Ward's face, his utter horror, but she didn't realize then that he was afraid for her. She thought only that he was worried about himself and the spot she might put him in. "Of course, papa would laugh it off," she said. And then it occurred to her that she didn't like the way her father's laugh didn't ring true, but sounded forced. She might not think he was the ideal father or quite the man mamma had pictured, she told herself, but she did trust him.

But if she trusted him—why, then, had she gone to meet the man sitting next to her, someone she hardly knew, and had asked him to help Holm? Why had she tested her father's memory? Why was she here now?

"Anyhow, there is nothing I could tell you," she said, struggling to stop the questions in her mind. "We live such a quiet life. We hardly see people. We really can't very well, yet. Our old doctor, of course, and the family lawyer, and one of my teachers from the university, Professor Richter, and the chief of police, Doctor Werner, and a man called Willie Lange, a stamp dealer, who seems to have better connections than the one mamma used to buy from, and a girl friend of mine, Ilse Fann. That sounds suspicious, doesn't it? Or do you think the people in his office, who have been checked and double-checked, are traitors?"

"Holm was checked, too," he said, "and still they say he was caught in the act of passing on data to a foreign power."

"Holm is innocent. Don't you believe it any more?"

Ward did not answer. He lighted a cigarette and they sat without speaking for a long time.

"No," Lisa said finally. "I can't spy on him. And I can't believe you. It's asking too much." She smiled vaguely and forlornly. "The coward's way out, isn't it? Maybe I've always been a coward and never known it."

"Forget what I said," said Ward. "And promise to see me again. Tomorrow, at the same time. Here."

"If you think I'm going to change my mind ——"

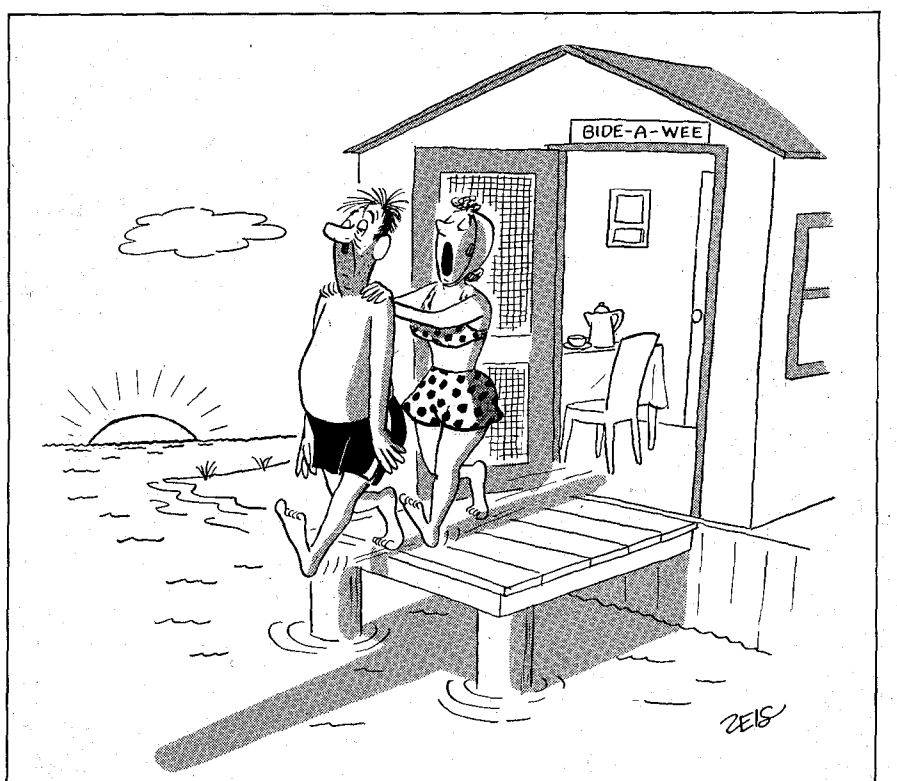
"No," he said. "There may be other things I'll want to talk to you about. Lisa, I love you."

She looked at him as if she were not hearing correctly. Then she shook her head. "What an odd moment to choose to say a thing like that," and without adding another word she opened the door of the car and went across the street swiftly, with long, even strides and, after a minute or so, a taxi came by and she was gone.

An odd moment to mention his love? Yes. But he might never have another. And at least it might explain to her how and why he dared say things that must torture her. Then, driving away, back into the city proper, he pictured Linden in conversation with the old doctor and lawyer, sitting close to the stamp dealer, the album open between them, comparing quality and color, some of little value, others collectors' items. He stopped the car. What bothered him suddenly?

Why shouldn't Linden pursue a hobby that he had apparently enjoyed as a boy and as a young man? What was there that caught his imagination? Why was he wondering about Linden's hobby at all? And then, as clearly as if it were Sunday, he saw the untidy kitchen table in Otto Halse's house, the teddy bear without eyes, the rag doll, the covered bird cage, the open stamp album. What did it matter if Otto Halse had collected stamps or had his young son collect them for him—stamps, a perfect means of communication? Stamps came from all parts of the world, kept one in touch with people on different continents. And then he knew. A perfect front, he thought, a perfect cover to contact anybody one wished to get in touch with, without making oneself suspect. What was the name Lisa had mentioned so innocently, the stamp dealer Linden preferred to the one her mother and she had been buying from? Willie Lange.

Not far from the Platzl, where the Hofbräuhaus was situated, a narrow street held a number of small shops. Wedged in between two of them was a tiny shop with an even tinier showcase: WILLIE LANGE, DEALER IN STAMPS.



"A brisk, early-morning walk should have you awake in no time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ward opened the door, which, on being opened, rang a fine, deep bell somewhere inside the house. A tall, thin man entered through a red velvet curtain, faded like the material in the showcase. Ward felt sharp disappointment; though, of course, he had not really expected to be greeted by the tiny man who had so suddenly disappeared from under his eyes last night.

"I have a son about ten years old," he said, "whom I intend to start on a stamp collection. I think the earlier one forms a hobby, the better off one is later in life when one needs relaxation."

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. For a beginner, there are a hundred shops that would serve you better. Our stamps are too valuable to be handled by the impatient fingers of a child."

Ward had the feeling there was a certain answer he didn't know, that was expected of him. "Maybe I'd better wait for Mr. Lange," he said. "Perhaps he could advise me one way or another."

The thin man smiled again. "I am Mr. Lange," he said. "Maybe I misunderstood and it is really you who wants to start a collection, for your son to take over when he has reached the right age."

Ward shook his head. "No, thank you. I am not interested in stamps. I'm an outdoor man—gardening, you know. Where would you say I should go?"

Mr. Lange jotted down a few names on a piece of paper and passed it to Ward. Ward, out on the street again, heard the bell chime and walked on.

He had no way of telling whether Mr. Lange had been aware of his identity nor did he know, looking at the list in his hand, whether walking into any of the recommended shops might mean seizure and being rendered harmless. For a moment he debated calling Harrison personally, decided against this and merely phoned his secretary to tell her to have the owners of these shops checked. Then, making sure he was not being followed, he walked around the block until he came to a house that had a sign that said: ROOMS AND STORAGE SPACE FOR RENT. With some luck, a room here might have windows overlooking the street in which Willie Lange's shop was located.

Half an hour later he moved a piece of luggage, an easel, several canvases, drawing paper, crayons and a box of paints into a sparsely furnished studio room, the windows of which allowed a perfect view of the entrance to the stamp dealer's shop, and the waiting began. He moved the iron bedstead closer to the window, so that he could lie down and watch at the same time.

Around four o'clock he saw Dr. Franz Linden get out of his big black Mercedes near the Platzl and walk slowly up the narrow street to disappear in Willie Lange's shop. If Lange knew about him, Linden would right now be hearing about Ward's visit. Twenty minutes later, Linden emerged, walked back to the corner and drove away.

This was nothing new. Linden, as Ward knew, made no secret of his dealings with Willie Lange. And a feeling that he might just as well give up overwhelmed Ward. He might just as well ask his office to have a man posted in this room to watch for a very small man.

By five o'clock it was too dark to see clearly from his windows, and Ward took from the suitcase he had brought, a wide-brimmed, visored cap, a scarf and a pair of goggles. Earlier in the day, after he had seen Lisa, he had exchanged the rented car for a motor bike, a small light machine with which it was easier to get about, and had parked it near the Hofbräuhaus. He went down three flights of badly worn (*Continued on Page 46*)

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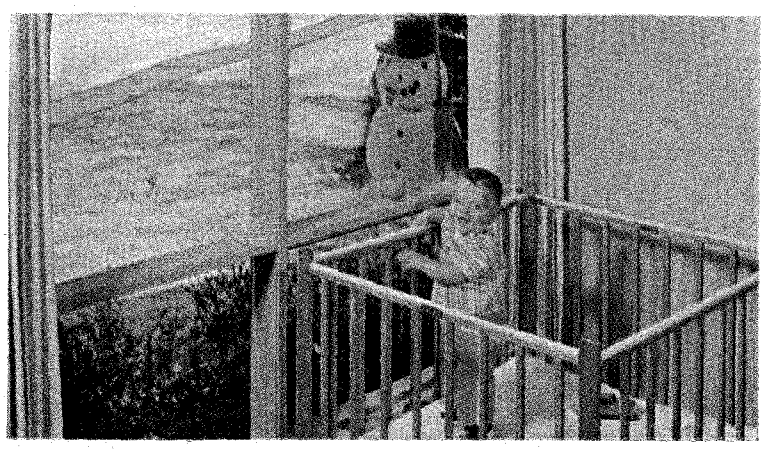

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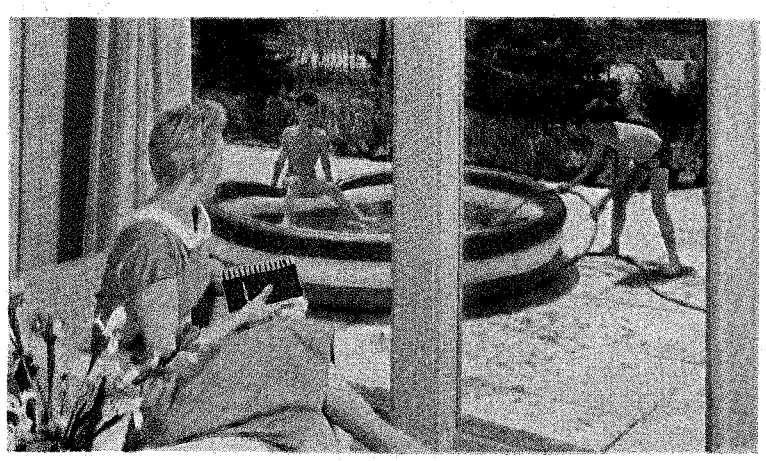

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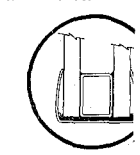

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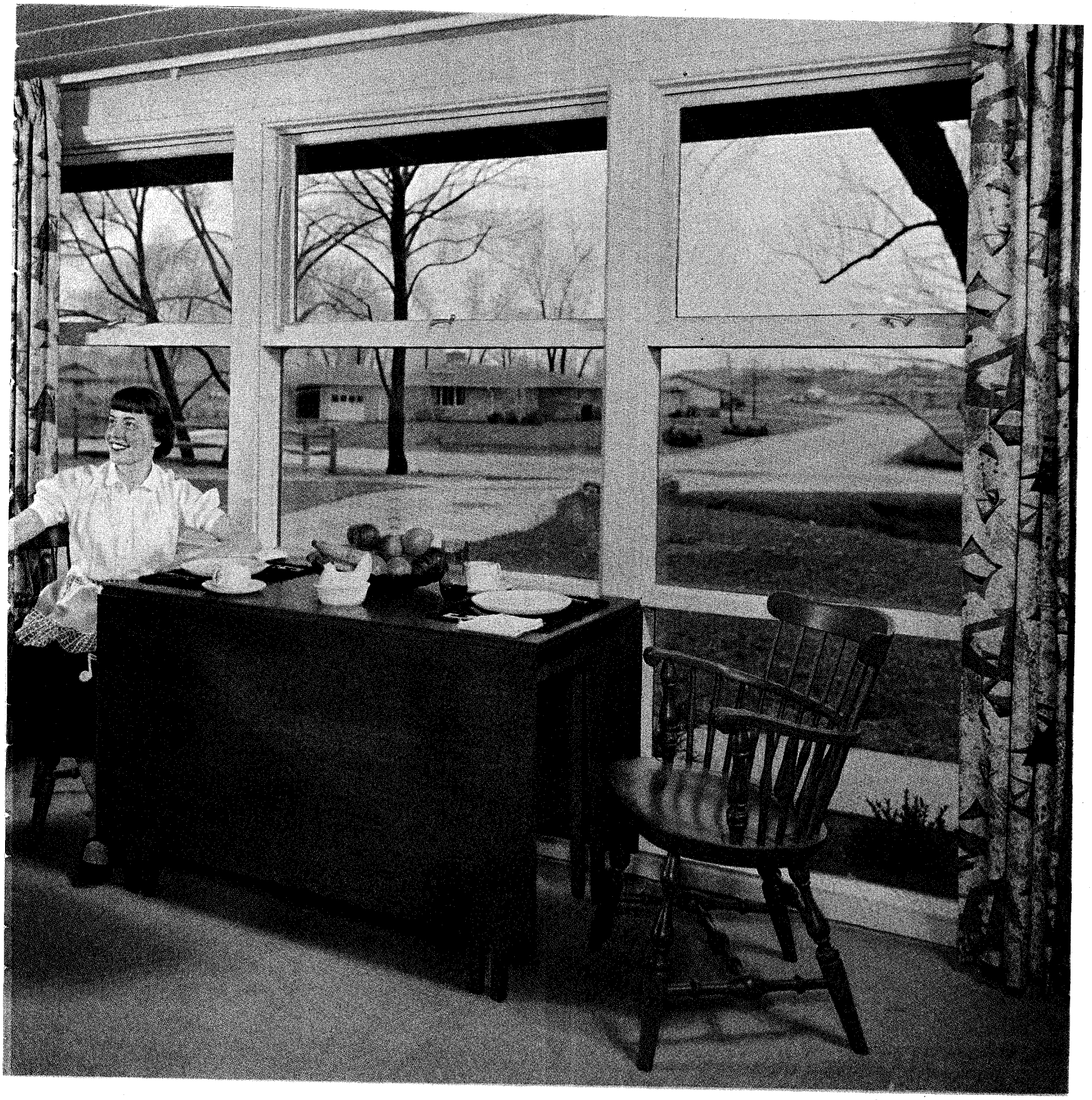

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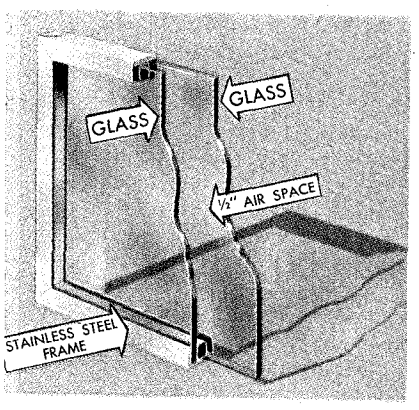

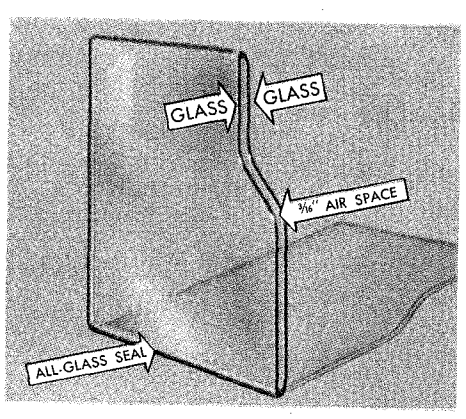

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(*Continued from Page 42*) stairs and stood for a long time in the entrance of a liquor store, and a desperate idea rose in his mind. If Linden was still contemplating murder, as the little man leaving his house in Schwabing last night indicated, then perhaps it would be best to give him a chance. Yes, he thought, he would return to Schwabing quite openly. It was the only way to trap whoever had been elected to kill him.

He had taken two steps when his ears caught the fine, melodious tinkle of a bell. Willie Lange's door opened; a small boy closed it. Only it wasn't a boy; it was the man Ward had been waiting for.

Everything then ceased to exist except the man passing the liquor store on his way to a streetcar stop. Ward watched the man waiting for a streetcar, saw him jump on one before he got on his motorcycle to follow it. One thought was uppermost in his mind—he must not lose the man again. But the suspicion that the others might have known he had taken a room opposite Willie Lange's and were setting a trap for him in allowing him to follow the little man made him look over his shoulder every so often.

At the railway station the little man jumped from the streetcar with an agility that surprised Ward, and stood for a moment as if hesitating what step to take next. Then he walked over to a taxi stand, and a moment later the taxi pulled away.

It was not until it reached Grünwald, one of Munich's suburbs, that the taxi stopped and the little man got out, walked briskly along the street until, at the next corner, he stopped to talk to a man who, a shaggy dog at his side, was selling miserable-looking fruit and branches of fir from a pushcart. After a little while, the other left and the little man began to push the cart ahead of him, whistling softly to himself. Ward remembered dimly that, last night in Schwabing, he had seen the outlines of a pushcart near the ruined building.

He roared past the man to the end of the long street. Only villas stood here—private homes in big, parklike gardens, shrubbery hiding their fences. Among some of the dense bushes, Ward hid his motorcycle, then crouched down between an iron railing and three blue spruces that gave sufficient cover. The little man came up the street, passed a streetcar stop, went into a public-telephone booth, came out, untied the dog, which began to circle the cart, and walked on and up past Ward, and disappeared, thirty steps from where Ward was hiding, through a gate in a stone wall. In the quiet of the evening, Ward could hear his steps just a moment longer, then the opening and closing of a door. Then all sound seemed to cease.

After a few minutes, when he thought it safe to move, he strolled by the gate which the little man had used. Through its ornate iron grille he could see the house a short distance away, its windows dark. Still he did not dare take the chance of entering the garden from the street side. From behind the dark windows, alert eyes might be watching all approaches. So he went back to where he had come from, deciding to get in from the adjoining property. To jump over the iron railing against which he had hidden his motorcycle required no physical effort.

Here the snow lay deep, covering the path leading up to a completely dark house, the shuttered windows of which told him it was uninhabited. Contrary to what he had hoped, the high stone wall behind which lay the house that the little man had entered did not stop or diminish in height, but continued on. Twice he tried to climb it before he got a grip on the top of the stone wall and pulled himself up. Jumping down, he fell between a clump of trees and, getting on his feet again, he saw that trees obstructed any clear view of the house. In a way, this was lucky, for among them he could move without fear of being spotted.

The house itself was smaller than he had anticipated, and a faint glimmer of light shone through a closed shutter. Ward climbed the tree closest to it slowly, carefully. Quite clearly, then, he could hear the voices of three men, but he could see nothing.

He let himself down gently and, on his stomach now, crawled around the house until he came to the front, from which a path between trees led to the gate and the street. There he found a small window above the ground, almost hidden by the firs which flanked the front door. A cellar window.

The pieces would fall inside; the three men couldn't possibly hear that a window was being broken if they were still in the room on the other side of the house. The opening, when he had broken the pane, was so narrow he thought he would get stuck halfway in. Drawing in his breath, he finally inched himself down and inside the house.

It was a rather large cellar, as he could see by his flashlight, which he turned on and off. Straight ahead of him, steep, narrow steps led up to a door. He was heading for them when he heard, coming from the left, a thin cough. He stood motionless, his heart beating furiously, covered with sudden sweat that tingled down his spine. To him it was eternity until he had once more pressed the button on his flashlight and discovered a wooden door. The cough came again, thin and tortured.

Ward moved. He put his left hand on the handle, with the right holding his pistol. The door opened without difficulty into pitch-darkness.

"What?" said a voice. "No lights today?" Nemec's voice. He had found Nemec.

He switched on his flashlight. Nemec, dressed only in shirt and trousers, was sitting on a small cot, his face the color of death; his eyes, ringed by enormous deep shadows, red, oversized and feverish. Four large, strong electric-light bulbs were screwed high in each corner.

Ward switched off the flashlight.

"Dear boy," said Nemec, "haven't you made rather a habit of it lately not to be on time?"

"Are you hurt?"

In the dark, Nemec chuckled. "One always forgets that there are two sides to everything. When Vanner told me I might suffer a coronary any time if I didn't take it easy, I felt rather depressed, but it saved my life, that little piece of paper—the cardiogram, I mean." He tapped his chest. "Tired I am," he said, "dead tired, so tired I can't even sleep when they stop questioning me for a while. Now what do you propose to do in the way of getting out? I'm afraid we have no time to dig a tunnel."

"I came in through a window," Ward whispered, taking Nemec's hand to lead him through the door into the cellar, and his heart missed a beat as he felt Nemec get up, then fall back again on the cot.

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Ward did not answer. He bent, picked up the little professor and, carrying him like a child, proceeded through the door and into the cellar. He had reached the window when steps could clearly be heard approaching the door above the stairs. The next moment the lights jumped on in the room they had just left, and, since the door was open, they lit up part of the cellar. The turning of a key in the door ——

Ward shoved Nemec into the shadow of some furniture stored in a corner and tore across to the foot of the stairs, crouching like an animal ready to spring. And he sprang—sprang to grip the legs of the man who stood staring in surprise at the open door to Nemec's room. The little man.

Ward pulled him down before he could scream for help, and was on top of him, pinning him to the floor, thinking that the fight was already over. But, in spite of his size, the little man possessed the strength of an ox. Just as Ward felt his own strength failing, the little man lay still, motionless. At one moment or other, Ward had knocked him out, but he could no longer recall that moment.

He pulled off the man's jacket; he picked up the cap he had worn and handed it to Nemec. Nemec put them on, chuckled. "Rather funny," he said. "First Mr. Bauer, here"—and he pointed at the little man on the floor—"takes my Loden while I'm enjoying a brandy; now it's my turn to wear his jacket."

Within a moment then Ward understood how Nemec's abduction had taken place. Bauer had not only impersonated the Czech professor in the getaway car on the false lead they had so cleverly invented, but had also fooled the plain-clothes men waiting in front of Linden's villa to take him back to the hotel. That was why the police had found no sign, why there had been as good as no struggle.

"You never left Linden's house."

Nemec shook his head. "I was wined and dined," he said, "and never knew what happened until I woke up from a heavy, drugged sleep and found myself minus my Loden, but still in the company of my host, only in very different surroundings—here—and was told that everybody, including you, believed I had been taken to East Berlin." He paused and put a thin, trembling hand on Ward's arm. "Dear boy," he said, "in your search for me have you discovered that Linden is behind all this?"

"Yes," Ward said, helping Nemec up to the open window. "I suspect him of having been brain-washed."

"Brain-washed?" Nemec's voice was suddenly very clear. "Brain-washed?" he said again. "Not at all, dear boy. It's much simpler. Linden is not Linden." He was outside the house, in the garden, staring back at Ward, still standing in the cellar. "You don't believe me, do you?" he said. "Well, there was no reason for him to keep it secret, once I was in his hands. The chief of Bavaria's Security Department is a Russian commissar."

For just a moment Ward's mind refused to grasp what Nemec had said. Impossible, he thought. He started pulling himself up when he heard steps approaching the door above the cellar once more—the steps of several men.

"Run," he told Nemec, pointing his flashlight through the window so that it lit up the snow-swept gravel path which led from the front door to the gate, a path no longer than fifty feet. "Move as fast as you can to the nearest store, the nearest telephone. Call the police."

"My dear boy ——"

"Don't be a fool, Nemec." And then Ward began to yell, threw a piece of furniture against the wall, trying to distract any possible attention away from the front of the house and the small figure slowly making its way to the street. To his satisfaction, he heard the steps take on a different rhythm. They were running now.

He reached for his gun and shook his head to himself. Time, he thought; Nemec needed all the time he could possibly give him. He might render one harmless, but he was taking a chance with the second and maybe a third. Then he fired in quick succession at the light bulbs in Nemec's room. They mustn't see the open window right away. He must keep them from following Nemec.

They were coming down, revolvers drawn, three men. One of them shone a strong flashlight into the darkness of the cellar. It swept the floor on which the little man lay, still unconscious; it lit up the corner in which Ward was hiding behind the discarded furniture and, the next second, was fixed on the open window. Before Ward had a chance to fire, the man had turned and gone. And with a sinking heart Ward knew that he was running after Nemec. For a few seconds nobody moved—neither Ward nor the men standing at the top of the stairs in the light of a lamp outside the cellar.

It was when Ward heard the steps of Nemec's pursuer outside the open window that he acted, no longer caring about the chance that he might be seen. He left his cover, aimed and fired at the running man outside on the gravel path. And the man, with a scream of agony, went down, falling face forward. But Ward had been seen.

The first shot hit him in the right arm, the second in his leg. Linden not Linden, he thought, and Lisa, he thought, and Nemec—if only Nemec had enough strength left to summon help, to call Harrison, to tell —— Blindly he struggled under the grip of the two men and heard one say to the other, "Go after the professor, you idiot! I can handle this one alone now!"

With his heart beating furiously, his breath coming in slow, uneven gulps Nemec managed to climb over the locked gate. The street was deserted. Then he saw a taxi driving slowly, its light on the top indicating that it was free. At the same time he thought he could hear footsteps from the direction of the house. Surprised, Nemec found that he could run. He reached the taxi before his second pursuer reached the street.

"I'm sorry I'm late."

It was rather strange, thought Kozlov, that he should remember Lisa's request to please be a little more polite to the

... ...

Election-Year Commentary

By Charles Lee

Elder Statesmen,
Upstart Leaders,
Mavericks, Bosses,
Public Bleeders,
Reporters, Hucksters,
Pie-in-the-sky men,
Hacks, Crusaders,
FBI men,
Open Covenanters,
Smoky-room men,
TV directors,
Ghosts who are human,
Ignoramuses
And egghead fellows:
Politics makes the strangest
bedfellows.

... ...

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servants, at a moment when he was so tense.

The maid smiled at him. "Fräulein Lisa has eaten already. What may cook fix for Herr Doktor?"

She took his coat and the long box of flowers which he handed her, and nodded when he told her just to bring him something on a tray. He waited until she had disappeared behind the swinging door before he turned to look at himself in the hall mirror. Of course, the nervousness he felt didn't show in his face. There was, furthermore, he told himself, no reason to be nervous. So Ward was still alive? So Ward had gone to Eisenstein? What of it? Bauer had assured Willie Lange that Otto Halse was dead. His wife knew nothing. Bauer's secretary had no idea that the sawmill had been bought only as a cover. And Ward had come back to Munich apparently convinced that he had nothing to fear, for he had been seen in Schwabing, the street he lived in, obviously on his way home. Then the thought came again that Bauer, too, had been seen. But Bauer had not even been certain whether Ward had actually pursued him on the street. He had simply not taken the chance of being stopped.

In the mirror, Kozlov watched himself smile. The world was full of small people. Even if Ward had Bauer's description, he would never find him. Tomorrow, early in the morning, Bauer was going on a long trip, taking Nemec along—Nemec, who had withstood all efforts to break him down. Kozlov did not like having failed in this. But there were things one could not help. The only fact that worried him was that Ward had paid a visit to Willie Lange. But even if Willie Lange was checked, nobody could possibly unearth the double part he had been playing for years. Besides, Lange was due to leave this evening, via Paris, for America, under the cover of negotiating an important collection. His true purpose was to get important material from agents planted in the United States. The Americans had issued the visa only last week. That fact in itself would make his possible investigation not too serious. But Ward had to be eliminated. It was incredible that Willie Lange's men had lost track of him.

Suddenly he heard music coming from the music room. Lisa. Maybe he could use Lisa to catch Ward. He entered the music room, which he hated. Everything in it was too frail, too uncomfortable. Only the little Degas drawings were pretty, yet a little disturbing at the same time.

They reminded him of a ballet dancer he had once known intimately before he had ordered her death.

Only the two candles on the high inlaid chest that held the music were lighted. He saw Lisa start when he entered, and said softly, "I am not disturbing you, am I?"

Lisa turned halfway on the narrow bench in front of the concert piano and shook her head.

"Go on playing," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll have my tray in here, and just sit quietly, listening to you."

"Please do," said Lisa, forcing herself to sound natural.

Ever since she had left Ward this morning, she had been in such a turmoil that she had sought escape in music. Nothing at this moment could have harassed her more than her father's presence. But because the very fact that she would rather have been alone made her feel guilty, she rose to kiss him. And putting her arm around his neck, she thought that he couldn't be a traitor.

"You look tired," she said.

"Do I? Maybe. I had a pretty nasty day. Sort of hectic."

Herta came in and placed a tray in front of him.

He watched Lisa pour out a glass of wine for him—a light, sour French wine that he didn't like, but which had happened to be Linden's favorite. "And what kind of a day did you have?"

"Not very exciting," she said. "Mostly Christmas shopping and lunch with a girl friend and wrapping presents for the factory children."

"Didn't you see your boy friend, the reporter?"

Even in the candlelight he could see her face change. She wasn't a good liar, he thought. She gave herself away. But he pretended not to see her shake her head, and smiled. "Well, I won't probe into a young girl's secrets." He had a whole evening to find out what he wanted to know.

Why had she shaken her head, Lisa asked herself, aghast. Why should she deny seeing Martin after she had told papa she met him as a friend and that they shared the same opinion? Not in his wildest dreams could papa ever imagine what Martin thought.

"One day," Linden said, "I would like to meet him."

He saw Lisa blush, but could not tell whether the color rose to her face because she liked the idea or because she was embarrassed by his generosity.

The maid came in, carrying a tall vase with long-stemmed roses. "The flowers, Herr Doktor. You want them here?"

She put them on the piano and withdrew. Lisa stood motionless, staring at them.

"I brought you some flowers," said Linden. "When I passed the store I remembered that your mother's favorites were roses and, since you are so like Tilly, I thought ——"

He caught the expression in her eyes. "Why are you so surprised?"

Roses, thought Lisa. *Roses*. Since mamma was a child, she was allergic to roses. They were the only flowers she could never be near without getting a fever. Rose fever. *Yes, I am like mamma*, she thought. *Yes, I too* —— She sneezed. Standing motionless, unable to move, she sneezed. Could a man forget it—a young man who had courted her mother for more than two years, who had lived with her for almost six? Wouldn't he, whenever he saw a rose, automatically remember that his wife and small daughter ——

"Catching a cold?"

She could not answer. She continued to stand without moving. The forgotten engagement ring, the mistake of the favorite shade of color, his unexpected interest in her grandfather's fortune—all these could be explained, understood. But the roses? How could such a lapse of memory be explained?

Linden had the sudden feeling that he had committed an enormous blunder without knowing where he had been mistaken.

Following her gaze, he said harshly, impatiently, "What's wrong with roses? Don't you like roses?"

"It isn't that!" stammered Lisa. "It isn't that! They are beautiful, but ——"

She turned toward the door. She had to be alone, she had to think this over by herself, not with him sitting there, not with Martin's words of that morning ringing in her ears. She didn't get far. He was holding her, his hand around her wrist like handcuffs.

"But—what were you going to say?"

"You're hurting me," she said, trying to control herself. "Let me go." For an answer, his grip tightened.

"I demand an answer."

"I don't mean to be ungrateful. I just feel —— I don't feel well."

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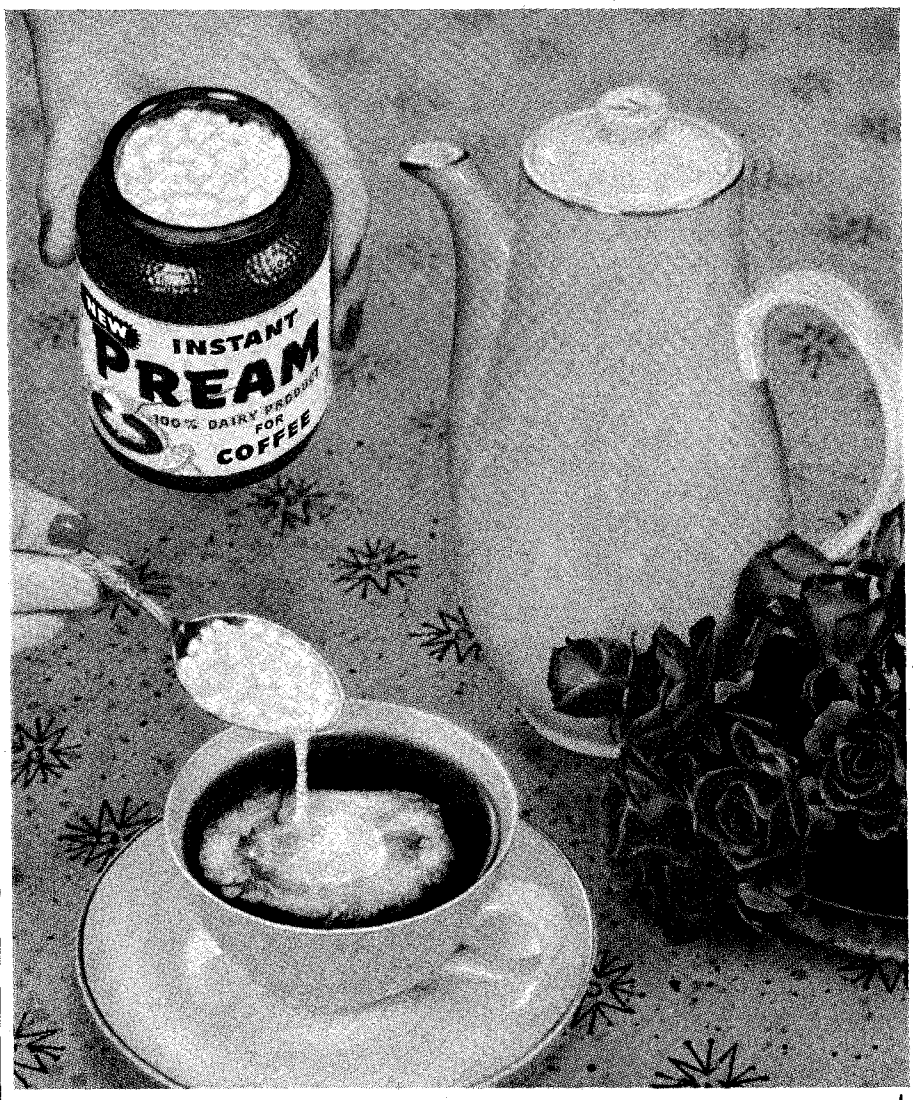

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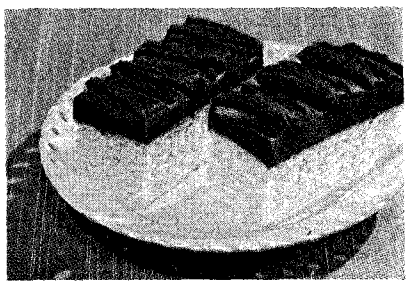

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"Then hadn't you better sit down?"

It was not a question, but a command. Lisa sat down on the bench in front of the piano.

Patience, Kozlov admonished himself; he must have patience. Where had he erred? He knew he could not afford to have her lose confidence in him at any time, but he also knew that something had happened, which if he could not repair it at once, would threaten his position.

"What is it, pigeon?" He had regained his self-control. His voice was gentle and soft. But it was gentle and soft only because he had come to a decision. No matter what she answered, he would not have her around any longer. The chance was too great that, living with him, she would become aware of the slightest error on his part.

Lisa, at the same time, had come to a decision. If her father was sick, she would have to face it, with all its consequences, and she said slowly, trying to grope her way to find the right words, "Sometimes I almost think you are not really the father I expected home."

Kozlov didn't ask her what she meant. He laughed, in complete control of himself now. These were the moments he was master of—the moments of crisis.

"Why, pigeon, didn't I fulfill your expectations? Am I so different from the way your mother described me?"

His hand was on her arm again. She tried to draw away and could not. "I'm tired. I want to go to bed. Let's talk tomorrow."

"All right. Then I'll carry you up to bed the way I used to carry you as a child."

She could not remember ever having been carried up to bed by him. There had always been nurse Dora or mamma or gramp. And then she saw his face. His eyes, though wide open, looked like the eyes of a blind man, void of all expression. His mouth had thinned, the lips paling in his effort for control.

Lisa stared at him, at the expression on his face, which was so unlike anything she had ever imagined seeing on her father's face. "I shall carry you up to bed," he was saying again, but now he not only looked strange, his voice was not the voice she knew. It was a voice she could not recall ever having heard. She stood very still then, unable to move, terror and surprise too strong to allow her to think clearly.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "Who are you?" And she looked at him again. "You are not my father."

And suddenly, as if her own words had brought her back to full consciousness, she realized the danger of her situation. She screamed and, screaming, knew that no one would hear her. The servants were in their quarters, far removed from the main part of the house. She tried to run then, to escape him, but his hands closed over her lips before she could open the door. . . .

She must have lost consciousness, for, when she opened her eyes again, she was lying on the floor and several men were standing in the doorway—men she had never seen before.

One of them, a tall man with an unmistakable accent, said to Linden, "Sorry, but you are under arrest. Please follow us quietly."

The quiet, croaky voice went on to say that there was no use trying to escape, the house was well guarded. "Nemec is safe and we've arrested Willie Lange and Bauer in Grünwald."

Kozlov took one short step toward the door. Failed, he thought; failed all round. Now there was nothing left but to confess and die. And then he realized that it was his duty to avoid being questioned and, as he walked into the hall, he whipped a pistol out of his pocket and shot himself in the mouth.

Later—much later—after an American doctor had come and gone and Colonel Harrison was phoning in the study, using the private line, the door opened once more. Martin, the reporter, with his right leg and his head and his right arm bandaged, came up to where Lisa was sitting, still stunned.

"Thank God you are all right," he said. "I would have come with the others, but Harrison insisted I go to the hospital first."

Lisa forgot the events of the last hours. All she could think of was that he had been hurt badly. She put her hand on his injured arm. "Oh, Martin, Martin. What happened?"

Then Ward told her the whole story, from the night when they had met in Eisenstein and the reason he had been there at all. Nemec. Lisa had never heard of Nemec, so she didn't know that Holm had been accused of betraying the Czech professor to the communists. Her open and lovely face was like a mirror reflecting her horror, and Ward decided not to mention the fear that had swept him while he had lain helpless in the villa in Grünwald—the sudden and terrifying awareness that, if Nemec was right, she was in mortal danger. Neither did he tell her that it looked as if he would not get away alive. Bauer, the tiny man, and the two others—the third, whom Ward's bullet had hit, had still been unconscious—had debated killing him to rid themselves of a possible witness, instead of waiting for Willie Lange to arrive. With Nemec gone, they had thought only of getting out of the house in which they had held him prisoner.

At this point in the story, when Ward's mind was lingering on the ordeal he had gone through, Harrison came back into the music room. Smiling at Ward, he sat down.

"I owe him an apology," he said to Lisa. "You see, I didn't believe him, and it almost cost his life and yours."

He would, he knew, never have forgiven himself if anything had happened to either of them. And Ward, aware of this, shook his head. "I don't think you were quite as unbelieving as you pretend. For if you had been, Willie Lange might have escaped us. And if you hadn't stayed in the office at a time when it is usually closed, Nemec would have lost time trying to reach you, and you might have been too late."

And though Harrison raised his hand as if to stop Ward from giving him too much credit, Ward went on to explain to Lisa that Harrison had acted immediately when he learned that Ward had asked his secretary to have several stamp dealers, among them Willie Lange, checked. As a consequence, Willie Lange had been detained on his way to the airport to catch a plane for Paris, the first leg on his trip to the States, and had been brought in for questioning. To no avail. Until the moment when Nemec, on the verge of collapse, had entered Harrison's office. After Nemec's report and his confrontation with Willie Lange, Lange had broken down. Turning state witness, he had confessed to being an agent for the Russians and offered proof of Nemec's fantastic discovery that Dr. Franz Linden was not Dr. Franz Linden at all, but someone called Stepan Kozlov, a former Russian commissar.

Harrison had sent some of his men to surround Kozlov's house while he himself had hurried with a detachment of German police to the villa in Grünwald.

"I hope," Harrison said to Lisa, "that in spite of all that happened, it is a consolation to you to know that the man who so nearly succeeded in his task was not your father." He rose. "I promised to look in on Nemec—he is staying with me—and to let him know all is well."

"Not my father," said Lisa, after Harrison had left them alone, and again, as if it was all she could say in her wonder and gratitude, "Not my father. He was not my father."

She looked up at Ward and shook her head. "But how could he —— Why didn't I? Yes, there were some doubts, but I pushed them away. At first, of course, I was so numbed by mamma's death that I didn't notice anything, and then, when they had started—the doubts, I mean—I did want to love him. I had an obligation to my mother—and I did want a father."

He looked at her with deep tenderness. "You did have a father who believed in justice and suffered for it."

"Water . . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Tears sprang to her eyes and she wiped them away with the back of her hand, like a child ashamed to be caught crying.

"The mistakes he made," she said; "those little mistakes. His curiosity about my grandfather's and my mother's wills. His preference for yellow when he had always loved blue. And the roses ——" She stopped, her eyes opening wide. "The roses," she repeated. "When he should have known about mamma's allergy. It almost seems —— Do you think it possible that at some point my father guessed the part Kozlov was to play, and purposely told him things that were not true, that they might warn us, disclose to mamma and me that he was not the man who had been her husband and my father?"

Ward tried to imagine the man whose identity Kozlov had stolen. Yes, perhaps, at the last moment he had had a suspicion why the other man had attached himself to him, and had tried to remedy what he had told him so frankly, so trustingly, as a fellow prisoner.

"But then," said Lisa, "when you first mentioned the chance that his mind could be sick, I didn't want to hear it. I was furious and I tried to pay no attention. If only I had had the courage then to face the possible truth, nothing might have happened to you."

"The leg will be as good as new," he said, "in a couple of weeks. Don't think about things like that, Lisa. There are so many other things now."

"But I've always been a coward," she said. "Not so much afraid of death as of life. Of people. I saw them too clearly and I learned to mistrust them too early. When I was a child and they were nasty to me and to mamma, and then, during the war, living with us in this house, mean, untrustworthy, false. And when the war was over, turncoats. Yesterday they would have spit at the Americans, at the idea of democracy; then they licked your boots, pretending, pretending. No. I shall never trust people. That's why I stuck to Holm so much. After my grandparents died they were the only ones I trusted—mamma and Holm."

Ward lighted a cigarette. "You said you trusted me, that very first night we met."

She sat very still then. "Yes," she said, hardly moving her lips. "I do trust you, Martin."

He smiled. What did it matter if she went on calling him Martin, though he had finally been able to tell her his real name. "Will you go on trusting me?"

Lisa grew very pale. For a while she said nothing, and Ward left his chair and sat down beside her.

"You'd better," he said, "because I'm going to marry you, even if you say no right now."

"This morning," she answered, fixing her golden eyes on his face, "you said you loved me. Are you sure you didn't say it so that I would perhaps do what you wanted me to do?"

Ward took her in his arms. "You fool," he said, "you beloved little fool. Yes, I am sure. I love you, Lisa. I do love you."

For the general public there was buried two days later Dr. Franz Linden, the chief of Bavaria's Department of Security, a man who had taken so much to heart the grave mistake he had made in arresting a perfectly innocent man, George Holm, that, in a moment of derangement, he had committed suicide. Apparently his mind had suffered more than one had thought. Only very few people knew that the man inside the flower-laden coffin was a Russian by the name of Stepan Kozlov, and those few would never tell the true story.

THE END

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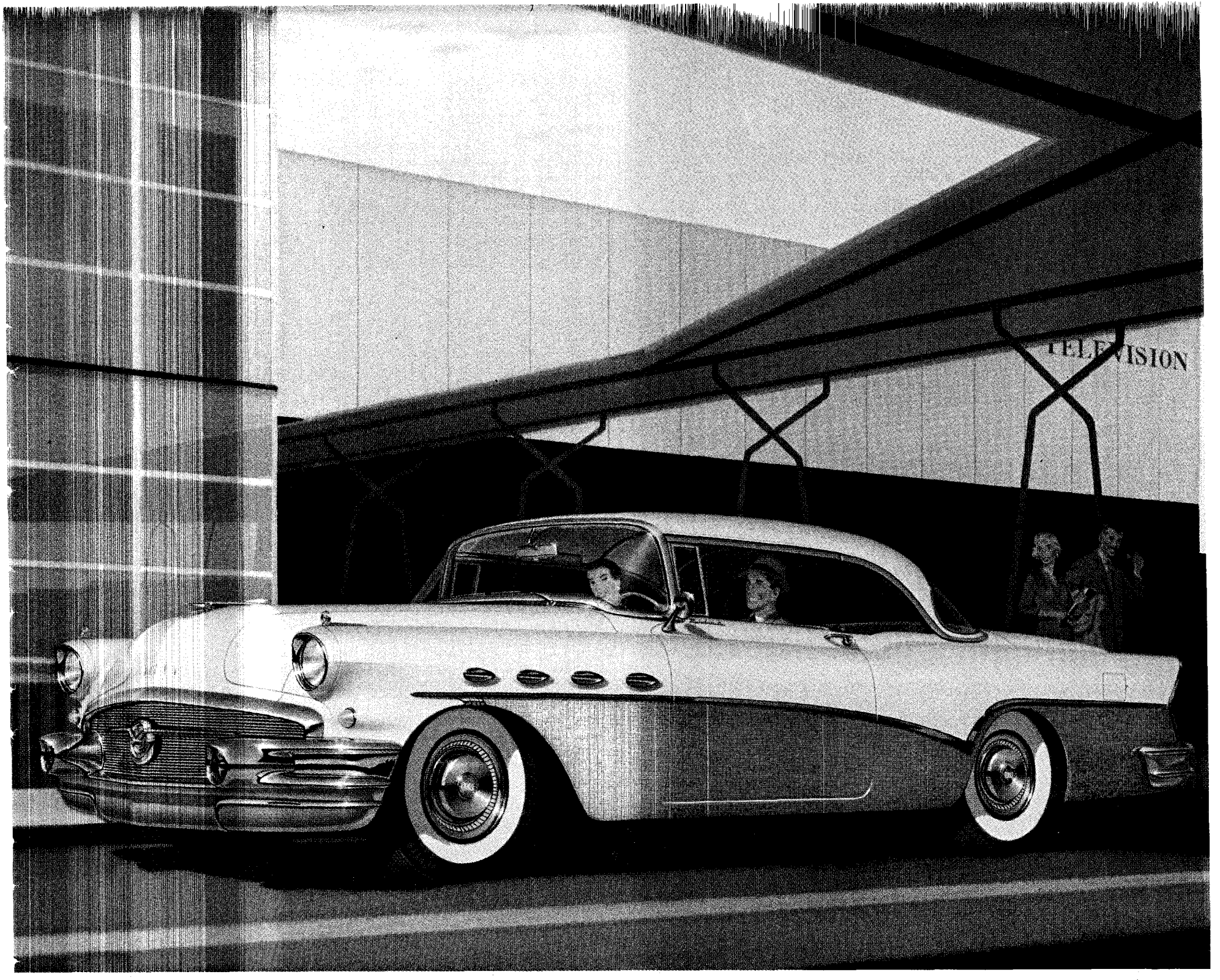

It sets you apart - with spirit

IT IS literally true that the owner of a 1956 ROADMASTER is one man in a hundred.

The arithmetic is this: A little better than one out of every ten new cars on the roads today is a new Buick — and just about one out of every ten of those new Buicks is a ROADMASTER.

But ROADMASTER distinction goes far deeper than mere numbers imply.

It stems from the very fact that this prestige automobile has a magnificence and merit unlike any other of the world's fine cars.

Only here, for example, can you enjoy the supreme luxury of the industry's most advanced transmission — Variable Pitch Dynaflow — smooth to the absolute, and principled with the switch-pitch action of the modern plane's propeller.

There is more, of course, to ROADMASTER fineness.

There is the *vertical-valved* V8 engine of 322 cubic inches — where you call upon the highest horsepower and compression in all Buick history.

There is the comfort of a ride unlike that of any other fine car. There is the spacious roominess. There is the superb ease of handling and Power Steering. And there is the distinguished look of this great automobile — its exclusive styling, its tasteful colorings, its luxurious interiors custom-appointed to your order.

The reason behind all this excellence is both simple and sound.

ROADMASTER, you see, starts with the very virtues that have vaulted Buick success to new heights — then carries them forward to a new crest all its own.

That very fact is fast winning recognition for ROADMASTER as the most rewarding of fine-car investments among people who measure possessions not by how much they pay — but by how much pleasure they bring.

If that is your own viewpoint, perhaps you are ready for a ROADMASTER. Why not see your Buick dealer and decide?

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

Roadmaster
Custom Built by Buick

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How to Talk Like a Native

(Continued from Page 35)

motion-picture studios automatically include Berlitz fees in their overseas budgets.

There are even some school men, Charles Berlitz says grimly, who have undoubtedly lost their lives because they were suspected of espionage. Some time ago, when Berlitz was interviewed on a radio program by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, she asked whether he ever heard from any of his professors in Soviet countries.

Berlitz who is usually tight-lipped on such questions, unaccountably blurted, "Why, yes! We have a school in Budapest, and hear from them once in a while."

The grapevine soon reported that the director of the Budapest branch had disappeared. He was never heard from again. Thereafter the communists closed all other Berlitz schools in Soviet countries, and it's quite likely that their staff members were put in jail. Two years later, when Berlitz proudly published his first Russian Self Teacher, he was denounced *in absentia* by the Union of Soviet Writers. "Let him have his fun with the rest of the garbage in America," the official propaganda bulletin read. "Berlitz is a petty crook, a hoodlum without a passport."

Unruffled, Berlitz said: "The Soviets gave me a lot of space, and perhaps their readers will buy the book just to see what all the yelling is about."

Berlitz may yet hear more from the Soviet Union. Early last spring Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov dispatched a congratulatory message in Esperanto to a Japanese group studying that so-called world language. Berlitz, who is understandably wary of universal languages that might put a crimp in his business, promptly took on Molotov and the Esperanto people as well. "People who hit their thumbs with a hammer can't cuss in Esperanto," he said. "You can't make love in Esperanto, and mothers don't teach Esperanto to their children. We'll be teaching words spoken by Martians long before any such world language evolves."

The crux of the Berlitz teaching operation is called The Method. Actually, The Method is the essence of simplicity. "Once upon a time when you were very small," a typical Berlitz promotion booklet says with a bedtime-story approach, "you learned a language so easily, so quickly and so painlessly that you never even knew it was happening. That language was English." Still later the booklet proclaims: "No mother has ever failed to teach a normal child its native tongue."

In short, The Method might also be called Mother's Way—constant repetition of words, identification of words with familiar objects, rudimentary conversations, and so on. Most courses begin without textbooks, homework or note taking, and at the start the teachers avoid discussions of grammar. Each class is limited to six students, and instructors do not permit the student to say or hear one word of his own language. Moreover, every instructor must be a native of the country whose language he teaches.

The Method, which makes no cultural claims, has occasionally drawn cynical haymakers from educators in high schools and colleges, but the Berlitz people roll with the punches and get an occasional assist from an outsider.

Burton Holmes, the globe-girdling lecturer, once read one of these academic criticisms and dashed off an unsolicited testimonial with a snorting postscript which said: "I know of two bright young men who won scholarships in French at Yale—and were not able to order a drink in Paris in understandable French. They had not studied the Berlitz way."

There was also the case of Dr. James Bryant Conant who, while still president of Harvard University, made a speech in which he asserted that the Berlitz system, while perhaps effective, was "acultural" and thus negative. Shortly afterward he was appointed United States High Commissioner to Germany and came to Berlitz, hat in hand, to take his acultural lessons in German. "We figure that evened things up," Charles Berlitz says with restrained triumph.

The Berlitz executives claim they could spot a dozen of their graduates among the celebrities at almost any important social function here or abroad. Clare Boothe Luce, among others, had a Berlitz teacher on call from the moment she was named United States ambassador to Italy until the day she made her first speech in fluent Italian. Henry Wallace had a man come to his office in Washington at seven A.M. every day so he could learn Spanish.

Stanley Kramer, producer of High Noon and other award-winning pictures, would not leave for Spain to film The Pride and the Passion until he could speak Spanish. Cole Porter enrolled each time he was starting a new musical with a foreign theme, such as Can-Can, and more than one class has been disrupted with the unexpected appearance of such show-business pupils as Marlon Brando, Don Ameche, Alfred Lunt, Paulette Goddard and Gypsy Rose Lee.

The Duke of Windsor waxed so fluent in Castilian that he began reading obscure Spanish poetry, and is now considered an amateur expert on it. His teacher, a New Yorker named Señor José Aja, was later requisitioned by Nelson Rockefeller and whisked away to the latter's summer home in Maine for three months. Another teacher accompanied banker C. Douglas Dillon to Paris when the latter was appointed United States ambassador to France, and was mistakenly identified by the French press as a State Department aide. "We saw the newsreels," Charles Berlitz recalls happily, "and there was our man alongside Dillon, like Rasputin."

Berlitz is pleased, of course, when a student of Who's Who caliber makes news for The Method, but the most remarkable achievements come from unpublicized pupils, many of whom may never leave the United States to test their skill. One man in Baltimore named Robert Morgan has mastered sixteen languages. "Just a hobby," he says.

A seventy-year-old Park Avenue matron, long bedridden, has just begun the study of Arabic, her eighth language. A Westport, Connecticut, lawyer who had no other time available once had a teacher ride the commuter train with him every day. He absorbed enough French to go to Bordeaux and win a supposedly hopeless case.

Berlitz asserts that any person who is not a complete idiot can usually acquire a working knowledge of a new language in thirty hours of lessons. Some Berlitz teachers have successfully taught blind students, insane patients in state hospitals and low-IQ prisoners in jails and penitentiaries. Experiments have shown that if words are used conversationally thirty-five times or more they will be remembered indefinitely, and a thirty-lesson student usually winds up with a vocabulary of 300 to 400 common words.

But those who need a language to get or hold a job are urged to work at it six hours a day, every day, for a minimum of 100 hours. "The cold deep plunge works best," Berlitz says. "With lessons once a week you have too much time in between to forget what you've learned."

The value of the cramming system was proved under pressure during World War II, when the school carried out some unusual assignments for the Government. Charles Berlitz himself served as a captain in the Counterintelligence Corps in Europe and Latin America, and much of the work performed by him and his associates is still classified information.

Robert Strumpen-Darrie, now president of the Berlitz organization, and twelve helpers took only seven days to translate the 150,000-word operating manual of the French liner Normandie from French to English. Another Berlitz teacher, a Mexican named Ken Smith, spent most of the war as the Spanish voice of President Roosevelt for newsreels and radio broadcasts beamed to Spanish-speaking lands. The United Nations staff was, and still is, studded with former Berlitz instructors.

There was also the time when the company got an emergency call from the Army to teach Norwegian to hundreds of officers and men in a special unit at Boston. There were few Norwegian teachers on the Berlitz roster then because of the draft, but the school rounded up a group of instructors, most of them Norwegian ministers in Minneapolis, St. Louis and Chicago, pledged them to secrecy and gave them a fast briefing on The Method. While the soldiers were getting this intensive schooling, they were also issued winter clothing and arctic rations. Two months later the Norwegian-speaking troops sailed away, believing they would invade Europe via Norway. But in mid-Atlantic they were transferred to another ship, given tropical uniforms and shipped to the real invasion point in North Africa.

Berlitz is convinced that the Army, fearing a security leak, conceived this elaborate and expensive hoax to mislead the Axis. Perhaps it did. In any case, there were hundreds of men who learned Norwegian in a hurry, and some of them may still be using it in business today.

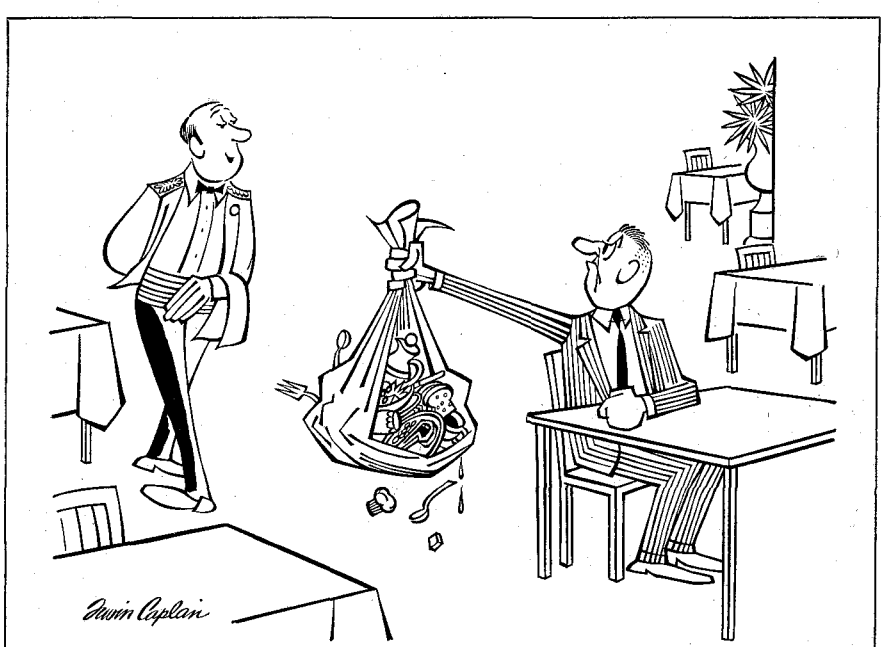
Thousands of ex-Berlitz students went overseas, of course. Many found that their knowledge of Italian or German brought quick promotions. Others served as interpreters. At least one, Lt. Richard Gonzalez, of Los Angeles, credits a Berlitz course in German with saving his life. Gonzalez became separated from his unit during the Battle of the Bulge and took refuge in an upstairs room of an abandoned house. German patrols came through the town, methodically searching each building. When one group flung open the front door of his sanctuary, Gonzalez called out in German, "Can't find anything in here." The patrol went on without further investigation, and Gonzalez remained hidden until the next day, when American troops recaptured the town.

Since the war more than 50,000 veterans have studied with Berlitz under the G.I. Bill. Many were former students who came back for brush-up courses. Charles Berlitz contends that all living languages undergo certain basic alterations, usually every five years. New words are coined. Others become obsolete. A corps of Berlitz researchers is kept busy constantly revising the school courses and editing the textbooks.

The smoothly running Berlitz machine strips a gear now and then, of course. Once in a while the Berlitz people are stumped by some scholar who, for example, wants to study ancient Greek. "I have to tell them," Berlitz says, "that there aren't any ancient Greeks around. We will guarantee to teach any language that is still spoken, but we're not interested in the dead ones."

People who want Sanskrit, Basque, Eskimo, Tibetan or Quechua, an almost-forgotten Inca tongue, are not received with wild enthusiasm at the Berlitz schools. Sanskrit is also a dead language, and there have been times when Berlitz wished the others would rest in peace, too—but the school will teach the languages if there is sufficient provocation. In Berlitz's opinion, Basque is the world's most difficult tongue primarily because it is an original language dating back to the pre-ice age. The school has never had a request for Eskimo, and there has been only one man who wanted to learn Tibetan. Tibet itself was closed off at the time, but Berlitz found an educated Tibetan in New York who had escaped the country when the communists bottled up the Dalai Lama and took over his court. The pupil in this instance paid more than $1000 for his course, took off for Tibet and has never been heard from since.

Charles Berlitz, usually a man of enormous patience, gets argumentative only when prospective pupils insist that the American epiglottis cannot handle certain sounds and accents. "Every day someone tells me that the average American simply (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Something not quite right, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO...NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

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(*Continued from Page 50*) can't cope with Japanese, Chinese, Indonesian or Swahili, among others," he says, "and that they must have a special aptitude. Actually all these languages are quite easy if you remember that the human epiglottis is the same all over the world. You simply imitate the sound, and then it becomes a habit."

It was Indonesian, incidentally, which involved Berlitz in a memorably disconcerting error. He had just begun to study the language in New York when a graduate student at Yale called him up.

"Mr. Berlitz," the young man asked, "what is the meaning of the Indonesian word '*Tentu*'?"

"I haven't got a dictionary handy," Berlitz answered, "but if you'll call back later I'll give it to you exactly. Offhand I'd say it means 'No.'"

The man hung up with a muffled expletive, and presently Berlitz found, to his embarrassment, that the word actually meant "Yes." Some hours later the student called back and indignantly suggested that Berlitz had better go to Sumatra for a refresher course. It seemed he had fallen in love with an Indonesian student at New Haven, and had asked her to marry him. She had said, "*Tentu.*"

Subsequently Berlitz did go to Sumatra to set up field classes for employees of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, and before long he could say with authority whether a word meant yes or no. Nowadays, indeed, students who have had a month of Indonesian in New York can often speak the language more fluently, when they arrive in Sumatra, than men who have lived there for years.

Berlitz considers that he is still learning Hindustani, Greek, Turkish, Persian, Polish, Zulu, Maya, Nahautl and Quechua, even though he can already use them abroad. He says he is medium-fluent in Arabic, Malay, Chinese, Swahili, Czech, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Hebrew, Catalan, Rumanian and Indonesian. He has what he calls "first fluency," which is the top rung for linguists in French, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, Latin, Japanese and, he adds, English.

One reason for the emphasis on English is that he has long wondered whether he actually has a native tongue. He has been a one-man Babelite for so many years that even his English has a curious accent. To most people it might sound like the precise diction of someone trained for the stage, but to Manhattan cabbies, Berlitz says with a touch of pique, he is stamped as a foreigner.

If the cabbies look skeptical when he tells them he was born on 57th Street, Berlitz retreats into gloomy silence, perhaps wondering where and how his epiglottis developed its perverse habit pattern. The inescapable conclusion is that as a child he was exposed to four languages and never really adopted any one of his own. As a baby, Charles got German from Grandfather Maximilian, French from his mother, English from his nurse and Spanish from his first cousin, Victor Harrison Berlitz.

Right now he is deeply interested in developing "American," a language which hundreds of European students are now demanding in their English classes. Like Mark Twain, who once said plaintively: "When I speak my native tongue in its utmost purity in England, an Englishman can't understand me at all," businessmen on the Continent were and are increasingly baffled by American usage or misusage of English words, and by prevalent colloquialisms. The Berlitz schools think they have solved this dilemma by printing two separate textbooks, English-English and American-English, and by having some classes taught by Americans.

Berlitz has even encountered these language differences in his own home at Locust Valley, Long Island. His wife, Valerie, whom he courted after she came to New York from Australia, often asks for a reel of cotton or some petrol when she means a spool of thread or gasoline. To avoid confusion, or when they want to be cryptic in front of Lin Maria, their five-year-old daughter, Berlitz and his wife converse in Malayan. They also both speak Spanish, but can't keep things from their daughter in that language because the little girl is fluent in Spanish too. Lin Maria, Berlitz says wryly, is learning English now—via television. He adds regretfully that Lin Maria is not likely to get an overdose of The Method from him, because he is rarely home these days.

He made his first trip abroad in 1925, when he was ten years old, and since then has made some seventy expeditions to foreign lands. He is always on the move, rushing around the United States checking up on the schools or prowling European bookstores to see how the tourist phrase books are going—300,000 were sold last year. Du Pont, TWA, Pillsbury, Quaker Oats, General Motors and dozens of other American firms doing business overseas have set up special courses under his direction in Japan, Sumatra, Bombay and other distant outposts.

His travels now, though, are not quite so hazardous as in 1940, when he and Julio Vargas, who is now the director of the main New York school, went into the Venezuelan jungles. They were teaching Spanish to American-oil-company workers and English to Venezuelans, and more than once native pupils coming to class were hit by poisoned arrows. There was even one man, a native foreman, whose tongue had been cut out by enemy tribesmen, probably because he had dared to study a foreign language.

When he is in New York, Berlitz makes his headquarters in Rockefeller Center, sharing offices and administrative duties with Robert Strumpen-Darrie. Berlitz, author or chief editor of all the textbooks, also directs research, correspondence courses, a new course taught with phonograph records, and the highly specialized training of all his teachers.

He is constantly on the watch for imitators. Fake Berlitz schools have sprung up in many foreign countries in recent years—they have even used the school name and a reasonable facsimile of The Method. In every lawsuit, so far, the courts have put the imitators out of business.

These infringements explain why Charles Berlitz automatically riffles through phone books and directories wherever he goes, looking for institutions or people with the family name. He says he has never found anyone named Berlitz outside the family, although there is an American millionaire in Spain, Paul Berliz, who pronounces his name as though it had the "*i*." "People are always stopping me," Berliz told him recently in Madrid, "and saying: 'Oh, Señor Berlitz, tell me how to say "I love you" in English.'"

Berlitz hastens to add that his schools do not put any special emphasis on the vocabulary of lovers. Nevertheless, the translation bureau is frequently asked to translate batches of love letters.

Scores of students have found romance in Berlitz classrooms. Strumpen-Darrie, whose father was a close associate of the original Prof. Maximilian Berlitz, met his wife, Bae, after she signed up for a course in Antwerp. At least a half-dozen teachers have married their pupils. "It even happened to me," Charles Berlitz says. "My wife came to the school because she wanted credit for an unfinished course in Australia, and with me she got thirty-one languages in one package."

Recently, while researching a new project, Berlitz came upon an old Spanish proverb which holds that Spanish is the language for lovers, Italian for singers, French for diplomats, German for horses and English for geese. He looked at a chart which shows what languages are preferred by his 75,000 American students, and said, with a sigh, "All I can add is that here there must be an awful lot of geese who would rather be lovers, than diplomats, singers or horses, in that order. If the world must have a universal tongue, what is better than the language of love?"

Escape in the Desert (Continued from Page 37)

up from the east. The last red tip of the sun was going and the plain below was a moving, changing sea of orange and purple. She moved closer to him.

Then he said, "We'd better get down."

The petrol fire was flickering pale in the shadows of the wadi, with Zimmerman squatting in front of it, stirring; away to the other side of the open space was something long and dark and narrow, on a stretcher. She saw Tom's eyes jerk round toward it, but neither of them said anything.

When they came closer to the fire, there was a delicious, unbelievable smell; Anson came round the back of the ambulance toward them.

"There's nothing this driver didn't have on his car, Tom. I've found half a sack of spuds and onions—they've all gone in the stew. Zimmerman and I have cleared out the cans from the back, and taken her over there. But I think we had better do the rest in the morning, when we're fresher."

It was all jerked and breathless, and she knew he was talking because he had to. In the gloom she could see that his face was deathly white.

She said, "It was nice of you to take her out. Of course, tomorrow morning will be all right."

He didn't move; he stood there twisting his hands in front of him. "Well, food's nearly ready." Then, slowly, carefully, "Unless you want to scrounge a drink first."

She heard Tom's breath go out in a long soft sigh. She said, "A drink?"

"Yes. Zimmerman's been flashing that bottle of his. I expect he could spare you a little one."

Tom said, "I'll go and dish it up," in a flat voice, and she and Anson were left alone together.

It was so terribly difficult to find the right words. "I'm terribly sorry."

"About what?"

"That Captain Zimmerman upset you."

"Upset me? Why should that fat swine swigging gin upset me? I didn't have one because I didn't want it. I told you when I'd have my next drink." Then he shook his head as if to ward off something unpleasant. "Sorry to talk about these things, but have you got her identity disks?"

"I've got the red one in my bag. I put the other round her neck. Is that right?"

"Yes." He was staring toward the other side of the wadi.

"We'll take it in two shifts tonight. You and Tom first; then Zimmerman and I will take over sleeping at twelve-thirty. Four hours each. Then we'll all be reasonably fresh for the long pull to Barrani tomorrow."

She said, "Couldn't we all squeeze in there for one night and get the full eight hours?"

"No." It had got dark so quickly that it was impossible to see his face. "There may be wild dogs; we'll have to watch Denise."

When they had eaten, they talked for a little while, and then Zimmerman got up, the big square pack swinging from his shoulder. "I won't be long, captain." She watched him, a shadow in the last flickers of the fire, go to the cab of the ambulance and take the shovel from its rack. He put it over his shoulder, and the grate of his boots faded into the darkness.

"What on earth is he doing?"

There was a moment's silence and then Anson answered, with a hint of laughter in his voice, "Lavatory. In the desert, Diana, you never ask anyone where they are going with a spade." From the direction of the fire came a rustle of scattered sand and then the last flame died.

Anson broke the silence: "Bed for you two. It's nearly nine." She was so tired, but she did not want to go. She did not want to have to sleep on that bunk. But the shadow of Tom was looming up against the night sky, hand outstretched to pull her to her feet.

As he guided her round the car, he whispered. "I'll take that side. But there's nothing now; the captain made a wonderful job of getting things straight."

When they were lying down, his voice came from the darkness. "Would you like a last cigarette, Diana?" There was a funny feeling of pleasure that he had at last dropped the "miss."

"No, Tom. I'll just have a drag at yours."

The glowing tip of the cigarette passed to and fro across the narrow gangway; each time she took it, she felt the touch of his fingers. When he said, "I'm stubbing it out now," her hand strayed back and found his was there, waiting.

It was nice to go to sleep like that, not caring any more, surrendering to the tiredness she had been fighting for hours. Her last conscious thought was, *I haven't heard Zimmerman come back; he does take a long time.*

Zimmerman was lying on the cliff top of the wadi a few feet from the edge. When he had left the ambulance he had walked up the bottom of the cleft for about fifty yards and then slowly, carefully scaled the steep side. Now he had put down the spade and had the big pack in front of him, fumbling with the straps. The luminous dial of his wrist watch showed eight fifty-two—there was just time.

This was the part he hated most—highly dangerous and, to make it worse, in his opinion, completely unnecessary. He knew that they had to be got to the Delta; that they were too advanced, too secret, to risk being dropped by parachute. He understood the orders—"Singly, by safe hand"—but not the need for testing them on the way. If they wanted data of range and strength, they had all (*Continued on Page 54*)

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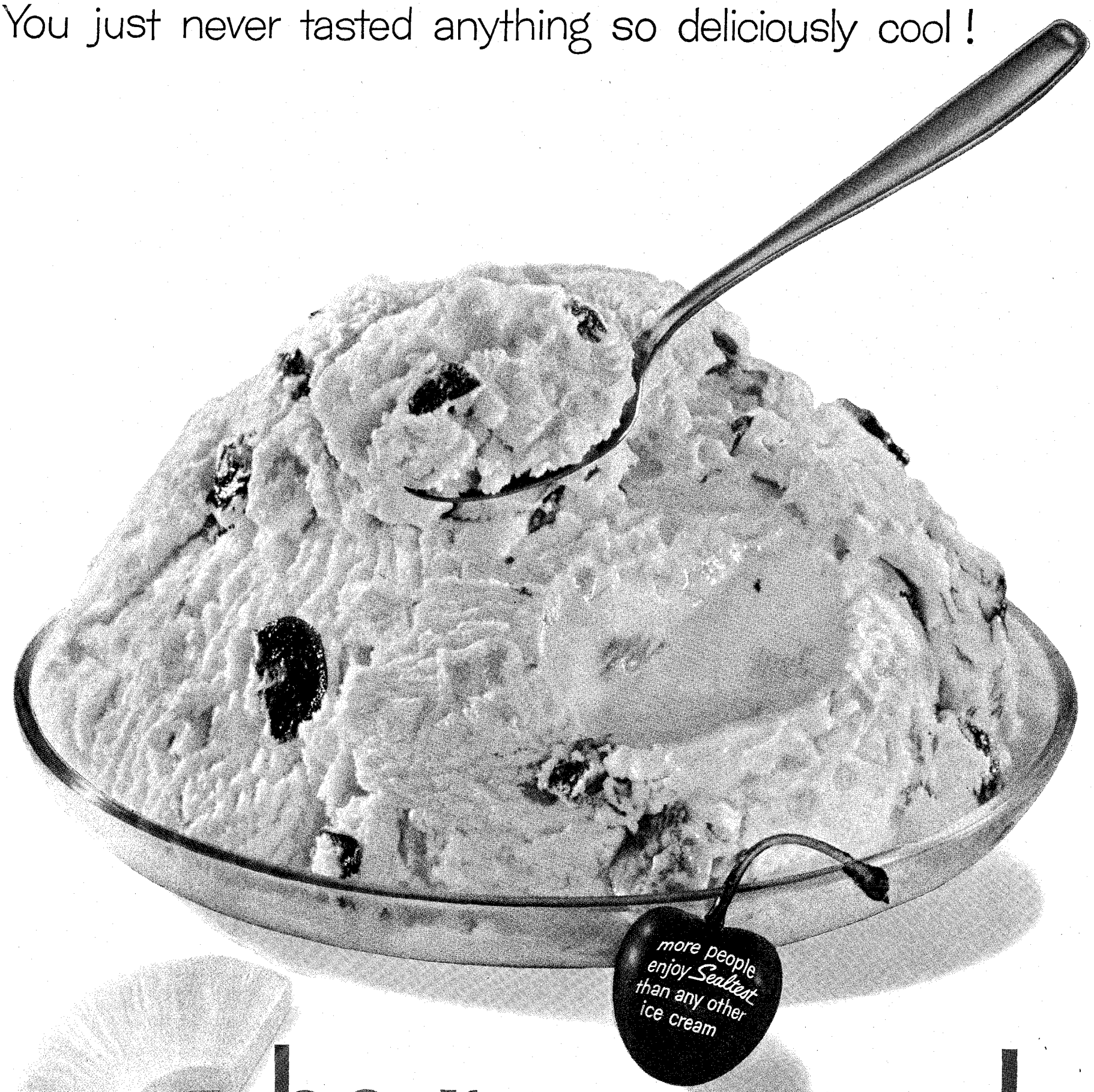
You just never tasted anything so deliciously cool!



herry-pineapple

Sealtest ICE CREAM

So new! So different! Exotic Hawaiian pineapple blended with rich red cherries! And *only* Sealtest makes it!

Sounds wonderful? Well, don't just sit there—go get some!

Sealtest is a trade mark of National Dairy Products Corporation, and identifies products of the Corporation and its divisions. It is the sign of the best in ice cream, milk and other foods—and it's your assurance of purity, quality and delicious flavor.

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(*Continued from Page 52*) Tripolitania to test them in; not add to the danger of someone in his position, watched or in close contact all the time. But the orders were explicit. Each night, between eight and nine, call sign only unless there was anything vital. Well, they would not be interested in a dead nurse. He wondered bitterly if the same sort of thing happened on the other side.

Now the flap was open and the shirt and socks pulled aside from the mouth. No need to see anything. Feel was enough. His fingers groped along the smooth panel until he found the knob, twisted it and pulled. The thin rod of the telescopic aerial jerked its way up into the darkness. Now the switch; a click and a tiny light glowed. Another inch to the left and he found the key. It made a faint clicking as he started to transmit: "GMX. . . . GMX. . . . GMX"—over and over again, the thin crackle of his call sign went out into the black ether, the ghost fingers of it reaching out over the desert, groping for his headquarters, hoping they would detect, get the strength and make a fix. There was nothing else to tell them, but he went on till nine exactly. Then he packed the set, shouldered the spade and climbed down the side of the wadi toward the ambulance.

It seemed only a second to Tom before Anson was shaking him by the shoulder; there was a faint blur of movement from the other bunk as the girl slipped out of her blanket and the open square of the door at the back showed only a difference in the texture of the darkness. The moon must have gone down.

They changed places in silence; there was only Anson's quiet, "Call us at first light and we'll get on with it," before the bulk of Zimmerman slid in behind them and the door closed. They walked round to the front of the car, drawing blankets tight round their shoulders and leaned against KATY's bonnet, staring up at the sky.

The night was so still, so beautiful. The strip that showed between the banks of the wadi was like a glittering river, with the stars so bright and close that you felt you had only to reach up your hand to pull them out of the sky. The sides of the wadi came down dark and uneven in contrast with the pale silver of the scrub. He tried hard to avoid looking at the long dark shape that broke the smoothness of it on the far side.

The girl was still looking up. She said, "I never dreamed there could be anything so beautiful."

"No. And when we get home we'll be missing it—longing to be back."

They were talking about the contrast, and the things they missed now, when he broke off suddenly and ran to the far side of the wadi, kicking in the scrub.

When she joined him, he said, "I thought I saw a dog."

"I didn't believe that was true. Would they ——"

"Not if there was anyone around. They're very timid."

They were standing close to the stretcher now, and he did not think she liked it, so he turned back toward the car.

"No. Wait a minute, Tom." She stood looking down at it, and the starlight was so bright it shone in her hair. She said. "Don't think me silly. But I can't bear to think of her covered up, on a night like this." She knelt down and folded the blanket back off the face.

When they had got back to the car, they sat on the ground with their backs against the front wheel. He pulled out his cigarettes and she took one and lit it.

She said suddenly, "She wasn't a friend of mine. I hardly knew her. I was just put in charge of her for this trip. She was a silly man-mad little baggage—and useless as a nurse. But I feel worse about it than anything that has ever happened."

"You weren't to blame. Our fault, if anyone's."

Silence. Then he said, "Captain Zimmerman—he shouldn't have done that."

"No. But perhaps he realizes now. He keeps that pack of his very close. He even took it with him when he went up the wadi."

"It isn't in that big one. We looked when he went to talk to the Germans. It's in the other."

He got up suddenly and went to the cab, searching; when he came back he was carrying it by the sling. "He's not so careful about this one; it was lying on the floor."

He stood, swinging it as he looked down at her. "I'm a very careless man, Diana. Clumsy. When I got down from the cab, I tripped over Zimmerman's pack and knocked it off." He shortened his grip on the strap and brought it down hard on a rock by his feet; there was a faint, brittle sound above the thump, and then he lifted it again, feeling the underside. "And I'm afraid I broke his filthy gin. Remind me to apologize first thing in the morning."

When he had put it back and joined her by the wheel, she said, "He may have more in the other one."

"Then I'll drop that or run over it. I'll ——" He stopped suddenly, jerking his head round. "Hush! Listen!"

It was a little sound that came after an interval. It came from just behind them—"plop"—a cross between a ping and a splash.

"What is it, Tom?"

But he gripped her arm and said, "Listen," again.

Five seconds . . . ten seconds. It came again. "That pump," he said. "I thought it was leaking at dinnertime. So I put a tin underneath tonight to check. It must be half full already."

"KATY's constitutional weakness," she said.

"Yes. It could be serious." He started to try to explain how it leaked and why he dared not tighten, for fear of the washer crumbling altogether, but gave up when he saw that she hadn't a clue. Only one thing he knew she understood, and he told her the truth deliberately.

When she said, "What is the worst that can happen?" his answer had been, "A long walk."

They were silent after that, waiting for the stars to go and the first grayness to creep into the night. His mind raced round the problem. If only he had another washer—it was an hour's work to fit it. But they had taken all the spares off the cars; the drivers were always losing them. All he could do was pack with grease, tighten a fraction and hope for the best. He went on to calculations of miles to be run, water lost and supplies available. All the time, the "plop . . . plop" from the tin behind was breaking into them, reminding him.

When it was light enough to see, he got up stiffly and went over to the other side of the wadi and pulled the blanket back into place. Then he lit the fire and asked the girl to watch it while he took the pick and shovel and found a likely place to dig. He had got down about two feet in his long, narrow trench when trouble started; the point of the pick was bouncing back with a hollow sound, the shock jarring up his wrists. Rock. And it was the same in every part.

Clear light now, with the eastern wall of the wadi bathed in pink. The girl was standing beside him with a mug of tea. "I've wakened the others. And told Zimmerman about his pack. They're just coming over."

He waited, leaning on the pick, until they came. "I'm very sorry, sir. Knocking your pack off like that. I'm afraid I've spoiled everything."

Zimmerman shrugged. "An accident, sergeant major. It can't be helped. Most of the cigarettes are all right. And my socks will dry." He looked down into the hole. "How are you getting on?"

"I'm not. Solid rock. We'd best look for another place."

Anson said, "How thick?"

"Not very." He let the pick head fall and bounce back. "But I can't break through."

Zimmerman put down his big pack and stripped off his bush shirt. Then he spat on his hands. "Give me that thing."

Tom watched the rippling muscles of the great back as the pick went up and down, always hitting the same spot. *About twice as hard as I could do it*, he thought. Little sparks began to fly and then there was a sharp crack and the point went through. Zimmerman grunted as he levered up the slab. "The rest should come up easy, I'll finish it."

Tom walked back to the ambulance thoughtfully; neither he nor the captain would have had the strength to break that rock.

The girl was opening tins of bully and the second lot of water was nearly on the boil. He did not want her to see what was happening, so he opened the bonnet and got the tool kit out and said he was going to have a go at the pump.

He spread a blanket on the sheltered side of the car and tipped the entire contents of the tool box on it. "Look through the little bits, Diana. See if you can find a black washer—it will feel sort of soapy." He had been through them already and knew there wasn't one there.

Under the sump, he talked at random, asked her to pass him tools, anything to keep her mind away. But the dry scrape of the shovel kept on breaking through his words. When at last it stopped and he crawled out to look, there was only a folded stretcher on the far side of the wadi.

They all tried to be terribly normal while they had their meal. He reported to the captain that he had tightened the pump all he dared. The talk grew more stilted, more brittle, and at last he could stand it no longer.

He looked at Anson. "Shall I try and make something up, sir?"

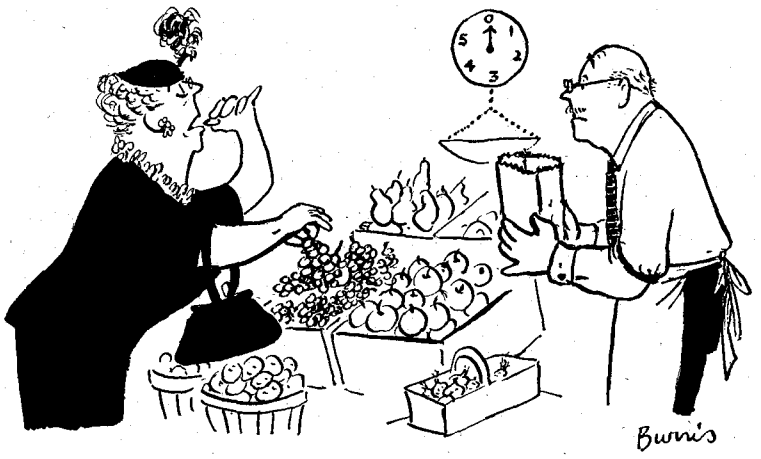
Anson nodded, so he ripped two strips of wood from the top of the case that held the tinned milk; he took a bit of the binding wire and got it red-hot in the fire and bored holes through each piece of wood and bound them together in the form of a cross. They all searched their pockets, but no one had an indelible pencil.

Then Diana said, "There's my lipstick; it's supposed to be waterproof. I don't want it any more."

So he printed with that. Just name, number and date.

Anson said, "We'd better get it over. We must be on our way."

As they walked over to the long mound, the sun came (*Continued on Page 56*)



The Perfect Squelch

When wealthy Mrs. Swerton first came to his store, the polite old village grocer thought she must have been too busy to stop for lunch. For as she shopped, she steadily sampled cookies, grapes, plums, and even an open box of candy that was on display.

On later visits, however, Mrs. Swerton continued to eat her way around the store while shopping. She dipped an eager hand into everything that was open and edible, from soup crackers to nuts. In addition to this, she irritated other customers by pushing ahead of them, and she plagued the patient grocer so much by fussing over her purchases that he fervently wished she would shop elsewhere.

After a dozen trips to the store, when she finally offered to pay her bill, Mrs. Swerton noticed an extra charge of a dollar. "What's this?" she demanded indignantly. "What's this dollar item for?"

"That, madam," the grocer said firmly, "is the fee for grazing."

Clarence Roeser

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(*Continued from Page 54*) over the lip of the wadi and it was hot already, with the first dust devil spiraling along the edge of the cliff. Zimmerman had put his bush jacket on, but had not buttoned it up, and Tom thought, *He might have—but at least he's left that pack behind.*

They stood two on each side while he pushed the cross into the sand and banked it up with stones. There was a pause, and then Anson said, "I'm sorry; I don't know the service. Does anyone?" But Zimmerman shook his head and Diana turned away. And not because he was a religious man, not for the dead Denise, but for the living Diana, Tom felt he must do something.

Slowly, his soft Devon voice stumbled out in the words: "The Lord is my shepherd ——"

But he got most of it wrong, and dried up after four verses because no one else had joined in. He said, "Sorry; that's all I know," and stared at the ground. It was then that the noise came to them for the first time.

It was as if someone was shaking a chain, softly and a long way off; he looked up at Anson and knowledge passed between them; he saw his lips frame the word, "Tank," and then they were all running toward the ambulance.

The noise came back, louder, clanking, as they started to throw the kit on. Then Anson said, "No good. They'll spot the dust if we move. Douse that fire, and stay still."

The clanking stopped for a minute; then came louder, beating off the walls of the wadi up to them in gusts.

Anson whispered, "They've spotted our tracks."

It sounded like a scaly dragon crawling up to meet them, but there was nothing to see because of the bend toward the wadi's mouth. They stayed quite still, close together, waiting.

Then the long gray shape of a German half-track came round the corner, and Zimmerman cursed and started running toward it, with Anson close behind. Tom stayed where he was, leaning against the car, and somehow his arm had gone round Diana.

He said, "Sorry. But we won't get away with it a second time." He could not look at her—only at the haze that jumped and shivered over the grave.

Anson could feel the sweat running down his shoulder blades as he pounded after Zimmerman. Desperately, he wanted to get to the half-track at the same time. But the big man had had two seconds' start, and by the time he came up to his shoulder, the hands were dropped and Zimmerman had started talking to the German commander.

The half-track had stopped and the troops were jumping out of it to form a semicircle in front, their automatic weapons crooked under their arms. In their center, leaning back against the radiator, a big Luger held loose in his right hand, was a lieutenant. He looked young and tough and arrogant. Anson thought, *There's not a hope in hell this time.*

It all happened so quickly that it was difficult to say the order in which he noticed things: Zimmerman's hands, the position they had dropped to on his chest, as if he were doing up a button of his bush shirt; the German's eyes, fixed there and not at his face; last, the tone of the South African's voice as he spoke.

There was no diffident explanation in it; the manner was tense, almost commanding. Wishing desperately that he had the slightest knowledge of the language, Anson watched the hard eyes under the steel helmets while question and answer went to and fro.

At last Zimmerman turned to him. "Twice is bad luck. They were on patrol. They saw our tracks and followed them. I have explained that we have a safe conduct from Fifteenth Panzer Group, but I do not think he believes me. And he says that he cannot check with his headquarters, as there is wireless silence during this part of the operation. I think he is wary of a trap. He says he is going to search and ask questions before he decides what to do."

He stopped for a moment and turned to look straight at Anson. "He says, also, that Tobruk surrendered this morning without a fight."

It made him feel sick—physically sick. He said, "I don't believe it," but in his heart he knew it was true. If that had gone, what was there left to fall back on? Matruh? That sham fortress that looked so good on a map, but was nothing, in fact; then nothing but the scratchings in the sand at Alamein, before Alex and the Delta were at their mercy.

Zimmerman's voice cut through his thoughts, "He says we are to go back to the car."

As he walked, he could hear the crunch of the boots coming behind, the voices of Zimmerman and the lieutenant still talking, and he thought that they had too much to say to each other under the circumstances. Vaguely he was aware of the soldiers spreading out on either side, climbing the walls of the wadi like gray beetles, standing on the top to sweep the horizon with glasses, the calls of "No . . . nothing" that floated down to them. He was thinking of something else—the little fragments of a puzzle that were slowly fitting into place; particularly after what he had just seen. The sight of Tom and Diana standing so close by the car brought something else back to him for a moment: Ariadne; then Paul. Where was he now?

But that was banished by one thing—a little thing that he would not have noticed if he had not been watching all the time. At the ambulance, after the questioning, there was a fairly extensive search. The lieutenant was rummaging on the floor of the cab when his hand moved toward the big square pack that Zimmerman had rested there as he leaned against the bonnet. It never got there, that hand; in the same instant, the South African and German eyes caught and held, and something sparked between them. The hand checked and moved on to something else.

It could have been fancy, but Anson was so nearly sure now—and being sure would make it all the more difficult.

When he had finished, the German went over to the grave and copied the inscription into his field pocketbook. There was no surprise, and little relief, now to Anson when Zimmerman said, "We can go. He says that the Afrika Korps do not bring women into fighting areas—and neither should we—but he cannot be bothered with her. He says we must go farther south; their armor is through the 'wire' and down as far as Maddalena already. They will have cut off Matruh in two days. We are to start now."

They piled on the rest of their stuff, watched by the stiff gray figures in the shimmering heat. When it was done, the lieutenant barked a command and the soldiers fell back. They passed him close, standing stony-faced beside the grave. They climbed on up the bottom of the wadi until the walls fell away to nothing. Then they were on the last stretch of endless brown plain, alone.

Anson drove, Zimmerman was in the passenger seat, and the others had gone into the back to rest.

The two in the front did not speak for the first half hour, except when Anson passed over the compass and said, "Keep her on a hundred and seventy degrees, will you?" After that there was nothing but the hum of the motor and occasional clipped directions from Zimmerman to check their course. Once or twice Anson looked across at him, hunched over the compass he had balanced on top of his pack. Then his eyes went back to the way ahead.

It was brown and dead. No camel thorn here to make a pattern; only coarse gravel, like unrefined sugar. As the sun got higher, hotter, the mirage took on a new form. It was as if the edges of the horizon were drawn up into the sky all round and they were floating in the bottom of a brown bowl, with only a little circle of blue directly overhead. The going was so smooth that they did not seem to be moving at all; they were stationary at the bottom of this dun sea and the gravel was sliding by them, like a river, with a dry crackle.

At last Anson said, "So you got us out of another jam."

"Man, I don't know how. He was a tough one. But with Tobruk gone, I expect they've more to do than round up a few strays."

"You believe that—about Tobruk?"

"Yes."

Another fifteen minutes—another seven miles on the speedometer. Zimmerman said suddenly, "What's the plan, captain?"

"I'm not sure yet. Go to the wire on this bearing, anyway. You've got the map there. We should hit it at El Washka—there's a gap there through it by a couple palms." He paused for a moment. "Then push on a bit into the Egyptian desert, stop to eat and have a conference."

"What about?"

Anson said carefully, "There's so many factors come into it now. I don't believe that stuff the German was talking—about Matruh. But they may get quite near it for a time, so it would be better to be safe by cutting up to the road east of it. That means keeping south to the old camel road, the Masrab, and then up the Garawla track. But I expect you know that bit of ground."

"No. I was always on the coast."

"Well, it's an extra hundred and fifty miles, at least."

"But we've got plenty of petrol."

"It's not petrol; it's water. You heard the sergeant major talking about that pump. He reckons we're losing up to two gallons a day."

"Can't he tighten it any more or disconnect altogether?"

"He's tightened all he dares. I don't think he's got the tools to disconnect. Anyway, she'd boil in this heat."

"And then?"

Anson did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "It would make a mighty long walk a certainty."

Silence again; floating alone on the bottom of the brown sea, with the gravel rushing under them in its quiet sound.

Anson said suddenly, "I was attached to your division once. You did say you were with the First, didn't you?"

"Yes. When was that?" There was a hint of sharpness in the question.

"About nine months ago. I was with Supply Services. They were a mighty good lot."

"I hadn't come up from the Union then."

"No? Well, I expect a lot of the old ones are still there. Have you come across old Kramer—the colonel of Supply Services? I like him."

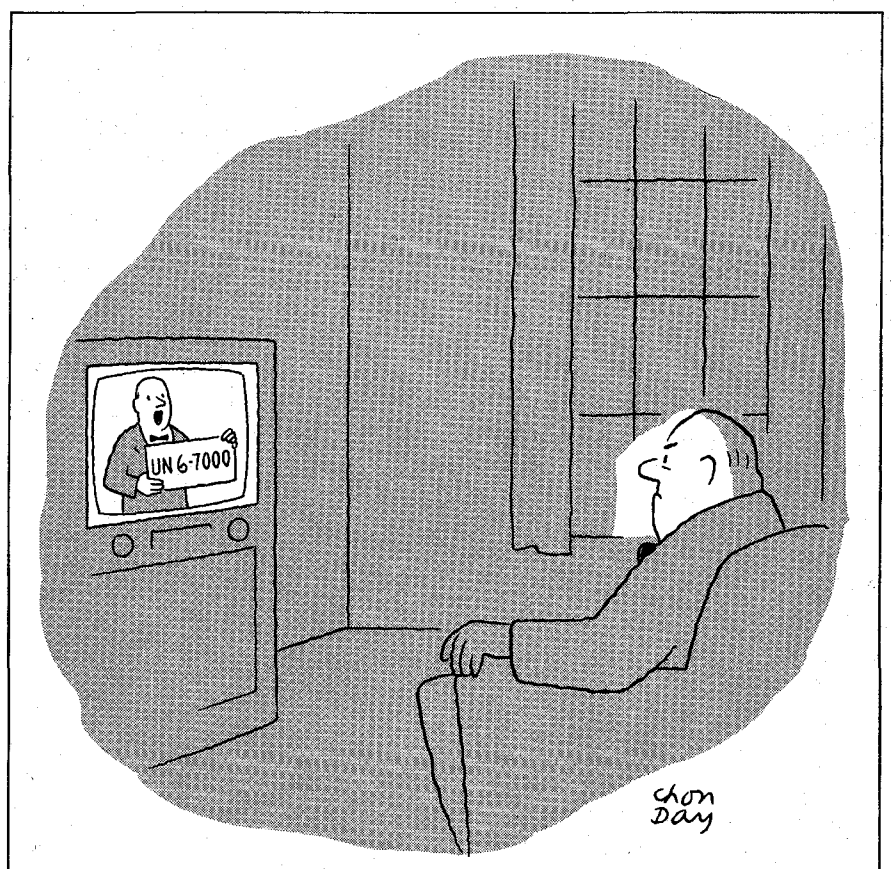
"Yes. I've met him once or twice."

"And the general?" said Anson gently.

"Dan Pinnear? Yes, he was a character."

Anson said, "Did you hear about the time he ——" and launched into one of the many stories about this legendary figure. But he wasn't really thinking of the words—something else. *You managed to get one name right, Zimmerman. But anyone would have heard of him. The colonel of Supply Services, though. You must have come in contact with him sometime; there's only been one since they came to Egypt, and I know he's still with them. And his name isn't Kramer.*

He finished his story, but Zimmerman did not laugh. He was pointing through



"For prompt service call Union 6-7000. That's Union 6-7000. Write it down, Union 6-7000. Once again, for good measure: Union 6-7000. I'll repeat that. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the open windscreen. "What's that ahead?"

Something was showing on the edge of the mirage; at first it looked like a row of thin black columns and he was afraid they were vehicles, and swung to the south, running diagonally toward them. But it cleared to a low, rusting, barbed-wire fence that stretched across their path from horizon to horizon.

"The wire!" He turned to open the door to the back and shouted it again. "Wake up, Tom! We're at the wire!"

They came crowding out of the back when he was running south along it, looking for the gap. He told Diana how the Italians had put it up for a hundred and eighty miles, from the coast to Giarabub Oasis, to keep the Senussi in Libya for not too pleasant purposes. They were only three miles out, and then there were the two stunted palms and they were bumping over the flattened coils. The brown plain looked exactly the same as before. Only now it was Egypt.

Anson said, "We'll push on for a good bit before we have a meal. Then I want to talk to you."

It was KATY that decided when they made their halt. Fifteen miles after they had come through the wire, on a bit of level going, suddenly the left rear spring went.

Diana and Tom had gone into the back again after they had crossed into Egypt, and she was lying on the bunk, dozing, when the sharp crack came. The ambulance lurched and seemed to sag backwards and sideways as it stopped. Tom swore horribly as he ran past her out of the door.

By the time she was out to join them, they were all crowded at the back looking at the bright, broken end of the main leaf of the spring where it stuck out beyond the shackle.

She could only stand and watch, feeling useless. But one thing she noticed at once, and it did not seem strange to her: without a word being spoken, the moment Tom had arrived, he had taken over control. He had crawled underneath the car for a minute, and was now getting up again, wiping his hands, looking remarkably cheerful.

"Not too bad. We can fix that. Get a lot of flat stones." He looked at Anson. "There's only one jack, sir."

"Yes, and hurry. You and Zimmerman look round for them, Diana. I'll stack them while Tom starts to get the spring off."

She wondered what on earth the stones were for; it seemed pointless to trudge around a baking desert collecting stones. She was more irritated when Anson made her take the only towel and drape it over her head and neck.

"Why?" she said.

He was standing at the back of the car, sweeping the horizon to the north and west with the glasses. Then he looked at his watch before answering her.

"Sunstroke," he said.

"But you don't bother—none of you. You're not wearing your cap now—and Tom hasn't even got his shirt on."

He smiled at her. "We've had two years of it. We're kippered."

It was said lightly, but she could feel the urgency he was trying to hide. The glasses were up to his eyes again, looking to the north.

"What do you want the stones for?"

He did not turn to look at her. "Ask Tom." Then, "Be a good girl and get them as fast as you can; we don't want to be here all day."

She walked off, resentful, until she remembered Zimmerman's voice as he translated what the German lieutenant had said: "They've reached the wire as far down as Maddalena." She wondered how far north of them this place was.

The face of the desert had altered quite a bit, she found, since the last time she had set foot on it, back in the wadi. Most of the gravel had gone; there were patches of hard-baked mud and rock, with plenty of flat white stones lying on the surface. When she got back with her first load, the wheel was off and the jack supported the chassis; she passed them down to Anson, lying underneath, and watched him make a pile from the sand up to the underneath of the car, just in front of the jack. Then she went round to where Tom was taking off the old spring.

"What's he doing?" she said.

He stopped undoing a bolt. "Get another load of stones for the captain and I'll tell you." As she turned meekly away, he added, "And on your way, put that water tin under the pump, like I did last night. And see the drips are falling in it."

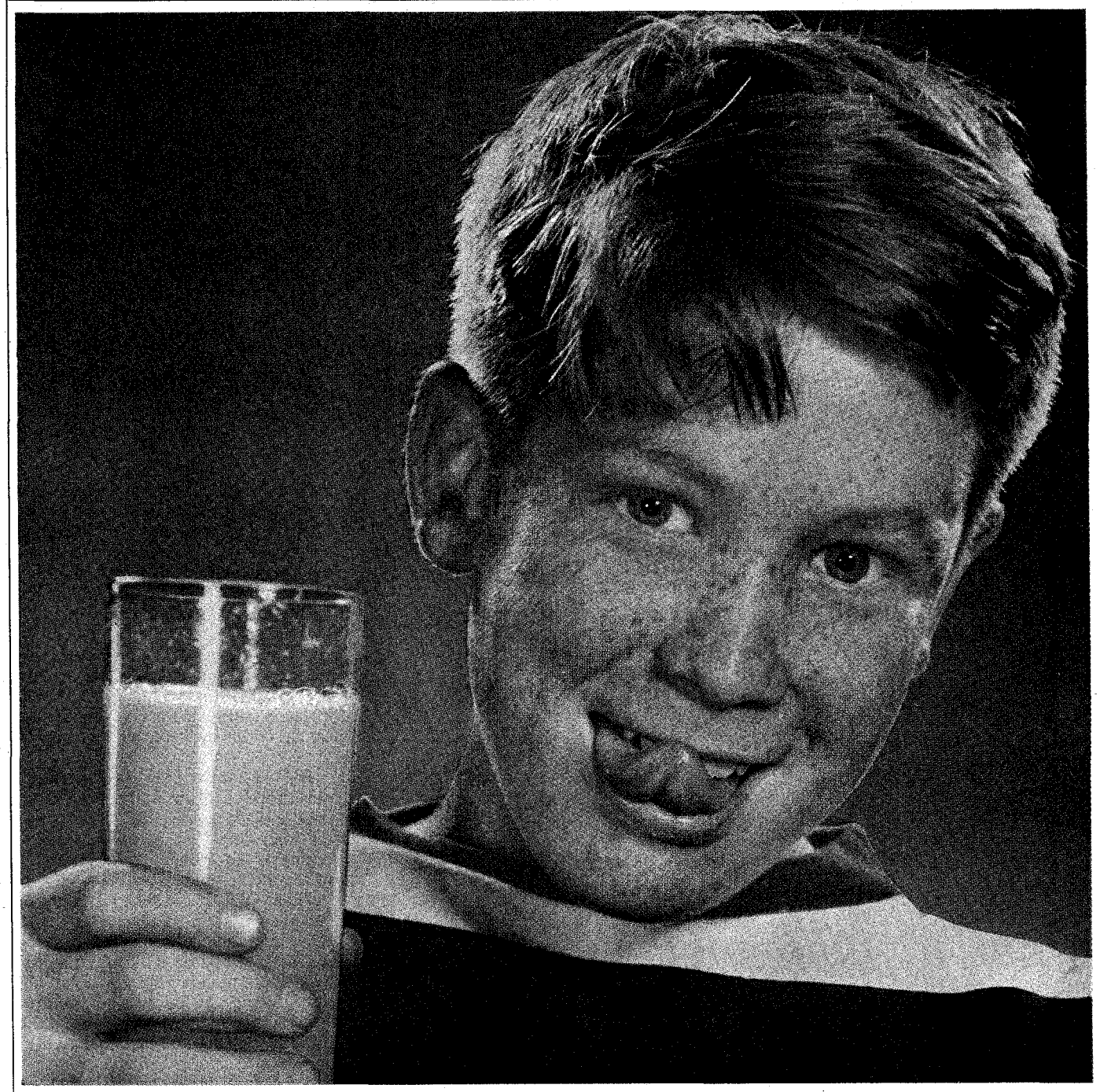
Just like an orderly, she thought, but she crawled under the sump and did it, then went to collect her stones. On this return, she met Tom coming round from the front, carrying the spare spring she had seen lashed to the radiator.

"That pump's dripping much faster," she said.

"I know. But there's nothing to do about it."

"Tom, how far is Maddalena from here?"

He looked at her. "About forty miles—too close." Then quickly, "You wanted to know what the stones are for. You've got to do this job in two stages because there's only one jack. So we put her up, make a pile under the chassis, then let her



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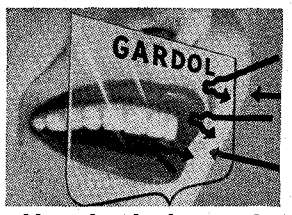

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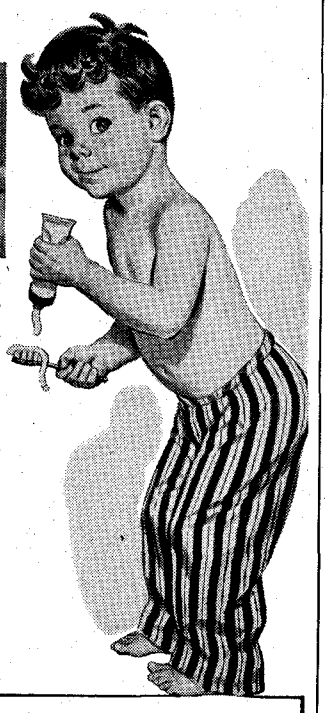

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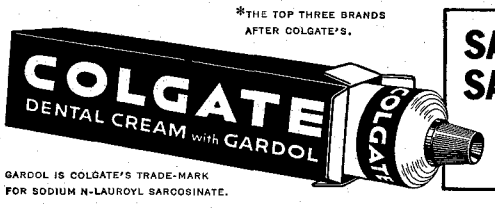

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down on that, leaving the jack free to work the spring in."

"Work the spring ——"

"Yes." He lowered the spring to the sand. "You see how curved this is—without a weight to flatten it? Too much to connect with the shackles—those links on the chassis. So we fix one end, put the jack underneath it and push up against the weight of the car. That straightens it enough to connect up."

"I see. It sounds as if it will take a long time."

"All of an hour," he said, "if we're lucky." Then he looked at her again. "Don't you worry about Maddalena; we'll be all right."

She wandered round, watching them. Zimmerman was underneath with Anson now, helping to pack the last of the stones.

At last Anson said, "That seems firm enough. Let her down gently, Tom."

She watched him twist the lever of the jack and slowly the body of the ambulance sank down onto the stones; there was a grating noise, a gentle rock, then no movement. Tom slid the jack clear.

When it happened it was so quick that she had no time to gauge the disaster before it was past. Anson had crawled out to help Tom lift the spring and get the jack under it; Zimmerman was still underneath, apparently resting, when there was a brittle cracking and puffs of dust jetted out from under the car, and the whole body started to slide down as stones slipped out of the pile in a rattle.

Tom shouted, "She's going! Hold her, down there! Just for a second!"

While he was shouting, he moved; and she had never seen anyone move so fast in her life. He dived down, the jack in one hand, pumping at the lever with the other as he jammed it back in place. But before the pile stopped disintegrating; before the jack took the weight; before, even, Anson was back under to help, Zimmerman took the strain. Zimmerman, on hands and knees, grunting, joints cracking, held the car up on his own for five long seconds.

He had not been resting underneath—only thinking. It was in the shade, and as good a place as any; had the advantage that they could not see his face. He was beginning to wonder how much they were watching him.

That fool in the wadi had started it. He had been so slow, so aggressive, that the Englishman had almost seen—or had he seen? There had been all that talk afterward about the First South African Division. Intelligence had briefed him pretty well on the main characters, but how could he be expected to know all about one obscure colonel? Still, he thought he had got out of it very well. Then the second tampering with his pack—that had been no accident. The bottle had been smashed to fragments.

He looked at the other pack lying beside him—at least that was intact—and then on out from under the car, past the legs of the two working, to the flat dun, heaving plain of the desert. He supposed they must be a hundred and eighty kilometers from the coast now—a long way. He thought for a moment of that "long walk" the captain had spoken of.

Then the cracking had started and he had turned on hands and knees before the sergeant major shouted. He had locked his arms and legs, and heaved up, taking the intolerable strain while the cross members of the chassis ground into his spine; those terrible, tearing moments with the pain twisting his guts and the thudding red haze before his eyes. He had taken it; and there had been no thought of his mission, of the war, as he did it. Only of the long walk there would be for all of them if he failed, the unending waste of sand that would divide them from other humans, the thirst, the sunstroke.

There was only one enemy in those seconds. The desert.

Then relief came and they pulled him out. He sat on the sand, unable to get up, drained of everything but that awful pain in his guts. When he could see properly, he looked up, and they were grouped round him, staring down in a peculiar way.

The girl said, "Are you all right?"

He couldn't answer for a moment, and when his voice came back, it did not sound like his own, "I've hurt my back. I think I'll lie down."

She said, "I'll help you into the back."

But Anson, searching that northern horizon again, said, "No, Diana, we daren't have extra weight in the back till we've finished. Get him round to the side of the car and try and rig up some shade with a blanket." Then he lowered the glasses and looked round at all of them. "That was one of the most marvelous things you'll ever see. He stood up to all of a ton—perhaps more. And if she'd come down, she'd have cracked the axle casing. And we'd have been done."

The girl and the sergeant major got him by the arms and walked him round to the side of the car. They were so kind, so gentle, that it irritated, but it did not help the pain.

They spread a blanket on the sand and managed to tie another one through the bullet holes on the side of the car and spread it as an awning with the aid of two sticks.

Then the girl said, "You go back to the job, Tom. I can manage."

He lay quite still on the blanket. "My pack," he said, "it's still under the car. Will you get it?"

"Of course."

She came back in a few moments, holding it by the strap, and he knew there would have been no time to open it. She put it down. "Under my head," he said. "I'd like a pillow."

"All right. But it feels very hard." She knelt beside him. "Where does it hurt?" she said.

Something in this solicitude made him angry. "Everywhere. I think I've twisted my guts. But if I've ruptured something—which is what you think—there's nothing to be done about it, is there?"

"Nothing," she said.

"Then give me a cigarette." Suddenly he thought of his victorious *Wehrmacht* streaming into Egypt, perhaps down the wire toward them. "Go and help the others," he said. "We don't want to be here forever."

When she had gone, he lay quite still, flat on his back, watching the thin spiral of smoke twisting up into the hot air.

TO BE CONTINUED

... ...

The Cynic

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Forgive if you can
His anger hurled
As the sticks and stones
Of bitter conclusions.
For a cynic's a man
Who's mad at the world
For daring to spoil
His dearest illusions.

... ...

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Customer's Man With a Fast Ball

(Continued from Page 30)

the best earned-run average in the National League with a team that finished thirty-eight-and-a-half games out of first place. He was the first pitcher ever to lead the league in that department while working for a last-place club. Now he has become, quite probably, the most valuable pitching property in the circuit. Some call him the new Robin Roberts. Others say he is a super Roberts, with stuff Robin never owned in his best days.

Friend is a cultured, almost strait-laced individual. He is at once the foremost pitcher, labor leader and capitalist on the Pittsburgh roster. On the labor side, he carries the ball for his fellow employees as the team's representative on the players' council. He also has a link with Wall Street, having become a securities salesman last winter as a side line. He wasn't in the brokerage business, however, when he promoted his five-man Pirate syndicate to take a plunge in that oil stock. This deal goes back to the summer of 1954. Putting up an average of $450 per man, Friend and his associates bought 15,000 shares at the tempting price of fifteen cents a share. This summer they were still waiting for the company to strike oil—and the stock price to shoot up.

The oil venture, small scale though it was, represented a departure from normal for Bobby Friend. It was pure speculation. Ordinarily, he is a cautious blue-chip man, both as a pitcher and a broker. In the capacity of pitcher, he is never happier than when he is ahead of the batter with a two-strike count. As a stock salesman for Waddell & Reed, of New York and Kansas City—who let him operate pretty much when and where he pleases—he is a careful counselor who has confined his own investments, with few exceptions, to such staples as Union Carbide, Gulf Oil, Capital Airlines, Ford, Royal Dutch Petroleum, and United Funds.

Friend comes from an accomplished family. Here is a rundown on his three brothers, all older than he: Lloyd, the eldest, is a market analyst for the Department of Agriculture in Washington; Ray, an engineer, is superintendent of the Ralston Purina Company's Circleville, Ohio, plant; and Paul, also an engineer, is Eastern regional sales manager for Westinghouse Air Brake.

As all these things indicate, Bobby is something of a brain among baseball players. This would be a rather unhealthy distinction if he were not also able to pitch pretty good baseball, but he is every bit as much a doer as a thinker. Although this is his first year as a big winner, his pitching ability was clearly established last year, when he finished with an earned-run average of 2.84. Bobby was the league's only regularly working pitcher to allow less than three earned runs per nine innings. His closest rival for the title, Brooklyn's Don Newcombe, gave up 3.19.

From the time Friend was a high-school pitcher in West Lafayette, Indiana, he expected as much of himself. It's not that he's cocky, mind you. Friend simply is a deadly serious young man who, knowing what extraordinary skill there was in his good right arm, proceeded into professional baseball with unshakable confidence. Well, almost unshakable confidence.

His emergence last year as one of the outstanding pitchers in the game came with unexpected suddenness, after he had floundered around miserably for four years. During that time he kept trying to learn to pitch big-league ball in the toughest school of all—the big leagues. Fidgety and inconsistent as he was, Bobby nonetheless clung to the conviction that he had what it took. He constantly complained to his managers—first Bill Meyer, then Fred Haney—that they were not using him often enough.

He had come to the Pirates in 1951 at the tender age of twenty, having spent only one season in the minors. "You can be great!" rhapsodized Branch Rickey, then the Pirates' general manager, upon taking a gander at Friend in spring camp. "You've got everything you need. Four pitches—fast ball, curve, and a change on both! Boy, you're a major-league pitcher!"

Under big-league pressure, however, Bobby quickly deteriorated into an impatient, ineffective performer whom his teammates dubbed Nervous, Nervous Friend. Apparently they were under the influence of Nicely, Nicely Johnson in Guys and Dolls. Anyway, when Nervous, Nervous drew a starting assignment he would warm up for his warm-up. He would pace back and forth in the clubhouse, bending his pitching arm up and down at the joint while massaging it nervously with his left hand.

"Well, why wasn't his record good?" says Rickey, unlocking the butt of an unlit cigar from his teeth as he sits in contemplation behind a large oak desk. "Purely a lack of orientation. A lack of at-homeness. A feeling of belonging. 'I'm at home, I belong.' An inner frustration to be whipped only by experience."

Rickey's diagnosis may or may not explain away Friend's four years of wandering in the wilderness. Bobby himself is convinced he would have come on much sooner had he been given a regular turn on the mound. He believes that Rickey's influence guided the managers in refusing him that regular turn.

Fred Haney, who succeeded Charley Grimm in June as manager at Milwaukee, has made oblique references from time to time about having been compelled to take his line-ups from Rickey while at Pittsburgh. Haney won't talk about the subject for publication now, but he has been quoted in the past as saying that Rickey told him not to pitch Friend.

This version has wide acceptance among baseball men, although Rickey sputters at the suggestion. "I-I-I've never given an order like that to a manager in my entire lifetime," exclaims the still-vigorous, seventy-four-year-old Mahatma, who last winter retired to the Pirate side lines as chairman of the board. "I know if I'd been the manager there isn't any question in my mind Friend would have been pitching more than he did. No doubt about it. We didn't have anybody with his native stuff."

A man of Bobby Friend's good looks, growing fame and income could cut quite a swath as a Don Juan, but he is very much the hard-to-get type. He shares an apartment in Pittsburgh during the baseball season with a thirty-two-year-old steel salesman, Bill Masseth.

"Bobby rarely goes out with women," says Masseth, a handsome man of sophistication. "They phone here all the time. I haven't the least idea how they get the number—Bobby isn't listed in the book—but they phone continually. Do you know, he won't answer the phone? He won't speak to them. He'll sit down at a card table in the bedroom for hours and personally reply to every fan letter he gets, and there are stacks of them, but he won't talk to those women on the phone."

Rickey has called Friend a matrimonial coward. "I've told him so!" shouts Rickey, banging his fist down on his desk so hard the telephone dings. "How that fellow has escaped the pack this long, I don't know. But he will not escape forever. Happenstance will alter the picture."

In the meantime, Friend is definitely unattached, and unaware of any happenstance about to alter his situation. He is in the process of building up a nice financial nest egg.

"He really watches his pennies," says Masseth. "Before going to bed he used to tot up every nickel he spent during the day. I tell him he's so damn tight he squeaks. The truth is, he's trying to loosen up some, now that he's in the money, and he's making progress."

Friend readily agrees that he watches his money. "Yes, I kept track of my daily expenses for several years," he admits, "but for the simple purpose of trying to see how I might save on income taxes."

The usual shiny new convertible of the high-salaried athlete has yet to replace his rather tired-looking, five-year-old coupé. If Bobby is frugal, it probably is a result of the admiration he has for his father, the late Robert Tyndal Friend. Bobby's dad lost a 1000-acre farm during the depression, and went into milk brokerage. He never got rich, but somehow he managed to support a family of nine in middle-class comfort and send Bobby's three brothers and three sisters through college. "I honestly don't know how he did it," marvels Bobby.

One might expect the son to be the type who stashes his money in the bank at a safe 3 per cent interest. Actually, he has put 75 per cent of his income into insurance and securities. His income has become fairly sizable too. His 1956 salary may safely be estimated as high as $30,000. Then there are endorsements, speaking fees and his small side line as a stock salesman. Bobby does not permit the side line to get in the way of his baseball. He is hewing to a long-range program which calls for him to become a big-money pitcher—and quit while he's on top.

"Right now," he says, "baseball is fun. When it gets to be a struggle, when you're trying to hang on, that's the time to get out if you can. I figure I have ten more years left in the majors. And I'll tell you one thing—I'll never go back to the minors."

The serious, introspective Friend is a far cry from most of his fellow ballplayers. For light entertainment, he goes to arty movies and operas, and reads Civil War histories. He studied piano for eleven years. For the past seven years he has spent his off seasons neither hunting nor fishing, but taking undergraduate work as an economics major at Purdue University, where he needs only one more semester to earn his B.S. degree. Purdue would much rather he had taken an uninterrupted four-year course on the house and played football, for he was an all-Indiana halfback at West Lafayette High.

In any case, a Purdue degree is a must in Bobby's mind. Bobby's father was a Purdue grad, class of 1909, and Bobby's three brothers and three sisters are Purdue grads too.

Bobby makes a point of trying to be plain Joe Doakes when with his teammates. He will not read his Wall Street Journal in the clubhouse, lest he be taken for a guy putting on airs. It might appear that he would be a favorite target of bench jockeys around the league, but he gets little or no riding. This is not only a tribute to his avoidance of any air of superiority but also a mark of the respect due him as a pitcher who can stick a fast ball under a batter's nose and make it look the size of a pebble.

The testimonials to him this year were coming straight from baseball's upper crust:

"Best pitcher in the National League," said Birdie Tebbetts, the Cincinnati manager.

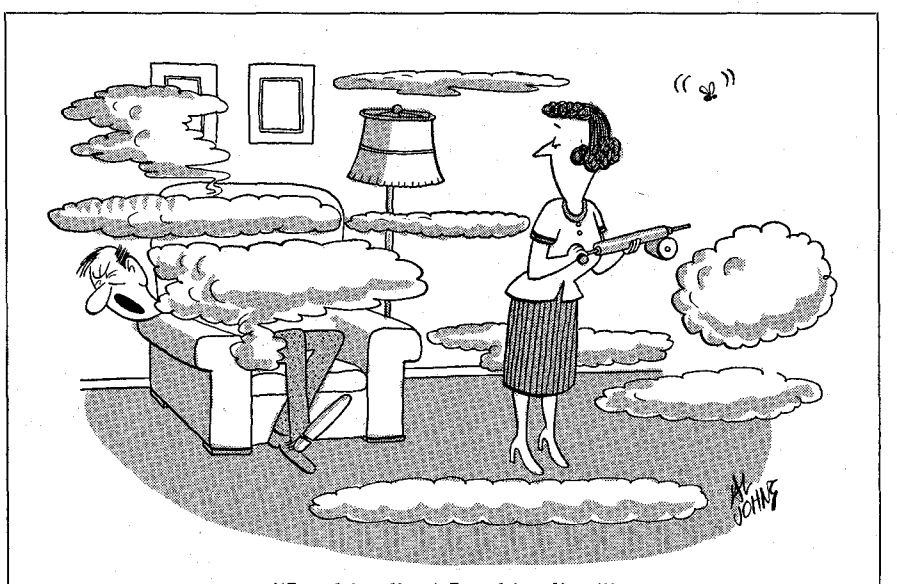
"A complete pitcher," said Roy Campanella, the Brooklyn catcher. "Hasn't even reached his peak."

"Faster than Robin Róberts," said Jackie Robinson.

One source who seemed worth consulting on the matter was Roberts himself. He was located in the visitors' clubhouse at Forbes Field an hour before the start of a game in which he was to oppose Friend. Robin sat on a chair in front of his locker, wearing underwear and red baseball stockings up to his knees. He crossed his legs, threw an arm over the back of the chair and buried his face against his shoulder, the better to analyze the subject of Bobby Friend.

"The important thing is this," Robin said, finally looking up. "He did it up here—that's the big thing. A lot of fellows, they bring them up too soon. It's awful tough—awful tough doing it up here. If you ask me, the big change in him is his breaking ball. He gets it over now. What makes him especially unusual, I think, is you seldom find a pitcher who throws a sinking fast ball and can handle the breaking ball too. Friend can. I'd say he's as good as any pitcher in the league."

Play got under way. It was just one game in 154, but it proved interesting in that it brought out the serenity of temper that Friend developed during his five previous years of pitching with little or no support.



"Let him live! Let him live!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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His six-foot figure appeared stocky because his shoulders are broad and his legs muscular, but Bobby worked quickly and efficiently, walking to and from the dugout in a mincing, toes-out stride very unlike the customary athlete's lope. The Pirates gave him a 2–0 lead in the third inning, but in the Philadelphia fourth, with Jim Greengrass on first and two out, Andy Seminick hit a grounder to shortstop Dick Groat near second base. Groat, seeing Greengrass about to reach second safely, chose to make the play on Seminick at first. He side-armed the ball over the first baseman's head. Seminick was safe and Greengrass got to third.

This is the sort of thing Friend has learned to live with, as was to be demonstrated. He walked calmly up on the mound and got Ted Kazanski to hit into the dirt. The ball skimmed into the hole between third and short, but Groat hustled over, made a nifty stop and fired the ball to second base to force Seminick and end the inning. "It evens up," Bobby says. "The man who makes the error helps you out another time."

The rest of the game unwound in much the same bumpy fashion, Friend escaping one undeserved jam after another. Pittsburgh sewed up the decision with a four-run rally in the sixth inning, and the single that chased Roberts out of the game came off the bat of Bobby Friend. For the record, Roberts had said earlier in the clubhouse, "Another thing about Friend, he's pretty good with that stick."

Bobby Friend today has complete command of his talents. "I've always known I had the stuff to do the job," he said recently over lunch in a busy restaurant just off the University of Pittsburgh campus. "But this constant business we used to have of losing, losing, losing—not being able to win even when you pitched your best game—you acquired a defeatist attitude."

A day in 1952 came to Bobby's mind. "It was late in the season. I had a miserable four–sixteen record. We were playing Brooklyn, and I was sent in to relieve with a two-run lead. I let them tie it up with a couple of walks and a couple of hits; then we lost it in the eleventh. Somehow, just then, I felt as though I'd hit the bottom. My morale just couldn't possibly get any lower. After the game I was sitting in the clubhouse with my head in my hands. Joe Garagiola, our catcher, came by and said, 'Don't ever let 'em see you dropping that head, bud.' That was a big favor Joe did me, telling me that. He checked me when I needed checking badly."

Now Friend dug lightly at a slice of Boston cream pie and considered the steady gain in confidence he has experienced since then. "I used to pitch differently," he said. "I had it in the back of my mind that I had to throw to a spot every time, that I couldn't afford to get behind the hitter. And, of course, then I would. There are very few pitchers in the league who can pick out a spot, look at it and then hit it. I don't worry about a spot any more until I'm ahead."

Increased confidence alone was not enough. Alterations also had to be made in his pitching form. In 1953 Fred Haney and his coaches, Bill Posedel and Clyde Sukeforth, completely overhauled Bobby's delivery.

"They thought I was being hit too much for the type of stuff I had," Friend explained. "I had a reputation for a live fast ball and a good curve. They figured the batters might be reading my pitches before I let go of the ball. Anyhow, I changed my whole delivery. I put more body into it, brought my hind end around and developed a kick. It took me a year to get used to it, but apparently I succeeded in hiding the pitch, and I got a better curve and more control."

It is interesting to note that Friend's form, even after having been refined, violates a cardinal rule of pitching. He takes his eye off the target. As he winds up and brings his hind end around, he looks briefly toward left field. Nonetheless, he comes in with excellent control. This unorthodox behavior worries the devil out of the batter, who can't help feeling that Bobby may bounce one off his head if he doesn't look where he's throwing. Some of the Brooklyn Dodgers have frankly admitted that's one reason why he's so effective against their team. Their batters tend to back away from the plate when they swing.

Understandably, Bobby Bragan, the new Pirate manager, has not attempted to correct this irregularity in Friend's pitching style. He has given Friend considerable freedom of operation anyway.

"I let him pitch his own game, more or less," says Bobby. "He shakes off the catchers fairly often. He knows two heads are better than one. No point in not using the second one. If he says he's gonna throw a fella a breakin' ball—why, we'll set up our defense for a breakin' ball. But that goes with any man on my staff—till he proves he's wrong. Gen'ly, Friend is right."

Friend has repaid Bragan's confidence by working tirelessly for him. Before the season started, the manager told him he'd heard he needed four days' rest between assignments. Bragan asked him if he thought he could go with three days' rest. "I said that's fine with me," Friend recalls. "He said, 'Maybe sometime I'll have you in there with two days' rest.' I said that was also fine with me."

Bragan was not talking just to hear the sound of his voice. In a matter of weeks he began to use Friend occasionally with only two days' rest. A cry of anguish went up from writers and fans. They allowed as how they'd like to see Friend pitching a few more years yet.

However, he insists that he hasn't been overworked. "A healthy arm doesn't need a lot of rest," Friend says. "I throw at least ten or fifteen minutes every day. The more work I get, the better. That's what I've always wanted."

Friend rang up eleven victories during the first one-third of the season as the Pirates got off to their amazing spring start. When the inevitable letdown came, Bobby suffered along with his club, but he continued to pitch generally effective ball, including three shutout innings to lead off the All-Star game.

Robert Bartmess Friend has been a hustler since the day he knew the meaning of the word. He was born November 24, 1930, in Lafayette, Indiana, and the Scotch in his Scotch-English blood began to come out early. As a small boy he negotiated the mowing rights to sixteen lawns, and started to stash away his pennies. He grew up in West Lafayette, across the Wabash. By the time he was a sophomore in high school he had acquired an annual summer job at the Ralston Purina mills in Lafayette. He worked twelve hours a day, from 5:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., throwing sacks of feed and performing other vigorous tasks calculated to build his muscles and his bank account.

At the same time he found the energy to crack his books hard—he was a consistently excellent student—and spend long hours practicing the piano. Bobby's father had been an orchestra leader, the kind who conducts Sunday concerts in the park, and he waited only until Bobby was five to start him taking piano lessons.

The kid showed considerably more than average talent as a pianist, but his fascination for the piano came to an embarrassing halt at the age of sixteen. Wearing his Sunday suit, his hair plastered down immaculately, he appeared in a recital and launched into Chopin's Polonaise in A Flat. At a point where Chopin demanded a fortissimo, the young virtuoso brought his fingers down heavily on the keyboard for the desired crashing effect. A string snapped inside the piano, and all Bobby got for his efforts was a gorgeous twang-g-g. "It was my last recital," he says.

Of course, the lure of the ball field also had something to do with ending Bobby's interest in the piano. At sixteen he was rapidly developing into the finest all-round athlete in the history of West Lafayette High—a first-rate pitcher, halfback, golfer and basketball player.

Gordon Straley, the football coach, sized up Bobby's versatility and immediately switched from the T formation to the single wing, to give him the broad opportunities that go with the tailback position. "He handled the ball expertly on spinner plays," says Straley. "He was a fine blocker, punted the ball for about a forty-yard average, could throw it about fifty yards with extreme accuracy, and was a vicious, slicing runner."

West Lafayette's baseball coach, Martin Stamm, had only one complaint when Bobby was around—he couldn't find a catcher to hold Friend's fast ball and sharply breaking curve. In one game Bobby faced twenty-two batters and struck out twenty-one, but many of his pitches had to be chased to the backstop.

College football scouts and professional baseball scouts alike were enthralled by the sturdy Friend boy. Stan Feezle, the Pirates' Indiana scout, landed him for a $15,000 bonus, even though Brooklyn was offering $20,000. Bobby took the smaller sum because he figured he would move up more quickly in the Pirate system—in 1950, baseball law did not require a bonus player to start in the majors—and he didn't know how right he was.

"I was nineteen," he says. "I figured on a few years in the minors, and then I'd make the big leagues at, say, twenty-two or twenty-three. Or, if I went into the service, at twenty-four or twenty-five." As it happened, he spent one year in the minors and made the big leagues at twenty. His career was uninterrupted by military service because, as a member of the Army Reserve, he did not happen to be called up.

Almost from the moment Bobby Friend started playing professional baseball at Waco, Texas, he looked like something very special. He pitched a no-hitter there just before being promoted to Triple A ball at Indianapolis late in the season.

The Pirates took Bobby to spring training the next year. Their pitching talent was decidedly sparse, and he quickly made the club. Then the 1951 season started. And at approximately that point, Nervous, Nervous Friend took over for Bobby Friend.

Big-league parks are tough schoolrooms for twenty-year-olds. Bobby won six, lost ten. The next year it was seven-seventeen, then eight-eleven, and in 1954, seven-twelve.

Branch Rickey was getting fed up. Says Rickey, "I'd told him that very season, 'As long as I'm in Pittsburgh you'll never be traded, nor will your contract ever be sold.' I'd told him this, and I'd meant it. There was never any question about the ultimate greatness of Friend. Oh, I could have changed my mind about not trading or selling him. Suppose a fellow gets drunk and stays drunk for thirty days. Oh, sure, then I could change my mind. But he wasn't drunk and I wasn't getting rid of him. And yet there was a need for action. Well, at the end of the 1954 season we had a talk. I suggested it might be a good idea if we sent him back to Hollywood for a year. Now, I wanted to see his response. If he had been doubtful, yes—maybe I would have sent him back. No question about it. But he had a definite, firm feeling that he should not go back. The suggestion was positively fetid to him."

No doubt it was. It remains revolting to Bobby to this day. He concedes that Rickey may have been trying to goad him into greatness, but he makes the concession grudgingly. "I couldn't understand it then," declares Bobby, "and I still can't. I came to spring camp in 1955 in great shape, full of determination, but just before the season started Fred Haney said to me, 'I'm not going to start you until June.' It was like hitting me in the face with a bat. I don't know whose idea that was"—implying it may have been Rickey's—"but I didn't like it a bit."

Heated to a proper temperature, Bobby worked furiously and effectively as a relief pitcher for six weeks. On the last night of May, Haney—or possibly Rickey—gave in and fed him to Brooklyn, the same club whose eleventh-inning victory had almost broken his spirit three years before.

"If there was a turning point for me," Bobby says, "this game was it. I had a one–nothing lead going into the fourth. Snider led off. Voom! A home run. Campy came up next. Voom! Then Amoros. Voom! Don Hoak came to bat and whacked a liner off my shin for a single. We were losing by three to one, and still nobody out. Then I started pitching," Bobby says. "I got out of the inning without any more damage. Our guys got me some runs along the way and we won the game, six–three. I gave up just two hits after Hoak's single off my shin. I had proved something to Rickey—yes, and to Friend too."

Friend finished the season with fourteen wins and nine losses, an accomplishment of staggering proportions when you consider the pathetic team he pitched for. No other Pirate pitcher had more wins than defeats.

Being the finest pitcher on the worst team may have been no great distinction, but it was a start. Now the future looks mighty inviting to Bobby Friend. He still has a good chance to achieve the exalted status of a twenty-game winner this season.

"He might leave a record of greatness equal to anybody," intones Rickey. Higher and higher salaries lie ahead. Moreover, at this writing many of his stocks are advancing on the market. And who knows? By the time this appears in print, that oil-company flier of his may at last have paid off with a rip-roaring gusher. THE END

And Stop Throwing Me Peanuts!

By Loyd Rosenfield

Go see the zoo? Oh, no,
my laddie;
Last week you called the
baboon daddy;
In ringing tones you yelled
your view,
So let him take you to the
zoo.

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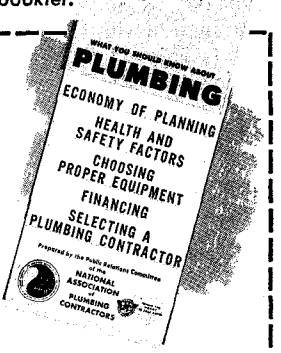

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Grudge Fight in Oregon (Continued from Page 27)

Elmer Deetz, a Canby dairyman who earlier had overthrown the unpopular Oregon milk-control law almost single-handed and had gone to the legislature on the strength of that David-Goliath performance. Meanwhile, Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, who had resigned as governor of Oregon to take his post in the Eisenhower Cabinet, remained aloof. Once or twice he publicly ruled himself out as a possible candidate.

Then, on the day filings for the primary election closed, McKay flew from Washington, D.C., to Portland. In rapid succession came the announcement of McKay's candidacy for the Senate, his intention to resign from the cabinet to make the race; Tooze's withdrawal; President Eisenhower's good wishes to McKay in the campaign—and the fact that Hitchcock had no intention of withdrawing.

The result was that the Republican political pot really began to boil over. McKay's story was simple: Both state and national leaders had urged him to make the race. He had agreed only after a poll showed that he could beat Morse, but Hitchcock could not. He had not specifically been asked by the President to make the race, but Sherman Adams and others had made such requests. He had not asked anyone to withdraw.

Hitchcock confirmed that McKay had made no such request, but he added that a number of McKay supporters had done so and that 90 per cent of his financial backing had disappeared within hours after McKay filed. Rumblings of discontent came from a number of state party leaders who obviously resented not having been consulted about the McKay candidacy. Former Gov. Charles A. Sprague, an elder statesman of the Republican Party, announced his support of Hitchcock, despite the Eisenhower endorsement of McKay. Sprague's newspaper, the influential Salem Statesman, and three other moderate-sized papers also backed Hitchcock. Four went along with McKay. But the state's most important Republican newspaper, the Portland Oregonian, remained neutral, as it usually does in primaries.

In the primary, the campaign keynote of the Republican aspirants was identical: I'm the best man to beat Morse. Understandably, Senator Morse wasn't displeased. With some relish, he invited the two leading Republican candidates to settle their own fight before presuming to battle him. He had, he said, absolutely no choice about which man he would defeat in November on the real issues of the campaign. In Oregon, conservation and power development lead all the rest, save only schools, which practically everybody supports without reservation.

Primary results were interpreted variously. With a complimentary vote of 221,000. President Eisenhower showed no lessening in his great personal popularity. Against the 39,000 for the unknown, Woody Smith, Morse polled 196,000. McKay won the Republican nomination with 123,000 votes. But Democrats enjoyed the fact that Hitchcock tallied 99,000; Deetz, 23,000, and one George Altvater, almost completely unknown, 3500.

"The most significant result," said Monroe Sweetland, retiring Democratic national committeeman, "was that a clear majority of registered Republicans voted against Douglas McKay . . . whereas only . . . about one out of six (registered Democrats) voted for Senator Morse's opponent. [The proportion presumably included registered Democrats who did not vote at all.] This is a very good omen of Senator Morse's victory in November."

The election also produced a number of curiosities, their meaning—if any—just obscure enough to give cold chills to prognosticators for November. For example, State Democratic Party chairman Howard Morgan failed both in his attempt to seat attorney Pat Dooley, of Portland, as national committeeman, and in his own try for delegate-at-large to the national convention. But the two party leaders agreed definitely on one candidate, a long-time and well-known party worker, Mrs. Gladys Last, to be national committeewoman.

She was soundly beaten by Mrs. Virginia Grant, a thirty-three-year-old waitress in the Aloha Room, a bar in Portland's New Heathman Hotel. Completely unknown politically, Mrs. Grant had campaigned only through a few newspaper advertisements, and by inserting her attractive photograph in a voters' pamphlet, along with her belief that "the committeewoman must be young and aggressive." An additional photograph of her, wearing a strapless dress and holding up a drink on a tray, was the only other clue local newspapermen could get about her. Three days after the election, her home address still was unknown to Senator Morse's headquarters. Newsmen, who found her easily enough, were not much better off. After two weeks, she still wasn't talking—not even about who had paid for the advertisements.

Another unsettling oddity was the fact that in the gubernatorial primary more than 109,000 Democrats voted for Lew Wallace, although he had publicly withdrawn from the race weeks before the election—but not in time to get his name off the ballot. Robert D. Holmes, thinking himself alone in the race, barely got the nomination with 112,000. On the Republican side, Elmo Smith polled 218,000.

Of course, these freakish developments may indicate nothing. But Oregon is adjacent to states which have elected Glen Taylor, a guitar player, to be United States senator (Idaho), and Vic Meyers, an orchestra leader, repeatedly to be lieutenant governor (Washington). Freakish voting is catching and appears to run in cycles.

Is this the year and Oregon the place? That's anybody's guess. But 116,000 votes for an unknown waitress and 109,000 for a man not even in the race were enough to cause fingernail biting among the expert political prophets.

Oregon's May primary is followed by a considerable lull before the heat of the final campaign. As that lull set in, very few people outside of the senatorial campaigners professed to be sure what would happen next.

Almost certain were a few things: Douglas McKay will need help, and quite a bit of it, from the Republican Party. The McKay strategy naturally is to offer voters a choice between the Morse record and that of President Eisenhower. To this end, he immediately began using the Morse quotation about the President's political morality as a club. When a debate with Morse was suggested, he agreed—provided that the question be that in the quotation: Was the President unworthy of trust, politically immoral, and the most dangerous man ever to sit in the White House? As might be expected, Morse made no reply.

Senator Morse never has denied the quotation, which appeared in the New Republic of March, 1953, but has admitted that he is not happy about its publication. In reply to a direct question I put to him in June, 1956, he said of it:

"This statement appeared in a very personal letter to a very intimate friend. The statement was taken out of context and is not any public statement that I have ever made. I have stated many times and repeat now that Eisenhower's campaign for the presidency was characterized by shocking political expediency and appeared to be based on the military principle of doing and saying anything to win. I could not support this policy of political expediency because I believe that candidates for office should place what they know to be sound political principles above partisan expediency."

Oregon Republicans expected that the President, having given McKay his blessing twice during the primary campaign, certainly would make at least one political speech in Oregon. Whether his June operation ruled this out definitely wasn't clear as this was written, and Oregon state leaders were worried. They had been counting on an Eisenhower speech to boost McKay's stock importantly.

Senator Morse said he didn't fear an Eisenhower visit—quite the contrary. "I hope," he said recently, "that he does make a speech here, or several of them. Every speech that Eisenhower makes in Oregon will gain me ten thousand votes. President Roosevelt learned that he couldn't purge Senator George in Georgia, and Eisenhower will learn that he can't purge Morse in Oregon."

Lamar Tooze, informed of the Morse statement, kept his reply short. "Senator Morse," he said, "is whistling in the dark."

Reasonable harmony in both parties is probable from here on out. Except for the 39,000 Woody Smith votes, Morse had no special worry within Democratic ranks. Former Governor Sprague announced his support of McKay. And Hitchcock, conceding the primary, invited McKay to ask for any help needed—although he definitely did not say he would do anything asked. Deetz's support, largely rural, also was expected to fall in behind McKay.

Whether many voters who backed Hitchcock might swing to Morse is debatable. Some 30 per cent of Oregon's organized labor is registered Republican. Presumably, the Hitchcock vote included many of these workers. But neither politicians nor union leaders acted confident about what they'd do in November. From a union standpoint, McKay is somewhat vulnerable. As an Oregon state senator and as governor, he was consistently opposed by labor leaders and had almost exactly a 50–50 record on legislation they considered essential. Despite this, he ran up the largest vote in history for an Oregon governor.

Against him, in labor's eyes, is a complicated strike situation in Salem, the state capital and McKay's home town. Mechanics' unions struck three Salem auto dealers last year, while McKay still owned a large Chevrolet agency. Since then, he has completed long-pending negotiations to sell the business to two sons-in-law, backed by the General Motors Acceptance Corporation. The new company eliminated McKay from its name, and McKay declares he has no further control. But the former McKay company still is picketed. It is doubtful whether unionists will accept his disclaimer of responsibility.

This is no trifling consideration. Oregon's labor vote has increased through two decades—since about the time Dean Wayne Morse, of the University of Oregon Law School, also was acting as a mediator in water-front labor troubles on the Pacific Coast. Both inside the Republican Party and after leaving it, Morse has wooed this vote quite successfully—at least on the surface where union support is publicly promised. Nobody knows whether labor leaders can deliver their membership votes this year. On June nineteenth, extent of Morse support in labor circles was indicated at a wildly enthusiastic meeting in Portland when he was principal speaker during amalgamation ceremonies between the AFL and CIO groups. He accepted a couple of campaign checks: $5000 from "unionists outside Oregon who wished to see Senator Morse elected," according to the presenter, George Brown; and another of undisclosed size from the Pacific Coast Metal Trades Council.

In connection with the McKay-Morse contest, one peculiarity of Oregon must be noted. Clamped between generally more liberal (*Continued on Page 64*)

In downtown Portland, Oregon, three attractive supporters of the Republican candidate trap a startled male and try to pin a McKay button on him.

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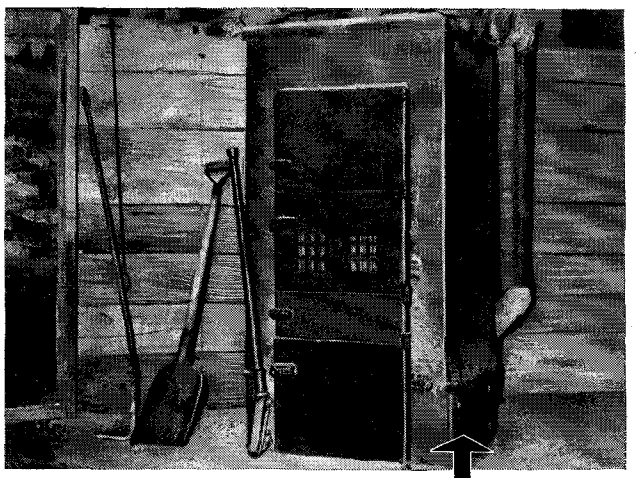

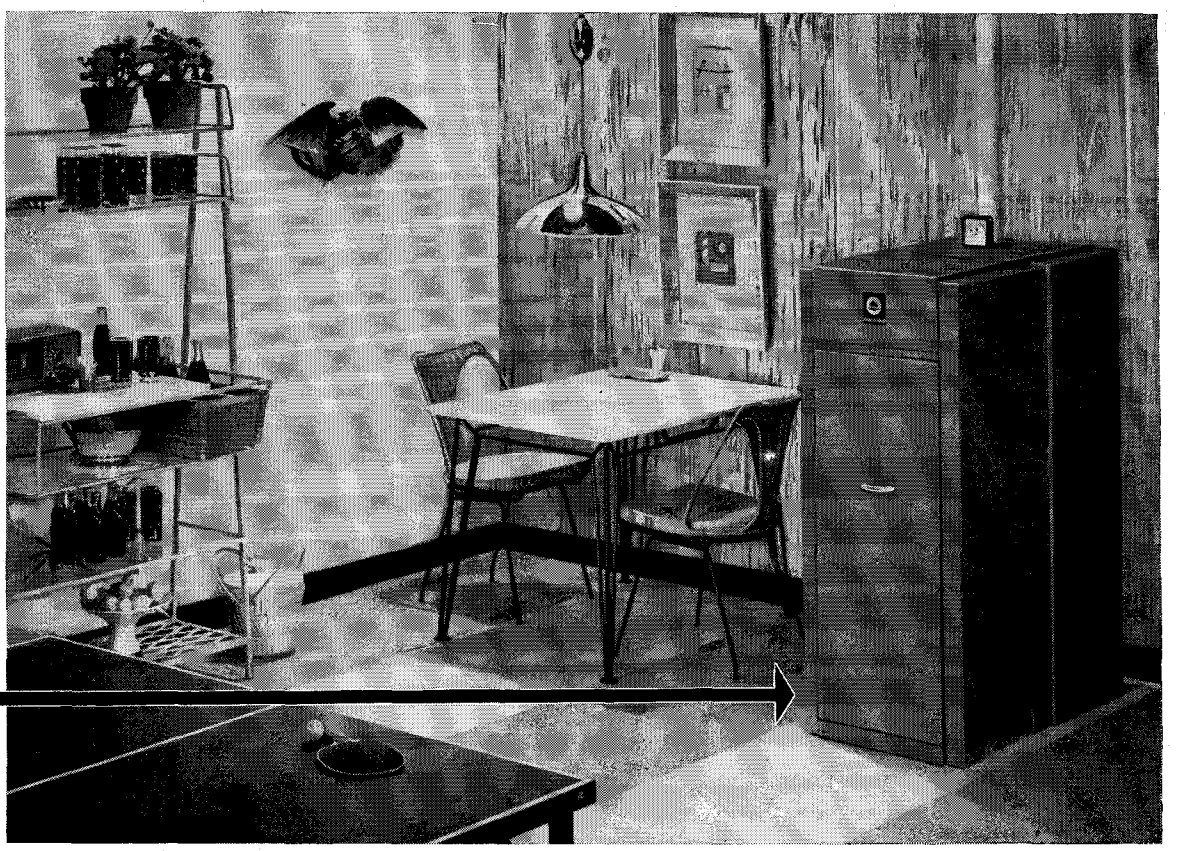

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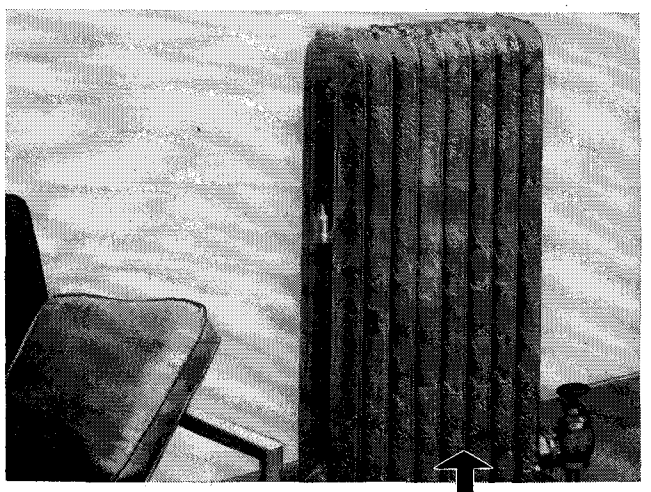

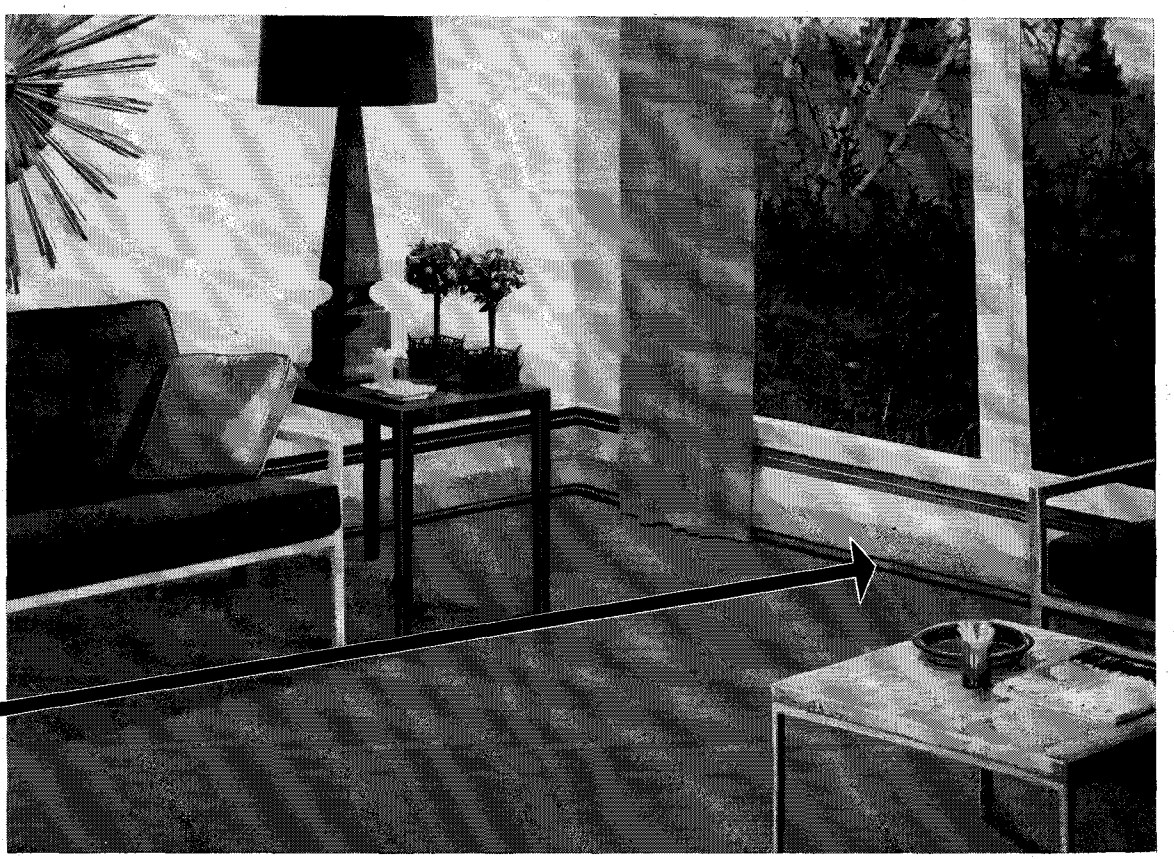

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(*Continued from Page 62*) Washington, on the north, and overpowering California, on the south, Oregon has developed a defensive, almost isolationist character. Any outsider reading its newspapers is struck by the amount of interest in purely local affairs, to the exclusion of other matters. In its militant insistence on handling its own affairs without outside interference, the state resembles some of the Southern states—lacking nothing but the accent. Perhaps the greatest mistake Senator Cordon made in his 1954 campaign for re-election was to induce some Senate friends, definitely conservative, to speak for him in Oregon. Reaction was adverse, not because of what any of them said, but because they came from outside the state. Some observers add "outside interference" to the list of this year's political issues, even ahead of power development.

Both McKay and Mrs. McKay already are exploiting their long personal acquaintance in the state, an efficient set of files and their joint memory for names and personality quirks. An example of their system is provided by Les Ordman, an Oregon Journal photographer who once did some favor for the McKays. During a long conversation, Mrs. McKay asked his birth date, then appeared to ignore his answer. But on his birthday Ordman received an angel-food cake, for which Mrs. McKay is locally famous—her recipe has won state-fair prizes.

So, just as the adverse effect of a small Salem strike cannot be discounted, the very good effect of Mrs. McKay's cakes, even in a senatorial campaign, is considerable. Morse, out of the state much of the time since his first election as senator in 1944, is at a definite disadvantage when it comes to calling Oregonians by their first names.

Against McKay are a couple of factors; even by his own estimate he is not the equal of Morse or Neuberger in free-for-all, rough-and-tumble debate. And, after years in politics, he still clings to the somewhat naïve theory that he can meet a perfect political issue on a reasonable basis.

By perfect issue, I mean a question which can and will be raised again and again. The merits don't matter. What does matter is that the question in point cannot be answered without so much explanation that any public speaker would bog down. Two such issues face McKay. Both have been raised by Morse and Neuberger and both undoubtedly will be brought up again and again before November. Understandably, the Morse strategy is to focus all attention possible on McKay in a defensive position, while ignoring the Morse changing-party record and the Morse-Eisenhower disputes.

The first such issue concerns oil and gas exploration on wildlife sanctuaries. The only thing necessary is for a member of any audience to ask McKay, "Did you open wildlife preserves to oil and gas exploration and drilling in 1955?"

In a court of law, Douglas McKay could only answer "Yes," and lose votes in conservation-conscious Oregon. Yet the facts are somewhat less than damning. Wildlife areas controlled by the Department of the Interior have been open to drilling under certain circumstances since 1920. As Secretary of the Interior McKay closed them with a stop order in August, 1953, pending formulation of new regulations. When these regulations—giving, among other things, a veto to the United States Fish and Wildlife Service over drilling proposals—had been written, the areas were reopened on December 2, 1955. All quite probably justified—but imagine trying to explain all this to a neutral or hostile audience, and having time left to say anything constructive about a political campaign.

Even more devastating is the question: "What about Al Serena?"

This is a real porcupine. Oil and gas exploration affect Oregon directly very little. Al Serena does. It is also remote, complicated and confusing. By the time the May primary was over, the foreign-sounding name had become familiar to most people in Oregon. But I very soon discovered that few of them knew exactly what Al Serena was—where or how to get there.

So I took a trip: Up the roaring Rogue River to the hamlet of Trail, almost within sight of Crater Lake National Park; then up Elk Creek on a mountain road which grew rougher and narrower and more steep in each of its eighteen miles. At the end, one even steeper slope led up to a log shed and a weathered bunkhouse, with an old truck and a bulldozer parked beside them. On the flank of the green mountain above, dun-colored buildings at a mine entrance were half hidden behind brush. Out of the mine and down the slope tumbled a little stream with bright yellow mud in its bed.

This was Al Serena. Whether it actually is a gold mine or merely a timber operation on national-forest land is the question—one of vital importance in Oregon politics, and of interest to the President of the United States.

> Matrimony was probably the first union to defy management.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

Fred Altland, a tall, straight old man, emerged a little sleepily from the bunkhouse. He spoke with the rusty voice of a man who has few visitors. He had not seen anyone else for a week, he told me. But he was quite willing to climb 300 feet to the mine entrance and the old mill. There he showed the two diesel engines which power the mill and the mine's ventilating system; the mill machinery, dusty but apparently workable; a few bags of crushed minerals which showed slight traces of gold.

Outside, Altland indicated the mine claims: a rough square including the top of the ridge and a side we could not see at the moment, some timberland on either side of the entrance and down the steep slope past the road. A few big trees had been felled. Some others had toppled over during the winter, when seven-foot snows followed torrential rains. But as logging shows go in Oregon, this was a picayunish operation.

"We cut some last year," Altland said, "but then all this political business came up. So the logs were left on the ground. Kind of too bad. If they don't go out this summer, they won't be worth much."

But there was far more regret in his voice when, in answer to a question about the mine, he shook his head. "No," he said, "she hasn't run since the war. For a while we were going pretty good. But then we ran out our allocation on materials and couldn't get any more."

That was all there was to see at Al Serena. But some history is necessary to explain it. In 1897, one Mark Applegate staked a gold claim on Elk Creek and was followed by other prospectors. They found some gold, but never enough to justify large development, although a tunnel was driven into the side of a ridge. Thirty-seven years later, Herbert McDonald, a Birmingham, Alabama, physician with a passion for mining, visited relatives in Oregon and became interested in the unexploited claims. He organized Al Serena Mines, Inc., which bought twenty-one old claims and filed on two more—a total of over 400 acres. The company tunneled from the other side of the ridge, making connection with the original shaft and digging traverses—somewhat more than a mile of tunnels. That last tough five miles of road was cut through and a 100-ton mill was built. The mine and mill operated briefly in the early 1940's, with Altland as superintendent. For a while at the start of World War II, an attempt was made to produce lead and zinc. But when allocations were cut off, the mine shut down, and has not operated since 1945.

On October 1, 1948, the company applied for patents (clear title) on its claims. These would permit the owner to sell products of the land, including timber. The Federal mining laws concerning national-forest land, last revised in 1872, specified that to obtain a patent, a miner must have a valid discovery of minerals and have spent $500 developing his claim. Further revision of these laws occurred last year, after the Al Serena case.

The Al Serena company provided required assays and paid its $2375 fee—$5.00 an acre. All twenty-three claims went on the tax rolls of Jackson County, Oregon, in 1949, and some taxes were paid. But the remaining record of the case is a quagmire of bureaucracy at its worst. After years of incredible maneuvering, the regional offices of the Bureau of Land Management and the United States Forest Service contested fifteen of the twenty-three claims on the basis that not enough mineral showing had been proved, and that sufficient work had not been done on some of them. These regional decisions were appealed by the company to the solicitor of the Department of the Interior on June 1, 1951—and the appeal was one of 278 still pending when Clarence A. Davis became solicitor in February, 1953.

On complaint of Doctor McDonald and his sons, strongly backed by inquiries from Rep. Frank W. Boykin (Dem., Ala.), Sen. Estes Kefauver (Dem., Tenn.) and Rep. Harris Ellsworth (Rep., Ore.), Davis finally called for new assays and opinions from mining engineers. On the strength of them, he issued the patents in January, 1954.

The McDonalds claimed to have spent some $50,000 in buying claims, $79,915 in development, and another $50,000 in attempting to obtain clear title. Assays showed some ore, which presumably might be worked on a low-grade basis. Whether the company actually spent $500 on each claim is a bookkeeping matter, but obviously the total expenditure was far in excess of required minimums, if divided on any reasonable basis among the claims.

But the only important fact, so far as the Oregon senatorial campaign is concerned, is that the Al Serena company, after getting its patents, cut some of the estimated $77,000 worth of timber and sold it.

Immediately, Democrats, led by Neuberger and Morse, screamed that it had been a give-away of public property, that the operation never was intended as a mine in this decade, but only as a timber steal. Douglas McKay, who declares that the matter was rightly handled and that he did not even know about it until the verbal shooting started, now has his job cut out. In this campaign he must expect the question: "What about Al Serena?" many times. And he must, somehow, answer it in a great deal less time than has been taken here. It's not surprising that his normally pleasant face clouds up at the very sound of the words "Al Serena." For him, there's nothing serene about the place.

Wayne Morse has some excellent political help in Edith Green, a very strong Democratic congresswoman from Portland, and the aggressive Senator Neuberger. Personal relationships between the two senators are excellent—they've known each other since Neuberger was a law student, while Morse was dean of the law school. Republicans don't discount Neuberger's forcefulness. McKay himself expressed the Republican view when he recently snapped: "Morse ought to come out from behind his hatchet man, Dick Neuberger."

There certainly is an element of grudge fight in the campaign. Morse and McKay shared platforms in 1950 when McKay was winning the governorship and Morse was making his last Republican campaign. In a subsequent (1954) radio skit, however, a roll of Republicans was called. When the name, Morse, was reached, McKay answered, "Deserted." Morse never has forgiven him.

Morse could be embarrassed by some of his labor support if a current Portland vice investigation, involving some union figures, grows much larger. McKay already has indicated he will harp on Morse's poor Senate attendance record and on his failure to get legislation enacted—in one session, eighty-three bills offered, three passed: McKay is sure to talk about Morse statements being repeated by communist radios. McKay will relate how Morse made speeches to a Senate chamber containing only Neuberger—in the presiding officer's chair—and one other senator. McKay may advance the theory that Morse switched parties because he had wanted the Republican vice-presidential nomination in 1952—a theory not proved. But McKay's most powerful weapon is the Morse-Eisenhower question: Can a senator run on one platform, then switch to an entirely different party without alienating the cowmen, loggers and farmers who in this very Western state still cling to old codes: A man's word is his bond; you don't renege on your promises.

Wayne Morse now must battle for 39,000 voters who opposed him for no discernible reason except that they had nothing against Woody Smith, but did object to Morse. Morse must figure out just what 116,000 Democrats who voted for a cocktail waitress, and 109,000 who voted for a man who wasn't running for governor, are likely to do in November. Most importantly, he must convince Oregonians that his conduct of the last four years fits their own codes—and that he was right when he said Dwight Eisenhower lacks political morality and is the most dangerous man ever to sit in the White House. It's an assignment for a big man.

Douglas McKay's job is less complicated. He'll surely need help from President Eisenhower, but he must also convince Oregonians that it doesn't constitute "outside interference." Definitely, he must establish the point: If you like Eisenhower, you can't possibly vote for Morse. And, finally, he badly needs one short, succinct answer to that loaded question, "What about Al Serena?"

Perhaps he could use the help of tall, lonely-voiced Fred Altland, eighteen miles up in the mountains on Elk Creek. I asked Altland, "What about this mine?"

There was softness in his glance at the weathered buildings. "Oh," he said, "it's a good-enough mine. Just let the price of gold go up, and she's ready to run tomorrow."

If it just would, Douglas McKay might have his answer. THE END

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The Red Supersalesmen Muscle In

(Continued from Page 23)

it up almost as easily as boiling a bowl of borsch. They could deliver the machinery in three months, install it, and then would be glad to train Syrians to operate it. They would take payment in dollars, sterling or Syrian products. The price? Very, very reasonable, said Nicolai Melnikov, head of the trade mission. Say—well, about $50,000.

The X directors were stunned. One of them burst out, "Those figures—are they dollars or sterling?"

"Dollars," assured Melnikov.

"But—are you sure of your figures?" persisted the Syrian, while some of his fellow directors wanted to throttle him.

Melnikov drew himself up and delivered a short, blunt speech: "I am definitely certain of my figures. I would like to draw your attention to the fact that I am an engineer for heavy industry and chief of the U.S.S.R. trade organization which handles imports and exports of all kinds of machinery. In my capacity as chief of this department, I am empowered to sign a contract with you for this plant, right now!"

Further negotiations between X Company and Techno-Export have been kept strictly secret. It is known that the president of the company is firmly anticommunist, but whether or not he can persuade his board of directors to turn down the virtual gift of a $2,000,000 factory remains to be seen.

These two cases in which American business has collided head-on with Iron Curtain traders aren't unique. Indeed, they are small dots in a vast pattern that is spreading over the Middle East, into Central Africa and around through South Asia, as the Soviet twists the tools of trade into potent, long-range weapons against the free world. Evidence is piling up in the industry-hungry nations that the communists mean business—a strange, perverted kind of business, carried on by supercartels of the U.S.S.R. and her satellites, in which the profit motive is turned against free enterprise, and bribery and commercial espionage are freely employed.

The Soviet's new economic drive is conceived on a grand scale and already has demonstrated its ability to leapfrog defense pacts and unfriendly borders. It has shown a great affinity for cement plants, steel mills, oil refineries, port facilities, railroads and highways. But those who carry out its missions haven't hesitated to buy apples, cotton or vegetable oil, or to sell cameras, potato planters and coffee percolators.

The Soviet trade scouts aren't in the least secretive about their aims—at least not the part which shows above the surface. They claim they merely want to show the world that the communist system can coexist, that it can compete with capitalism on a business basis—and besides, they have a streak of do-good in their hearts. Sergei Kiktev, the new U.S.S.R. minister to Lebanon, reputedly sent here to quarterback the communist trade teams in the Middle East, breezily called on American diplomats and announced, "We're going in for Point Four work, too—but, of course, our efforts will necessarily be somewhat more modest."

But, as usual, eight ninths of the Russian iceberg is under the surface. Kiktev's ingenuous pose covers a cold-blooded operator who is believed to be a high-level MVD agent specializing in political infiltration and the agitation of racial and religious conflicts.

Of course, the long-time goals of the Soviet pitchmen are as plain as the vodka glow on a commissar's nose. First comes the break-out from behind the West's defense barriers along the U.S.S.R.'s southern periphery—the Baghdad Pact and SEATO. This is under way right now. Communist engineers and salesmen nimbly leap these military fences and fan out into the countries beyond. Next comes the process of burrowing into the vital trade and industry of the receptive nations—the establishment of business relationships which sooner or later may become powerful economic-political levers. Finally would come the harvest along this route to the East that is studded with such rich prizes. The prizes include warm-water ports, the Suez Canal and, most tantalizing of all, the fabulously productive oil pools of the Persian Gulf area, where desert sands cover an estimated 75 per cent of the world's proved petroleum reserves. Then, too, there are the as-yet-uncommitted minds of a billion people in underdeveloped nations.

The Middle East even could prove the key that would unlock Western Europe to the communists. An English diplomat put it to me most crisply, "If the Soviet ever squeezes us—your country and the U.K.—out of the Middle East, the show is done. Approximately eighty-five per cent of Western Europe's oil comes from there. If we lose access to that oil, NATO would come to a crashing halt."

In this contest, the "let's-all-be-friends" approach of the Iron Curtain contract hustlers isn't exactly a laughing matter. Moreover, the (*Continued on Page 67*)

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THE NAME YOU KNOW

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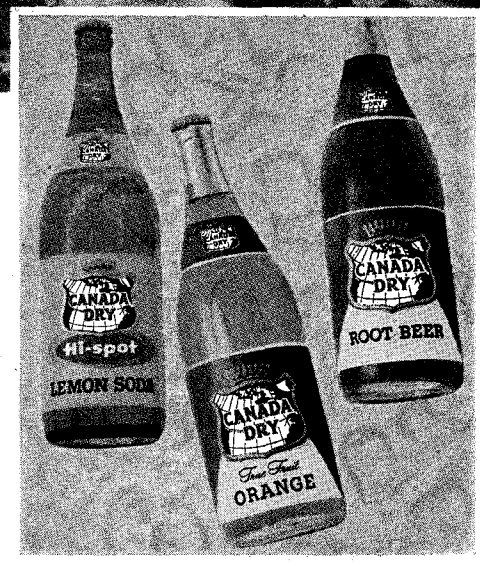

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for the whole family... safe for baby too!

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Here's color with the soft look you love—in your favorite baby-soft tissue. Gentle new color companions for your towels and tile . . . for baby's little sheets and shirts!

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The big roll is your Biggest Color Value!

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(*Continued from Page 65*) fact that some Western European businessmen don't hesitate to play footsie with communist firms has led to some unpleasant surprises for American entrepreneurs. Such was the case not long ago when the Chase Manhattan Bank and an overseas investment group were negotiating with the Ethiopian Government for construction and financing of a large cement plant, much needed by Ethiopia for its program of highway, housing and industrial expansion.

One member of the group was a substantial West German engineer, Dr. Walter Frohn, of Munich, who sat in on the inner-circle discussions of plans for design and financing of the plant. What happened next was related to me by an irate American engineer who also was a member of the investment group and had known Frohn favorably for some time. The group estimated that the total project would cost in excess of $4,000,000 and was negotiating with the Ethiopians on that basis. Then the group was shocked to learn that Frohn had gone to the Ethiopians with a bid from an East German firm to build and equip the plant for $3,800,000. The offer was drawn in the now-classic Soviet-bloc "business" pattern: The East Germans would build the plant, supply technicians to operate it during the "run-in" period, and train Ethiopian personnel to take it over. No down payment would be required. Financing would be spread over four years. A real cozy deal.

Frohn's back-door gambit on behalf of the East German firm dismayed the Ethiopians almost as much as it did the Chase Manhattan group. The government didn't relish the idea of admitting a flock of communist technicians—nor of slapping the United States in the face. Still, the East German proposition was attractive financially and it put the original group—minus Frohn—on a hot spot. As this is written, the whole project is still hanging fire.

The Red traders outsmart themselves occasionally. Western businessmen now are chuckling over the baffling situation of a Polish state engineering firm which has a contract to do a big job in Saudi Arabia, but can't get into the country. This hassle originated when Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Syria decided it would be nice to rebuild and extend the Hejaz railroad along the ancient Moslem pilgrim route from Ma'an, in Jordan, to Mecca—the same rail line destroyed by famed Lawrence of Arabia during World War I.

The three Arab countries went about the project in a businesslike way, setting up a commission to make preliminary plans and seek international bids. The commission estimated the job should cost about 2,000,000 Syrian pounds. Bidding was lively, indeed, as American, Japanese, French and English firms, anxious to establish connections in oil-rich Arabia, shaved their estimates razor-close. But none were so anxious as the Poles, who put in a below-cost offer of 1,100,000 pounds and won the contract.

However, when a party of fifteen Polish engineers started to run surveys toward the Saudi-Arabian border, King Saud, the feudal monarch who regards all foreigners with suspicion, had some second thoughts. He declared, in effect, "Contract or no contract, I won't have godless communists tramping around my country with telescopes." Denied visas, the Poles sat in Damascus, Syria, for months. Then, in May, the three Arab countries announced that they were canceling the contract "on technical grounds."

Such minor setbacks don't cause the communists to fret. They have lots of time and no doubt believe that every low bid, accepted or rejected, ripens their cause. Meanwhile they can gloat over some major economic victories. The cotton-for-arms deal with Egypt opened the great Nile Valley. And just a few weeks ago they moved toward the headwaters, into the newly independent Sudan, another cotton-dominated country, where the Czechs are busy on a technical-aid program and are also offering arms. Syria, fanatically anti-West and wedged in between two Baghdad Pact nations, Turkey and Iraq, has been deeply infiltrated, politically and economically, by the Soviet, and now is being tied to the communist tail gate with a huge barter of $80,000,000 worth of tanks, planes and guns for Syrian products. Syria also wants to build a national oil refinery, presumably to become independent of Western interests. The Russians and Czechs have rushed in with offers to erect and operate it for a nominal fee—so nominal Syrian communist politicians pushed a special law through their parliament to award the contract without revealing the bids.

Afghanistan, lying between two other Baghdad Pact adherents, Iran and Pakistan, is now being overrun with 500 or more Soviet technicians and activists. Many of them speak the native tongue. They spread the Marxian word in this primitive land while paving streets and building grain warehouses, a cement plant and a glass factory. During the tour of those stellar advance men, Bulganin and Khrushchev, a $100,000,000 technical-assistance loan was pressed on the surprised Afghans. Beachhead operations have been begun in India, where Russian engineers are building a 1,000,000-ton steel mill, and also in tiny but strategic Lebanon, where a Soviet trade firm has been established.

In the booming port city of Beirut, for thousands of years a trading center between the West and the East, I found that at least one group of prominent businessmen have become convinced that their future depends on acting as middlemen between Russia and the Arab states—hence the Soviet trade firm. They have organized the Lebanese International Trading Company, for the specific purpose of trading Lebanese and Syrian goods for Iron Curtain products. The recent action of Russia in backing the United Nations on the Arab-Israel dispute hasn't changed their minds—at least not on the surface, though it must have caused them to do some soul searching.

To get a firsthand look at such an organization, to hear the party line spouted in a board-room atmosphere, is illuminating and disconcerting. It transforms the Cold War into order blanks, sales catalogues and credit slips—instead of propaganda barrages fired over the ether waves. I interviewed one of the backers and directors of LITCO, a Lebanese capitalist named Mr. Philippe Tamer, in his modern office, where our conversation was interrupted by the demands of two telephones and an intercom. Tamer is a sleek, chubby man who enjoys expensively tailored suits and conservative cravats in a land where the usual worsted is wildly checked and neckties are inspired by flaming sunsets. Under the glass on his long desk was a plan of the research center of the Lebanon Industry Institute, being built in part with United States Point IV funds. He is president of the Association of Lebanese Industrialists, also behind the institute. A solid upper-class citizen, in other words.

But, he told me, he is disillusioned with "the pretensions" of the United States. "Your country is trying to exercise world leadership, but isn't ready for it," he said flatly. "It doesn't understand the needs of the world."

I asked him to clarify that sweeping statement and he obliged. "Your country wants to sell, never to buy. Your Government apparently doesn't want the Arabs to industrialize, yet we must build industries if we are to have prosperity in any depth." He added that he had taken a trip to Czechoslovakia, where he found "all the people working seriously and wanting peace." In fact, he said, "The Soviet trade policy is much safer for small countries than that of the United States. The Soviet considers the interests of the people with whom they trade. Their terms are better—they take goods for the total amount we buy from them. A man has to look after his own best interests, so why should I buy from the United States when I can buy more cheaply from the Soviet?"

After this speech, Tamer explained the LITCO setup. The firm, capitalized for about $300,000 and backed by some top Lebanese capitalists, has a remarkably free-and-easy arrangement with Techno-Export, under which Iron Curtain goods are supplied on consignment, no down payment, with credit backing that carries through to the ultimate customer. "When we sell, say a tractor, to a farmer, his payments are not due until his crop is harvested. Then we can pay for Soviet goods in surplus farm products."

I spent a morning looking through Techno-Export catalogues in the new LITCO office. They certainly offer proof that the Soviet has done an intensive planning job on its sales campaign. Booklets and brochures were well printed, many in four colors, with texts in Russian, French and English. Art work was Sears, Roebuck, circa 1930. But specifications were complete. Each item was backed with a list of required parts and operating manuals.

If the catalogues are to be believed, Russia and her satellites stand ready to deliver an amazing variety of industrial goods, ranging from bright red-and-chrome motorcycles to monster self-propelled drilling rigs. Russia's own agriculture may be undermechanized, but she is offering to sell farm tractors, combines, grain drills and sprinkler-irrigation systems. Muscovites may have to wait months or years for an automobile, but Techno-Export is advertising for export three different models which vaguely resemble certain American cars of 1942.

"These won't sell here," the young office manager said, when he saw me paging through the car catalogue. "Too old-fashioned. But the Russians promise they are bringing out new models, very fancy, this year." Other offerings, at random: Heavy excavating machines, ten-wheel trucks, railroad cranes, cement mixers, hydraulic jacks and diesel-electric sets.

In LITCO's display room at the edge of Beirut, I inspected several tractors, sets of plows, grain drills and motorcycles. The manager explained they were just beginning to get shipments and the average delivery time on tractors and trucks was four weeks. The pride of the show was a fifty-four-hp tractor, a direct copy of the same-model American tractor that I drove on my father's wheat farm in Kansas more than twenty-five years ago. The price tag was 40,000 Lebanese pounds—or about $12,500. This price was "subject to negotiation," I was told.

Some diplomats and businessmen are inclined to discount the Soviet's campaign to peddle its somewhat roughhewn wares in competition with glossy goods from the capitalistic West. But those on the trading fronts of the crucial Middle East aren't complacent at all. They don't think that private business is equipped to meet this particular kind of threat, and, as yet, the United States and Great Britain haven't unveiled any counter-strategy. They insist that American aid figures, despite their compelling total, do not impress the people of this part of the world because most of the aid has gone to Europe and a few selected Eastern countries, but relatively little to the restless, vulnerable Arab states. Egypt, for example, received $12,900,000 of American aid in 1953 and $3,100,000 in 1954—while Israel got $72,900,000 and $54,000,000 in those years. As far as the Arabs are concerned, it wasn't until the bustling Bolshies appeared that the United States became interested in the Middle East. In 1955 we boosted our aid to Egypt to $44,400,000.

"This Soviet economic drive is no joke at all," said E. Reeseman Fryer, who roves the Middle East as assistant to the president of Westinghouse International.

"Why don't you invite the Smiths over? The evening is shot anyway."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Phoenix
INSURANCE TIPS

Can YOU Save on Insurance?

Savings up to 30% Possible with
NEW PACKAGE POLICY

Folks just like you are saving — some as much as 30% — by combining their insurance on home, personal belongings, and liability into one *convenient* Package Policy. But let's take a dim view . . . let's say you're one of the 2% who wouldn't save any money. In that case, you would get *more* protection for the *same* money. Either way, you gain. If you rent, there's a Package Policy for you, too. To find out how much *you* can save, ask an agent representing one of the Phoenix of Hartford companies to go over your policies with you.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE
BUY INTEGRITY

THE Phoenix OF HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANIES

All forms of Insurance except Life

The Phoenix Insurance Company
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Equitable Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Minneapolis Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Reliance Insurance Company of Canada
Executive Office: Hartford 15, Connecticut

"The communists are prepared to spend millions, and they are finding it a better bargain than the same money spent on arms. It is up to business to find a way to meet the competition. We need more dynamic sales and credit policies, some ways of insuring loans to spread the risk."

A British trade official told me, "The communists come to these countries and say, 'We'll take your surpluses.' So they are getting the business. If we want to compete in these critical areas, we must take their products. We need, also, to give a break in taxes and credit to the businessmen who come out here and take the risks."

The U.S.S.R. & Company is in no hurry, but its supercartels can roll a victim with dizzying speed when the opportunity offers. The manner in which they have moved in on Egypt should warn other small nations that, despite all her gestures of generosity, Russia isn't trying to compete for the Santa Claus title of the world.

The Kremlin planners were shrewd enough to see that Egypt's soft underbelly was her overwhelming dependence on a cash-cotton economy. They saw in Egypt's fear of Israel an opportunity to take a mortgage on the cotton in return for arms; now they are using the cotton credits to force their way into many channels of Egyptian commerce. Here is the way it was maneuvered:

The early part of 1955 was tough on Premier Nasser. Israeli attacks brought home his military weakness. Cotton exports, which produce about 85 per cent of Egypt's foreign exchange, were going badly—and the country needed more foreign funds than ever before to buy the materials and machinery to keep Nasser's ambitious development program going. The Egyptians blamed our farm policy for their cotton problems—the huge American cotton surpluses were causing European spinners to buy from hand to mouth, waiting for a price break. Also, Washington was delaying endlessly on Nasser's modest request for $27,000,000 worth of arms.

Thus, Soviet Ambassador Daniel Solod found a ready listener when he casually suggested to Nasser that some members of the communist family might be willing to barter arms for Egyptian cotton, "no strings attached." Nasser, who despises communists and doesn't hesitate to throw the local variety in jail, was interested, but mulled over the offer until June. Then he became desperate, called Solod and accepted.

The Czechs were assigned to handle the business for the Soviet, and as the bargain unfolded, it seemed like a mutually beneficial deal. Premier Nasser assured himself of great new military strength, probably superiority, against Israel. He became a great hero to the Arabs, unquestioned leader of the Arab bloc. The Soviet take was rewarding too. The communists traded some secondhand military hardware for a useful commodity. They spat in the West's eye before a large, appreciative audience of recent colonial subjects. And they established a beachhead in the key nation of the Middle East.

With the boyish directness for which he is noted, Nasser declared that he wasn't buying doctrine along with MIG's and Stalin tanks. "We didn't get rid of the British," he said, ". . . and refuse a United States military mission, only to let the communists in."

But the communists are now in the Nile Valley, boot-deep. The "no strings" have become ropes of cotton, cables of steel, running deep into Egypt's economy. Through barter deals and extensive trade agreements the Soviet bloc, including Red China, has become far and away the major customer for Egypt's prized long-staple cotton. The communists took only 12 per cent of Egypt's exports from the 1953 crop. The next year they started stepping up purchases, taking 25 per cent. After the arms deal they wound up with almost 40 per cent of the 1955-crop exports. And right now the Egyptian cotton trade is estimating that fully half of the exports of the crop now coming on will go into communist hands.

"Just think of the power that gives the Soviet," exclaimed one Alexandria cotton trader. "Our government is insane to let this happen. Why, with a flick of the pen, the communists could virtually bankrupt us."

The Iron Curtain cotton traders performed this fast sew-up job with all the skill of a corporation raider. There was no crass display of Soviet technicians. In six weeks in Egypt I saw many MIG's, but not a single individual who could be identified as Russian or Czech. The penetration was accomplished with order forms and credits, and the results show that the communists don't mind making a fat capitalistic profit along the route of economic conquest.

The communists proved to be brutal traders last fall when prices were low, forced down by large unsold stocks. They haggled over every point, questioned the quality of shipments and juggled accounts to conceal their purchases. In a typical sale, cotton might be bought by Red China on the specifications of a Polish spinning mill, but the fiber might be shipped to East Germany while the credit was assigned to Czechoslovakia. As far as our experts can determine, the bulk of Iron Curtain buying took place in December and early January.

Then, after most of the crop had moved, the communists suddenly became amiable, happy-go-lucky buyers, announcing their intended purchases well in advance, going easy on grading, and accepting offers without bargaining. Prices boomed. By the end of April the price of "good" Ashmouni was up thirty-three to thirty-four points. Other types were doing equally well. This didn't help the Egyptians much; they were sold out. But it was fine for the communists, who began selling some of their vast holdings at cut rates—but still at a big profit—on Western European markets, despite a firm agreement with Nasser not to sell to any of Egypt's regular customers.

"The comrades really took the Egyptians to the cleaners," one United States trade expert told me. "They took cotton for credit, pushed up the price, sold for cash—including dollars—and are enjoying the proceeds without paying interest. Meanwhile these huge credits, over and above the arms deal, mean that Egypt must take what the communists will give her; she is now tied to the Iron Curtain economy."

That isn't all. In the train of the cotton conquest have come all kinds of invasions of trade. With subsidized bids and credit pressure the satellites are shouldering their way into the usual cement plants, railroads, bridges and the like. The contract for extension of an electric-power station at Alexandria has gone to DIA, an East German firm, for 509,000 pounds against bids in the 1,000,000-pound range from West Germany, France and Austria. The Soviets have pressured certain Egyptian departments to use a short-notice-bid technique which catches outsiders unprepared. This method is said to have enabled a Hungarian state firm to walk off with a contract for twenty diesel-electric trains at 69,550 pounds per copy. Even powerful government agencies feel the Red heat. The Committee for Land Reform, which operates with money taken from the once-royal Mehemet Ali family, wanted to buy United States tractors, which had proved best by test, but the minister of finance held up the contract, insisting on a switch to Russian machines. The land-reform people fought it out at top levels and won, this time, but were reminded that dollars are getting scarcer, rubles more plentiful.

Nasser is said to have ruled that he wouldn't allow communist propaganda along with Iron Curtain goods, but this poses no problem to the imaginative Red hustlers. In fact, the Red Chinese Trade Fair in Cairo last April—one of a whole rash of such communist road shows—had the use of the Agricultural Fair Buildings on Gezira Island to put across its message that communism was a quick and easy way by which a peasant people—say the Egyptian *fellahin*—could achieve a full, rich life.

True, the Red Chinese themselves, while they are erecting large factories and beginning to produce consumer goods and industrial equipment, haven't as yet, anything ready for export. But that proved no great problem. Their sister satellites simply chipped in with some of their outmoded goods, changed the labels, and presto, Red Chinese manufactures. They kept the display modestly old-fashioned. There were radios and record players believed to be from Hungary—the old style with the big tubes. A wheat combine, clearly of Russian make, was based on American designs of about 1930. Some surgical goods were Chinese after a fashion—they were the kind China used to import from Pakistan before the revolution. Optical goods were shown, courtesy of East Germany. Some of the appliances still showed the old rivet holes where the original name plates had been fastened. On others the original names had been filed from castings and painted over.

The exhibit wouldn't have fooled a teen-ager from an industrial nation. But it made a deep impression on the Egyptian villagers who flocked to see it. Some certainly went home with the feeling that communism has a quick formula for providing many of the things they want, but must now do without. It even impressed Hussein, a college graduate and a young businessman in Cairo, who solemnly told me, "The communists are catching up with the West. The Arabs have a choice now. They can trade with the side that gives them the best terms."

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When you talk behind a man's back, it means he's ahead of you.

Any husband who tracks mud into the house is apt to get the ground cut from under his feet.

The only thing children need in order to get their own way is parents.

Some self-made men act as if they must have had an accomplice.

Middle age is when the "morning after" lasts all day.

The patience a child displays is apt to be yours.

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Manhattan Cowboy (Continued from Page 24)

Danny Seccora, the last bull rider. Danny's from the Prairie Moon Ranch, Lake George, New York."

"Man, I bet that's some spread," Casey said. "The poor fool probably never saw anything but a bull squirrel!"

The cowboys lining the edge of the arena shifted their weight, as if they might have to get to their feet in a hurry. The chute hand had dropped off the gate. The orchestra stopped. Pinky moved a step nearer the chute.

Danny Seccora, his right hand resting on the top plank of the gate, wriggled his body and leaned back. His swarthy face looked over the gate. He nodded to the man holding it. The gate swung open.

The moment the big Brahma saw the opening, he was out under the lights. He landed and spun viciously to the right; his hind feet seemed to pass his body and then kick out parallel to the tanbark. Danny banked with the turn. The big building was hushed; the only sounds being the clanging of the cowbell hanging on the bull rope beneath the animal's belly, and the snuffling, thumping noises the big animal made, hitting the tanbark.

"Well, I'll be go to hell," Casey murmured.

The bull passed Pinky in two, straight-away, vicious, spine-jarring jumps. The cowboys all rose to their feet as if they couldn't believe their eyes.

Danny's right arm, held away from his body, seemed to relax. With his fingers spread, palm down, he kept his balance with the easy grace of a dancer. Pinky was chasing the bull when the horn sounded the end of the interminable eight seconds. Danny threw his right leg over the hump on the bull's back and tried to hit the ground running. He fell to his hands and knees. The enraged animal spun like a cat; with lowered head, he butted Danny, skidding the boy through the tanbark, plowing a furrow. Fortunately Danny curled up, his hands clasped behind his head, his elbows protecting his face.

Screams sounding oddly forced came from different parts of the shadowed oval of seats. Pinky ran in front of the bull and slapped it above the eye with his open hand. The animal left Danny and chased Pinky across the arena. The clown turned off at an angle so that the bull's back was toward the fallen rider. Pinky dropped on all fours and mimicked a bull pawing dust. There was a full second before the crowd started to cheer; they weren't watching the clown; they were watching Danny get unsteadily to his feet. He was greeted by an ovation which reverberated from one side of the building to the other. Danny weaved to the side of the arena, fumbling to pull the glove off his left hand.

Two riders, their long whips popping, entered the arena. The bull seemed undecided whether or not to charge the clown; then he trotted disdainfully toward the gate at the far end.

The announcer's voice, hardly audible above the din, asked, "Folks, how did you like the work of Pinky Mills, our rodeo clown?" The perfunctory clapping was lost in the sustained cheering.

Pinky took a bow hurriedly, and picked up Danny's bull rope. The house lights went on and the crowd started for the exits. In the arena the cowboys began filing out in groups. Many raised their eyebrows in expressions of incredulity.

Danny leaned against the side boards. His nose was bleeding. His long hair, disarrayed, gave him a wild appearance.

Pinky came over to him and handed him the bull rope. "Sorry, kid, I had Fifty-three figured wrong; usually he ——"

"Wise guy!" Danny interrupted with a snarl, almost a sob. "Let a guy get creamed and it would be that much easier for your friends!"

The clown stood there, aghast. Both Casey and Dean heard the sudden outburst. Dean stepped over and took Pinky by the elbow. Casey stood in front of Danny until he was sure the other two had moved off.

"Why don't you act like a man?" Casey said quietly, adding, "A haircut would help." Then he turned and followed Dean and the clown.

Several other cowboys overheard Danny's heated words. They looked at Danny scornfully as they passed. Danny wiped the blood from his upper lip and started to follow. A reporter stopped him and started asking questions.

Casey caught up to Dean. They filed out of the big building with the others, using a side door opening onto 49th Street. A voice said, "Ain't that something? Pink's had men gored, bad, when he's workin', and I bet that's the first time anybody's ever blamed him!"

Cabs spewing a wake of dirty moisture hurried down the damp street. The neon lights of the Belfast Hotel, where many of the contestants stayed, shone on a group of restless boys. As the cowboys approached, cutting diagonally across the street, some of the boys took out programs and pencils and came to meet them.

As Casey signed his name for one tough-looking little boy, he said to Dean, "Damn, I've seen that Seccora somewhere before."

"You've had rough luck," Dean answered, "but not that bad."

They went into the crowded hotel bar. Casey and Dean joined a table with several other cowboys. The conversation was centered on Danny's ride.

Casey finally broke in with, "Can't see where it's impossible that he's just plain good. Look, they have all them ragtime-riding-academy rodeos around the East. The stock's sore-footed and tired. Where could a fellah get better practice than foolin' around with sorry stock?"

"Could be," another agreed. "But you don't jump from sorry stock to settin' on Fifty-three like he was a milk cow. I swear I saw that nasty kid watchin' the bull's head. He was guessin', but right! That's the only way you ever ride those tough ones."

"Plain dumb luck," a cowboy at the end of the table said. "I bet he don't ride a one of his four remaining bulls."

Suddenly someone at the table said, "Here he is now. Take a gawk at that filly!"

Danny Seccora stood in the entrance, an attractive girl clinging to his arm. She looked at Danny, admiration plain on her face. Danny hesitated, looking for space in the crowded room. His handsome face appeared ludicrously young; he'd tried to grow long sideburns, but his thin beard gave the lower parts a fuzzy appearance.

Pinky Mills pushed his way through the door. He looked old without his clown's make-up. He didn't notice who was in his way until he stood at Danny's shoulder. He stopped abruptly. There was a noticeable quieting of conversation all over the room. Then Pinky glanced at the girl; he shrugged and moved to the table where Casey and Dean sat. The noise in the bar increased to its former volume.

Pinky sat down next to Casey. "I should have called that dang kid outside. I feel like I'm crawlin' to him, takin' all that guff."

"I recall my first winnin' time," Casey said. "After I stepped back on my pony and the judge checked my tie, somebody threw the piggin string at me when they let the calf up. The end hit my cheek. I was so excited I cussed the fellah out. I was crazy excited. This punk—hell, he probably don't know any better."

"Old Mush Heart," Pinky said, smiling at Casey. "You'd stick up for a rattler!"

Someone called across the table, "Pink, you wanna get a little money down on this phenom? There's ten-to-one he can't ride the rest of his bulls. Some say it was luck; some say he'll be another Jim Shoulders or Todd Whatley."

"I'll bet against the little snake, but somethin' tells me not to bet too much," Pinky answered, and then added, "Here comes his cheerin' section."

A large group stood in the door. They spotted Danny and waved enthusiastically, some calling to him above the din.

"Lord, I'm tired of noise," Dean said. "Who's for quitting this trap and having a drink upstairs?"

Dean and Casey had a corner room, a little bigger than most. But the group covered the bed and used every available chair. The scarred desk was pushed away from the wall and a poker game started. Pinky and some of the others went to their own rooms.

Two hours later the game was still going. The room was blue with smoke. There was a knock on the door.

Casey, never looking up from his cards, called, "Come in!"

The door opened and Danny Seccora stood uncertainly in the frame. "Youse guys got an empty place? Can I sit in?"

The players looked at one another, stunned. There was an embarrassing silence. Danny cleared his throat. "I thought, perhaps——" His voice cracked, flicking upwards; then stumbled to quiet.

"The game's bustin' up," Dean said.

Danny reached into the room, his hand fumbling for the doorknob. For an endless second his hand pawed the air while his wounded eyes traveled from one player to the next. Quietly he closed the door. The room remained silent.

Then Casey said, "Damn it, where were we? Whose bet?"

They finished the hand. The easy, joking banter was gone. Then Casey said, "How about once around?"

Everyone mumbled his consent. The game broke up shortly afterward. As the cowboys left the room, saying good night to Casey and Dean, there was an air of discomfort; their minds seemed preoccupied, each lost in his own thoughts.

Casey surveyed the glasses sitting everywhere, some with cigarette stubs floating in the dregs of a drink. "Well, he took all the sunshine outta the whale's nest. If you'd 'a' asked him in, they'd 'a' been on your neck. Now I feel like we kicked a stray pup."

"Oh, forget it. Let's get some sack-time," Dean answered gruffly.

The Belfast coffee shop was empty when Dean and Casey came in for breakfast. After they'd ordered, Casey opened the paper. "Well, will you take a gawk at this?" he said, pushing the paper on the counter to Dean's elbow.

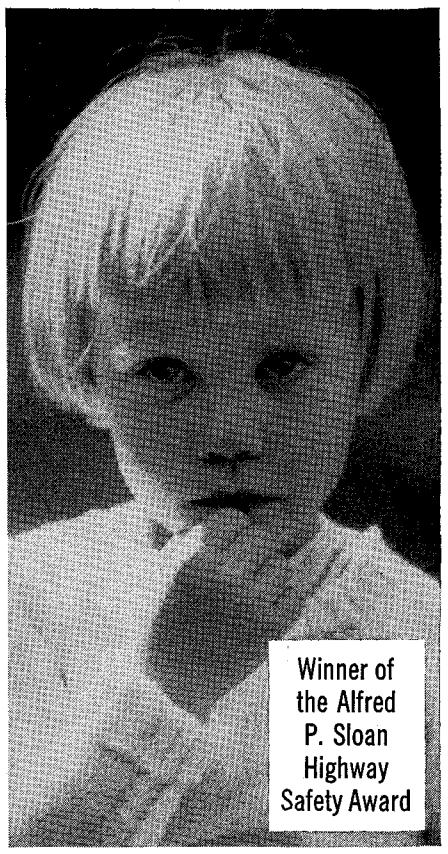
There were two pictures of Danny; one riding Fifty-three, the other standing with the pretty girl.

"Worked as a waiter in a hotel in the Catskills," Dean mused as he read. "Comes from a family of ten." Dean looked up. "You know, as long as I've been comin' to New York, the rodeo hasn't had much space. Now this character's spread all over the sports page."

Casey sipped his coffee thoughtfully. "Look at the way he's archin' his back. I think the nervy punk is good. Look, he ain't hangin' on with his spurs. No wonder, after the first conniption, the bull bucked straight away. Most times Fifty-three has a man on Queer Street in four seconds, just spinnin'."

"Hell's Kitchen—it says that's where he comes from," Dean said, still reading. "But imagine him thinkin' Pinky would get him hurt on purpose. What kind of a boy is he?"

"Come on, eat your breakfast," Casey said, "I gotta get my horse out of that basement for a few minutes. I'm up tonight, and I drawed a calf bigger than some of the doggin' steers."



"My name is Mary Lou.
I live at 916 Indian Road.
I am a good girl.
I never, never play in the street.
Naughty girls play in the street so please drive carefully. Even naughty girls are too young to have to go to heaven. Watch out for naughty girls because sometimes even good little girls are naughty.
Please drive carefully."

The above message is brought to you in the interest of safer driving by Auto Specialties Mfg. Co. of Saint Joseph, Michigan, where we raise a lot of good little girls who sometimes run into the street and, incidentally, where we manufacture safer automobile brakes . . . Auto Specialties Double-Disc Brakes. They are ready for cars now.

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They paid for their meal and crossed 49th Street. The weather had cleared and wind whipped papers along the gutters. A group of boys played stick ball in the street, hardly stopping the game for the early-morning, cross-town traffic.

A man came jogging toward them dressed in a sweat suit, a towel hooding his head. Occasionally he'd shoot little jabs with his fists.

As Casey opened the side door to the Garden, he said, "Man, you see everything in this town."

The smell from the basement below was strong; the aromatic, ammoniac smell of stables none too clean. A few cowboys were exercising their horses in the arena. The arena looked small in the dim light. Casey and Dean walked down the ramp. The basement was a maze of plank stalls. The bucking horses and the cattle stood in corrals. A system of long chutes made it possible to herd them upstairs.

Casey threw his saddle on his rope horse. Dean said, "Where's Todd keep his buckskin? Todd was dang near paralyzed last night. I might give his horse a gulp of air."

They finished exercising the two horses and were walking down a long row of stalls when they noticed, on the other side of the stall, the same figure they'd seen running on the sidewalk. He was perched on the top plank of the bull corral. He crossed himself. Then he pushed the towel back. It was Danny.

Dean nudged Casey. "Look," he whispered, "see what I see?"

"Yeah," Casey whispered, "but look at the wig trim; even the duck tail and the sideburns are gone."

Casey noticed the line below the hair on Danny's neck; the clippers, exposing skin untanned by the sun, had left a white line. Danny's hair was short, almost a crewcut. He looked a lot neater.

"What's he doin'?" Dean asked, pushing his way into a stall in order to get closer. "Hope this old pony don't kick," he added.

Casey and Dean stood in the standing stall next to the cow pony's head. They peered through the planks, watching Danny, who sat on the makeshift pen, staring down at the bulls. Suddenly Danny looked up; he was watching someone approaching him.

"Hello, pop," he said unenthusiastically.

"Hello, Danny boy. I'sa read da pape. You do pretty good, huh?"

"How'd you get down here?"

"I tella da police upstairs who I am. He'sa say you down here." There was a pause. "Danny, you gotta little cash?"

"Pop, we go through this every damn week. I give mom every cent I can spare. You know damn well you'll just hit that grape and ——" Danny's voice trailed to silence. He jumped off the top plank and disappeared from sight. Then Dean and Casey heard him call, "Wait up, pop! I think I have a fin in my clothes."

"Damn, that's kinda depressin'," Casey whispered.

"Come on," Dean said irritably, his natural speaking voice sounding as loud as a shout. "Let's go. Why do you want to get all worked up about this?"

Casey was about to answer, and then he moved out of the stall.

They walked upstairs to the clown's room—a locker room with a battered dressing table, the mirror bordered by naked light bulbs. The floor was littered with equipment—saddles and chaps rolled together and tied by braided bronc reins; old boots, often patched by tape, considered lucky by their owners; canvas duffel bags; round flat cans protecting ropes from moisture. Cowboys sat on anything comfortable, and the everlasting arguments—about the bucking horses, the bulls, the dogging steers and the roping calves—were in progress.

Someone said, "Bee Jay Pierce flew in this morning. He's workin' the Chicago Stock Show as well as this rodeo. You know he's settin' first for the bull-riding championship; won over thirty thousand on bulls this year."

"Yeah, he's hot right now," another supplied. "I wonder if anyone's told him about the local threat."

Hurrying to one of the transomlike windows level with the pavement, Dean said, "Talk about the devil!" He tapped on the dirty glass with a coin. "I'd know those spindly bowed legs of Bee Jay's anywhere."

When the compact cowboy came into the room, there was a chorus of greetings.

... ...

Neighbor's Garden

By R. H. GRENVILLE

His garden is a lovesome thing.
In it the birds delight to sing,
The butterflies to dilly-dally,
The bees to buzz, the ants to rally.
The spider spins her web in it,
The breezes flow and ebb in it.
His mother likes to knit therein,
His wife will often sit therein;
His puppy buries things in it,
His little daughter swings in it,
And elves (she tells me) lurk in it,
But all he does is work in it.

... ...

"What an ambitious bunch," Bee Jay said, smiling. "Who's winning all the money?"

"Hard to tell," Dean answered, "but you got a new man to beat. Stays fightin' fit. A killer from the Catskills, Danny Seccora. Nice kid. Pinky figured him to get piled offen Fifty-three pretty close to the chute. The kid rode the bull; then accused Pinky of leavin' him to get gored to death, just to make it easy for Pinky's friends. Sweet boy."

"All bull riders are a little whacky," Bee Jay said as he threw his duffel bag down in a corner. "I'll see you fellahs later. I'm going to clean up."

Shortly afterward Casey and Dean left the clown's room. They went back to the hotel. They were bored, time dragged. They stopped in the coffee shop and ordered two cups of coffee.

Danny came in. He noticed them and sat at the far end of the counter.

After a few minutes, Bee Jay Pierce came in. He'd shaved and wore Oxfords, a pair of jeans and a plain white shirt. He sat next to Casey.

"That boy at the end of the counter is Danny Seccora," Casey whispered.

Bee Jay turned and looked at the slight figure. "I'm goin' to ask him about Fifty-three," Bee Jay said. "I never took a shot at him; I might draw him before this is over."

Casey started to restrain Bee Jay, but the other was off his stool, walking across the room. Casey and Dean kept their eyes on the mirror behind the glass-covered plates of doughnuts and the coffee urns. Danny sprang to his feet and shook Bee Jay's hand. Frank admiration, almost hero worship, spread across his dark face. Casey and Dean couldn't hear what they were saying, but they appeared to be chatting amicably.

Then Danny's voice rose, "Find out about the bull the way I did—the hard way—ride him!"

Bee Jay stared at the dark face. Bee Jay's profile was clear in the mirror; complete surprise, then slow anger, turned the slack muscles around his mouth into a set expression. He turned and came back to Casey and Dean.

"I'd like to bust that guy right in the mouth!" he said, his voice shaking.

"I tried to stop you," Casey said. "This punk doesn't think—well, like a man. More like a cornered coyote."

As Danny left the coffee shop, Casey followed him out into the lobby.

"Wait up a minute, Seccora," Casey said. "I don't know why I'm doing it, but I'd like to give you a tip."

Danny stared at Casey defiantly.

Casey cleared his throat. "Danny, when you see two of us talkin', holdin' our fists one on top of the other, with our thumb stuck out—well, that's the length hold we took on a bronc rein, measurin' with the bronc in the chute, the distance on the rein, back of the swell o' the saddle. If it was too short or too long, we tell each other. You ask a rider about a bull, he'll tell you. There's enough bad luck followin' a man without everybody bein' crafty with each other."

Danny swallowed. He opened his mouth as if to say something, and then stopped. He was confused.

"You're kidding me!" he blurted out. "You guys hate my guts. O.K. But don't try and make a sucker out of me and then laugh behind my back."

"Have it your own way," Casey said quietly, "but you got the wrong idea."

Two weeks later—the last day of the rodeo—almost every contestant was in the arena to watch the bull riding. Their anticipation showed through their practiced indifference.

Bee Jay, Dean and Casey sat together, their backs propped against the side boards. Casey said, "Well, it ain't even a storybook ending; all he has to do is ride his last bull. But he drawed a rough one. Blue Wrangler's only had two qualified rides outta close to seventy tries."

"I wished I'd put more money up," Dean said. "Who'd 'a' thought he could do it?"

"He's got one more," Bee Jay said.

"Every man here would have given you fifty dollars to beat him. Why'd you have to stand on your head off that bull, Bee Jay?" Dean asked teasingly.

"It sure wasn't on purpose."

"Look at the cameramen waitin' for his ride!" Casey said, surprised.

At least eight press photographers waited near the chutes. Pinky was amusing the audience by teasing the last bull out; Pinky would run at him and then, when the bull chased him, he'd jump into a red barrel and the bull would butt it, sending it rolling across the arena. The crowd loved it.

"He's gettin' down now," Casey said.

All the cowboys watched Chute No. 7. Danny stood with one foot on either side of the chute above the bull. Then he spraddled down.

"Look who's tuggin' his rope for him," Dean said.

A friend of Danny's—not a contestant—was pulling on the bull rope, straining as if he were pulling a bucket up a well.

"Imagine bein' loved so much you have to have some guy in a zoot suit help you down," Dean said, laughing.

The announcer's voice cut through the murmur of the crowd, "Out of Chute Number Seven, from Lake George, Danny Seccora, riding Blue Wrangler. As Danny is the only rider left with a chance to ride all of his bulls, this may be it, folks—the average and the New York championship."

There was a deafening roar from the crowd. Danny had been built up; he'd been on television twice, and after each successful ride the papers had given him space.

Suddenly Casey jumped to his feet. He ran over to the gate. A red light winked above the gate, signifying that this was the chute from which the action would take place.

Casey stood in front of the gate and talked to the boy who had tightened the bull rope. Then his annoyed voice could be heard by Dean and Bee Jay, "Here, gimme the rope! It's too far forward! You got enough hide from the elbow to make a suitcase!"

Casey climbed up on the gate and took the rope. He tugged and then leaned forward so that Danny could grasp it in his left hand—pinioned down by the loop around the bull—without losing any slack.

Danny wrapped it around his hand and scrunched his body down, his forearm pushing down on his thigh. He threw the end of the rope clear, in order that it wouldn't get under his leg. Casey said something to him, and a slow smile spread over Danny's face.

The chute boss yelled from behind the planks, "What are you doing in there, trying to sweat the buck out of that bull? Let's go!"

Casey dropped off the gate. He stopped for a second and said something to Pinky; then he joined Dean and Bee Jay.

The delay seemed to make every person in the mammoth building aware of the figure on the bull. There was almost a complete silence. Everyone saw Danny tug his hat down with his right hand. He crossed himself and nodded to the man holding the gate.

As the gate opened, all the watching cowboys rose to their feet. Blue Wrangler came out in one explosive bound. Then he spun twice to the right. Danny seemed to anticipate his moves with an uncanny sixth sense. The bull stopped and spun the other way. Danny's body hung perilously toward the outside of the turn. He fanned his right arm frantically across his upper body and somehow he managed to get his shoulders back over his hand. Blue Wrangler seemed confused at being unable to lose the rider; the wild gyrations lost their scientific pattern. He bawled once. Following the wall on the uptown side of the arena, he made the cowboys clamber up the box railings like so many frightened chickens. Then the horn sounded.

Danny let all holds go. He flopped off, landing on his back twenty feet from the side boards. Pinky ran between him and the bull, getting the animal's attention. The roar of the crowd beat down on the arena.

Suddenly the roar changed to a moan. Pinky had tripped over Danny's bull rope, and the bull, narrowly missing him, was turning to charge again. Danny pushed himself from a sitting position and ran toward the fallen clown. Pinky rolled over at the last second and the bull's horn missed his chest by inches.

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Blue Wrangler stopped, surprised at the figure running toward him. Then, with his head up, he jogged towards Danny.

Danny tried to feint toward the left, but almost as if it were in slow motion, Blue Wrangler dropped his head, at the last moment, and hoisted the boy high in the air.

Pinky was on his feet, and drew the bull's attention. The two riders were in the arena now, galloping toward the bull. Their popping whips held the animal's attention. The cowboys formed a ring around Danny. Some of them dropped to the tanbark by Danny, not daring to move him until a doctor came. The others formed a human wall between him and the bull. The riders finally drove Blue Wrangler off. He trotted the length of the arena, moving his wide head from side to side, a thin rivulet of saliva drooling from his open mouth as he grumbled a deep-throated bawl of anger.

Two interns came to Danny's side and lifted him onto a stretcher; he was conscious, and he tried to look back toward the arena.

Dean joined Casey; in the excitement they had both stood, protecting Danny.

"Man, oh, man! That bull like to put him on the balcony!" Dean said; and then, lowering his voice, he added, "Old buddy, I got a question or two."

"Later," Casey answered brusquely. "I want to find out if the kid's hurt bad."

The clown's room was crowded as Bee Jay and Dean pushed their way in. Everyone was either talking about Danny's ride or the next rodeo, the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Pinky sat in front of the dressing table, rubbing the clown's make-up from his face.

Casey walked into the room. The talk in the room quieted.

"The kid's O.K.; just tore his ankle and knee," he said, sitting on a bench.

"O.K., Wyatt Earp, let's have it. Is he your long-lost son or what?" Dean's words were not spoken roughly, more frankly curious. When Casey didn't answer, Dean continued, "Come on, old buddy. Bee Jay and I was right alongside of you. You couldn't have seen ifen he had his foot under the rope."

Casey looked up. Everyone in the room was watching him.

"All right. I did give him a little boost. You know, let him see how things are. Sort of how we ain't tryin' to cut each other's throats and ——" His voice trailed to silence.

No one spoke. Each man seemed embarrassed; some looked at their hands, others lit cigarettes.

Pinky turned from the mirror. "And I took that flop on purpose. Casey's idea. Of course, you fellahs know how catty I am. Real catty. Probably that's why the punk came out there alone. But he didn't waste no time. I think he might have more to him than just a good lick on a bull."

"Why did you do it, Case?" Dean asked.

"Oh, why're you so damn nosy?" Casey said gruffly. "I happen to be one of ten children. My old man drank himself to death. I seen some little mutt before—can't remember where—who reminded me of this kid. Sorta haunts me."

There was an embarrassed silence. Dean was about to say something when the door opened. Danny hobbled in, using a folding metal chair for a cane.

Bee Jay handed him a cane. "Belonged to Akridge; he left it. Nice ride, kid."

"Thanks, Bee Jay," Danny said, trying to control the muscles of his face.

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Can I buy you fellahs a drink?" Danny asked the room at large. His voice was uncertain, yet eager; as though everything hung on the answer.

The assents gained in volume. Men stood up and stretched awkwardly, as if they were uncomfortable.

"Let's go," Dean said. "Look, Danny; you sit on this chair. We'll pack yuh—sort of fireman's-carry motif."

The cavalcade cut across the street. The inevitable small boys plagued them for autographs.

They pushed into the bar. Casey and Dean lowered the metal chair at the head of a long table.

When the drinks came, a few men quickly hoisted their shot glasses in Danny's general direction.

Bee Jay pushed his chair back and stopped next to Danny. "I have to catch a plane. You coming to the Cow Palace, I hope—not?"

"Gee!"

"He might be my copilot," Casey said. "It's a long trip, trailin' a rope horse alone."

"I'll pay you to lose him," Bee Jay said, and thumped Danny's shoulder with the heel of his fist. He turned and left the bar.

Danny pulled out his wallet. He showed it to Casey. Behind the plastic window of a card holder was a scrap of an old rodeo program. Casey saw his own signature scrawled across the faded paper.

"Well, I'll be ——" Casey said, and reached for Danny's hand. They shook hands solemnly. Danny's smile was out of control. Quickly he rubbed at his eyes with the heel of his thumb. He sniffed loudly.

"Italians are awful sentimental," Danny whispered to Casey. THE END

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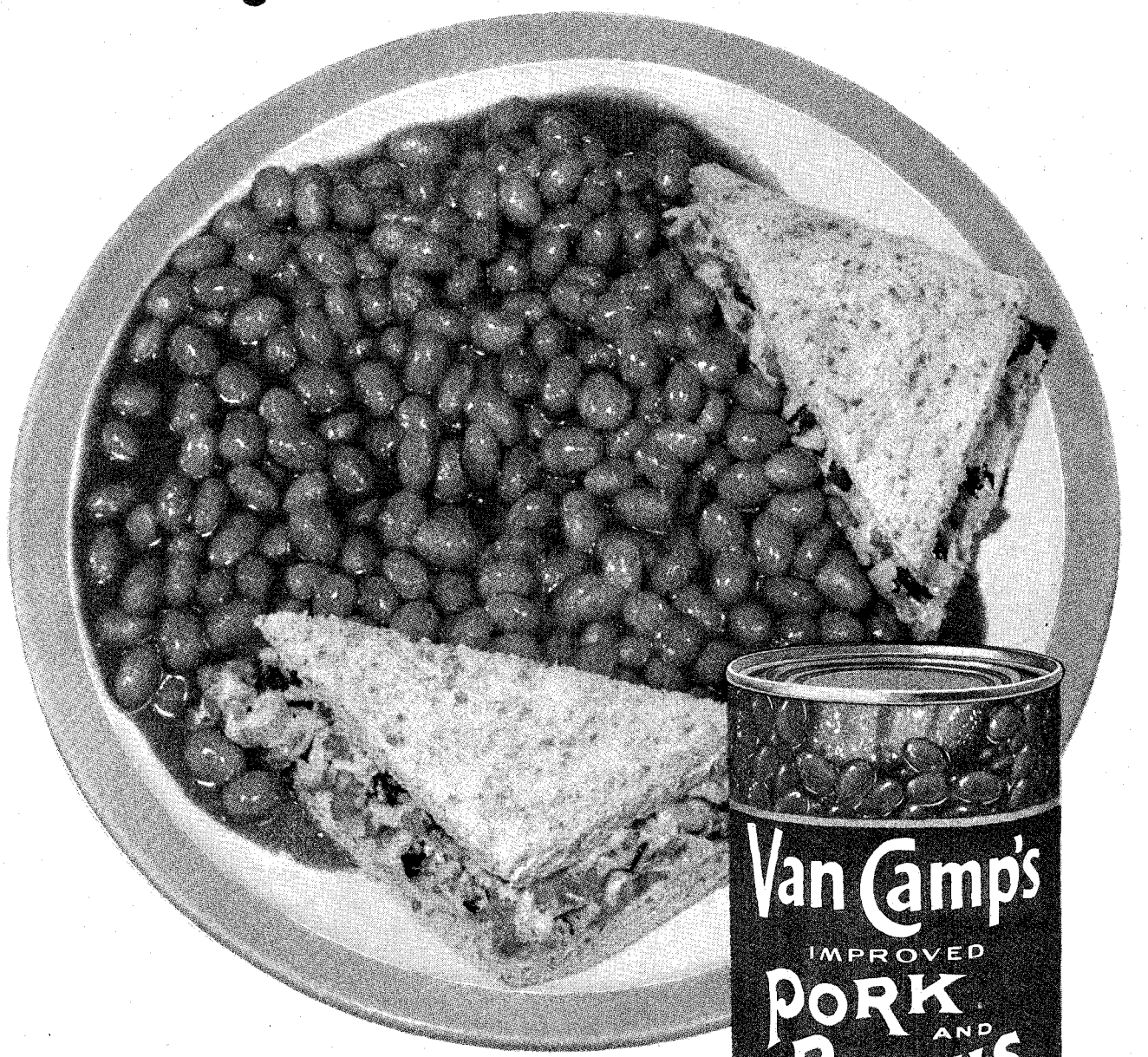

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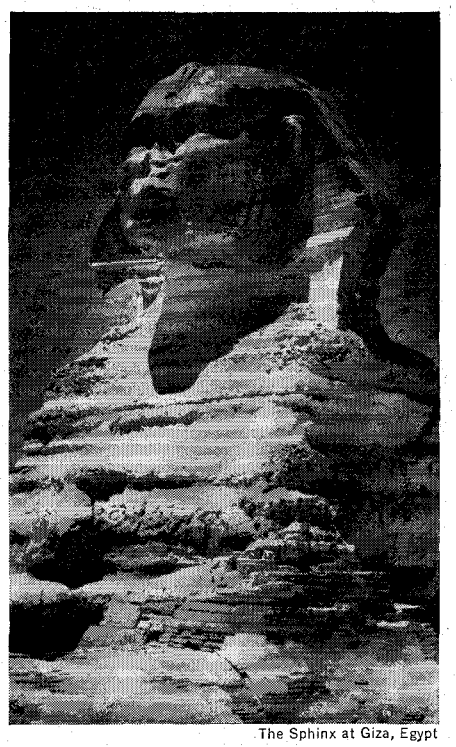

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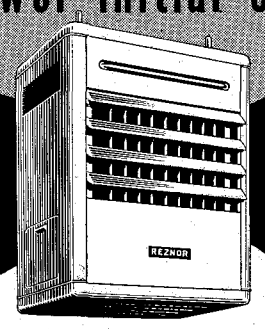

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A Letter From Home (Continued from Page 31)

staring at the cheerful color of the walls without seeing it, thinking of the frightening feeling of being in a trap that had been building up in him until it was almost unbearable. A sudden confusion of sound, like a cheer, came from the other end of the building, where the kitchen and mess hall were combined, and he started slightly and frowned; then he pulled his foot locker from beneath the cot, took the letter out of it and opened it again.

It wasn't a "Dear John." Anne wasn't that sort, and there had never been any trouble between them in the two years they had known each other; they were both sure, and in their surety were happy and content with each other. As he took the letter from the envelope, her image came up before him—the good bones and fine shape and color of her face, the dark hair and dark, steady eyes, the quick warm smile. "Drew dear," he read, and, looking up, saw, as clearly as though the wall weren't there, the lonely tundra outside, stretching to the end of the sky, empty except for its few low, rolling hills, boned with gray rock and covered with drying lichen the color of dull old gold and already powdered with snow.

It was the first light snow, several weeks ago, that had started it. He liked it before that—the lovely tapestried colors of the lichen, the multitude of birds, the magnificent sunsets over the strangeness of the tundra world, even the silence. But with the snow the birds went away and the silence grew eerie. He shivered and bent to the letter again.

Drew dear: Your last letter worried me, for there was something in it that you didn't say. I could only feel it, and the feeling was a little frightening, for you wrote of the country as though you hated it—an intimation rather than anything you actually said—and you've never felt that way before. It was as though you had found, all at once, that it was waiting like a cat to pounce on you.

Drew, is there trouble? Are you ill or have you quarreled with anyone? We knew that it might be difficult to be so isolated, that the winter would be long and dark and lonely, but you wanted to go because you thought the stations so necessary and so hard to find people for. I was proud of you for that, and glad to know from your letters that you liked the people and the place.

Perhaps because I love you so much, I'm too quick to take a passing mood for more than that. It is foolish of me, for I know that if there is an adjustment to make, you will make it, just as you know that you are never alone ——

He stopped reading and folded the letter up and put it back into the foot locker again. She was right, she had read between the lines, but this time the letter steadied instead of angering him. He finally admitted what he had refused to admit before—that he was losing touch with himself and the people around him. He was sure that it happened to everyone in that country sooner or later, although few felt it as soon as he had. He knew of men who went on for years before they were finally bushed by the emptiness and silence of the north.

Anne had said that he would never be alone, but that was an abstract thing. She was far away and had the sun which would soon be leaving him, and people for whose lives and safety he was there, and who had forgotten him and cared not at all. He felt a sudden overwhelming rage against them and their concerns and forgetfulness. "To hell with them!" he said bitterly, and then was ashamed of his outburst.

It was true, as Anne had pointed out, that he had volunteered, come of his own conviction; and it was odd to be blaming it on anyone else. *I must be pretty far gone*, he thought, ashamed even more. *I'll be climbing the walls and they'll send me out in a jacket if this keeps up; and the winter hasn't really started yet.* He realized that he'd have to settle matters one way or the other, that he'd have to put the shadowy waiting thing where it belonged and identify himself with people and his own integrity again. He knew he would have to try, but there wasn't much conviction in him, because he didn't know how to do it.

Quite suddenly he felt that he couldn't stand the room and its neat rows of cots any more. He reached for his mukluks and put them on, took down his parka from its hook and went into the mess hall.

There were three of them there, sitting around the cook's table with cups of coffee—Masterson, Bailey, the electronics sergeant, and Alfredo the cook. They had all grown beards and their hair was getting shaggy; Alfredo had a vibrant and flowery Hawaiian shirt on. They were a raffish-looking trio, and cheerful; they all grinned and flipped him a greeting.

"Going out among 'em, what?" Bailey said. "Give my best to the boys in the back room at the corner saloon."

"Mine, too," Alfredo said. "But stay away from Forty-second Street. You ain't used to a mob scene like that and you'll get all shook up."

An odd little silence fell, and Masterson kicked the cook's leg under the table. Drew tensed and stared at Alfredo, who looked quickly at the other two and then flushed slightly. "What I mean," he said, floundering, "is you better take a gun. Maybe the bears will be movin' in."

"What he really means," Masterson put in quickly, "is he ought to be administrator of Civil Defense instead of a lousy cook, and then he can evacuate the bears from one glacier to another when it snows. You don't need any gun."

"Hell, no," Bailey said. "Besides, the season isn't open yet."

"The way I get it, there ain't any open season," Alfredo said, anxious to redeem himself. "The word was they were savin' these meat animals for the Eskimos, if there are any Eskimos. And if they could eat a bear. . . . You ever eat a bear, Bailey?"

"Sure," Bailey said, grinning at Drew. "I was raised on bear. There wasn't anything else to eat, back in the swamps I come from. Trouble was, I was the youngest of seventeen kids, and by the time they got around to me there wasn't anything left but the chitlings."

"They were good, I bet."

"Yeah, they were delicious. In a pig's eye. They were even worse than anything Alfredo's invented yet."

"I guess Romeo better not shoot one, then," Masterson said, and then went on to argue for an open shooting season.

There were frequent interruptions and a good deal of laughter. Drew stood, holding his parka, half listening to them. Occasionally they grinned at him and asked him questions, trying to draw him in and make him feel one of them. They were good guys, making talk, but they seemed to be set away from him behind an invisible partition that their voices came through. The friendly sounds they made went in his ears, and it seemed to him that he tried to hear them, tried to grasp their warmth and hold it, and couldn't.

He put his parka on, and said, "Be seeing you."

Alfredo jumped up. "Wait a minute," he said. "Hold it, Romeo. I'll construct you a sandwich."

"No, thanks," Drew said, but Alfredo was already bustling about, slapping meat on bread and twirling his long knife. Drew couldn't turn his back and walk away.

"Cold out there," Alfredo said. "You gotta keep your strength up, son."

"Thanks," Drew said, and as he took the sandwich and put it into his pocket Masterson stood up.

"Want company?" he asked. "I could be talked into going. Might be good for me to walk off some of the grease I got to eat around here."

Drew's throat suddenly tightened up and his eyes smarted, as though with tears, for it was a kindly thing. He turned away so they couldn't see his face, and in turning laid his hand on Masterson's arm. "Please," he said. "Next time." Then he went out.

The damp chill in the air bit into him as he came out into the station street, and the moisture that had gathered in his eyes inside moved in two tears down his cheeks. He wiped them away and looked around. The sun was getting low, and the squat buildings about him laid long shadows to the east; on the distant, highest hill in the neighborhood light winked on the plastic dome over the radar antenna. He saw several men moving about and started out the other way. The station's Husky dog mascot, Hairy Joe, appeared from around a corner, came up and investigated him with its nose, and trotted on ahead.

The station was on a great island and he had always gone toward the water before, but this time he didn't want to see it, and turned inland. The lichen was deep and soft under his feet, and the occasional little ponds were already frozen over. Presently, after he was out of sight of the station, he remembered the sandwich in his pocket and unwrapped it and gave it to Hairy Joe and moved on. He looked back once; the dog had finished the sandwich and sat looking wistfully after him, and then it got up and trotted back.

After that he saw nothing moving anywhere, nor heard any sound except the scuff of the dwarf willows as they caught around his ankles. The land began to roll more; the sun was well down toward the horizon now and the long shadows made the low hills seem higher and gave them a colder color against a sky that was taking on a lovely translucent pale green.

He came around the shoulder of one of the hills, and saw, far off on an escarpment of rock, a man standing still and dark against the serene sky. It startled him badly for a moment, and he stopped. Then he went on again; it was just someone from the station, another man out for a walk, and probably as lonely as himself.

He turned another shoulder and lost the escarpment and its figure, and after a time climbed into a sort of bowl and was pulled up short by the startling beauty of the place. It was breath-taking and unbelievable, several acres in extent, covered everywhere to a depth of eight inches or so with the most magnificent display of lichens that he had ever seen. It was like a garden, the dense bloom separated into areas of glowing color: lavender, soft orange, bright lacquer red and delicate silvery gray. It was more beautiful than any garden of his experience, an extraordinary thing in the midst of the bleakness all around.

He was taken out of himself by it for a time, and then there came to him, from a great distance, the long cry of a wolf that arose like a freshening wind in the silence

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and spired up to a sustained note of longing and loneliness, and died away.

The spell of the lichen was broken, shattered by the lonely cry which expressed so well the greater loneliness about him and recalled him to himself. He shivered and looked up. The shadows were deeper now, and the light mist which was stealing across the ground leached away the lichen's color and chilled his heart again. He knew, as he saw it and recalled the haunting and melancholy cry, that he had been tricked for a little; the garden was a mockery, soon snatched away, an illusory beauty in a sardonic land that men had no hold upon, even if men had ever been there. For it didn't accept them and retained nothing of them after they had been driven out—no evidence of their passing and no feeling in the air that here they had dreamed and struggled and hoped, suffered and triumphed and left something of themselves. That was what it had been waiting for him to find out: that it had beaten the others, and now it had beaten him.

He admitted it and turned away. He hadn't taken ten steps when he saw a man coming toward him through the mist. He recalled the figure on the escarpment and stopped. He didn't want to talk but it was too late to move off; the man had already raised one arm in greeting. Besides, in the emptiness within him, he didn't really care; it made no difference. He saw that the man was dressed in furs; when he came closer, that he had a thin, bearded, unfamiliar face. He wasn't from the station, unless he had come in on the supply plane and stayed out of sight, and no one there wore furs, but these things stayed at the edge of Drew's thought. The man stopped several feet away and a pensive, fleeting smile lighted his thin face.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" he said, indicating the darkening lichen. He had a clipped and unfamiliar way with his words, a different intonation, that Drew noticed and felt he recognized, and then thought no more about. "We—that is, they—the ones who were left—didn't know of this when they passed this way before. There was a great deal of snow. And, perhaps, even if they had seen it, it would have meant nothing to them by then."

Drew stared at him, feeling a strangeness about the man and the unknown people about whom he spoke who had, apparently, walked in this place. Something compelled him to speak.

"The ones who were left?" he asked. "Who were they, and why did they come here? How long ago?"

"Oh, quite long ago," the man said. "The men of Erebus and Terror, under Sir John Franklin, seeking the Northwest Passage. Many men dreamed of finding it, and many men sought it, lost half a world from home, creeping little by little into the unknown ice. At first, Sir John did splendidly, better than most. He made his way in from the sea and passed the first winter well, frozen in the ice hundreds of leagues north of here, and in the spring, when the ice released him, turned south. He had the best of the navy with him, he was confident, but the mapmakers betrayed him.

"Not knowing enough or nothing, they put an isthmus on their maps to connect this island with a peninsula of the mainland and bar his way around its eastern coast. He sailed to the west of it, into a trap, for the ice from half the arctic piles up there. He was frozen into the drifting pack not far off the island's northern tip, and could not get away, and the second winter began. The ice held them and battered their ships, and they found that half their remaining supplies had spoiled. That was the second betrayal, and it was enough."

The man's voice deepened and picked up rhythm like a chant. "They explored with sledges in the spring and found then that there was no isthmus, that the map was wrong. If they had known this, they could have sailed around the island to the east and it would have shielded them from the pack. They would have sailed through open water to the Pacific, through the Northwest Passage they had sought, and made real their dream.

"Sir John and others died, and the ships had been so battered that they would have sunk had the ice let them go. They spent a third . . . winter in the pack. In April they left the ships. No one knew where they were; they were starving and desperate, and could not wait. Their plan was to reach the mainland to the south and perhaps find other men. Weakened and ill, they dragged boats to cross any open water they might find. They came over this island; they came through here. Some of them got this far, some a little farther. Three reached the mainland. They made a few leagues inland. A few leagues, and that was all."

The man's voice ceased, the cadenced voice which had almost sung the bare and pitiful facts was still. The man bowed his head, and Drew could almost see before him in the mist that forlorn company as they marched with their heavy boats, falling one by one.

"They all died," he said, almost in a whisper. "It killed them all."

"Aye," the man said, low. "Their dream killed them." His head came up and his voice strengthened again. "Many men die for their dream, for a vision of great accomplishment. How else would they be men? Death is nothing and the dream is all. It carries men a little way and other men take it up."

He moved off a short distance and raised his arm. "Farewell," he said, and walked away through the lichen, which didn't bend or move with his passing, and disappeared.

Drew found himself alone in the misty twilight, but suddenly he didn't feel alone any more, nor fearful that he stood in a haunted place. For the land, though cruel, was no longer empty; and although it had beaten that company down, their dream was still alive in it. They had been victorious over it, and he, who lived in comfort where they died in hopeless and terrible suffering, could beat it too. Once more, because of that company and that steadfast ghost who held that an ideal was greater than death, he was part of something larger than himself, and he would never feel trapped by the land again. He had made his peace with it.

On the way back he turned the same shoulder and saw the figure on the escarpment again against the paling sky. It hadn't moved, and a feeling of grateful friendliness came over him; then he realized that the man with whom he had talked had gone the other way. He changed direction and finally came up to it, and found that it wasn't a man at all, but a carefully constructed pile of stones.

This puzzled him for a time until he remembered hearing of the *Inukok*, the figures that Eskimos sometimes made on high places to look back upon on their long and solitary hunts and so feel less alone. It was another denial of the emptiness; and warmed by his feeling of kinship with the hardy wanderer who had made the figure, he laid his hand on the stones for a moment and went on.

There were five or six of his fellows gathered around the cook's table when he came into the room. They were talking together in a lively way, but when he shut the door they all fell silent and looked searchingly at him. Alfredo half arose from his stool.

"Hi!" Drew said, and grinned. "Alfredo, have you spoiled any more good food since I left?"

Alfredo's face broke into a big smile. "Why," he said, "it's Romeo. You're home early, boy. Maybe you got time to lose some of that extra arctic pay in a little game of gin before you pull your shift."

"Sure," he said. "After I write a letter to my girl."

"A letter, yet," Alfredo said. "Time's awastin', boy."

"A short letter," he said. "Short and sweet. By the time all of you get your money, I'll be back. Deal me in."

THE END

"Tippens, how long have you been working here?—theoretically speaking, of course."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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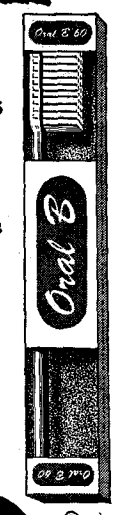

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Love Came Late (Continued from Page 29)

"Well," he said, "where were we?"

"Right here," Allie told him, "and you were about to say that you should buy your niece something sensible. However, you have come to think there should be one touch of luxury, of frivolity ——"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"Everybody is more or less alike, doctor, especially in the lingerie department. Would you prefer black? A sheer nightdress?"

"Uh—black," Arthur said. "Yes. Sheer, I suppose."

"What is the size?"

He pinched his chin. "Size—I have looked at women for years and speculated only on the size of their minds. My niece's mind, unfortunately, is almost a child's size. But I love her. May I try to indicate her size by gestures?" Doctor Barris sawed in the air with a flattened palm, then sketched in the rest of the dimensions.

"I've got it, sir," Allie said. "She must be lovely, and that airman, first class, a lucky man."

Arthur inspected the garments she brought to him. He was amazed. They were indeed sheer; the touch of them was like a caress, which was an odd thing to pop into his mind.

"Gossamer," he said. "I suspect I'm doing the wrong thing, but all right."

He paid the bill while Allie had them gift-wrapped. Allie thanked him and started toward another patron. Moved by a not-to-be-denied impulse, he detained her.

"You know," he said, "I have a fantastic memory—because it is absolutely regulated I presume. I remember, from reading Jack's records, that you are a widow. For five years a widow."

"Six."

"Six now. You aren't encumbered emotionally, Mrs. Evans?"

"I don't quite understand how you mean that," Allie said. "Are you working up to asking me for a date, doctor?"

"Precisely," Arthur said, "and I appreciate your getting to the heart of the matter. Tonight. For dinner, at seven o'clock."

"I accept," Allie said. "If I say more, I might say something silly—the last time I was da ed was in the dark ages. Do you also rer ember my address?"

"I would be exaggerating if I told you I did," Arthur said, "but I'll get it. Good-by. Thank you, Mrs. Evans."

"Thank you," Allie said, and smiled.

Arthur left the store a bit lightheadedly. The remainder of the afternoon he was not so efficient as he should have been, and often the thought of how charming Allie appeared when she smiled popped into his mind; she had the kind of smile which widened the mouth and crinkled the eyes and lighted her whole face from an inner glow of good humor.

He called for her that evening at her apartment house, and she was waiting in the lobby, sitting primly in a chair near the door, her white-gloved hands clasped together, her hat on very straight.

"I'm excited," she said. "You never grow up, do you?"

"Certainly you do," Arthur said. "It's a duty one owes oneself. But one has to eat and good conversation keeps one from bolting one's food."

Soon he wasn't talking nearly as sententiously. They dined at a restaurant more expensive than the one he usually patronized, and he enjoyed eating without a book beside his plate.

"You know," he said, "this is amazing. I believe I've had the first meal I've tasted in the past ten years."

"I nearly always have chicken or creamed tuna on toast at night," Allie said, "cooked in my kitchenette. I'd forgotten how good steak and potatoes are."

Since his profession involved human personalities and their problems, he listened intently when she talked of Jack. He was an only child, and obviously the center of her life. She wanted everything for him. But she was determined not to be a burden or to intrude upon his marriage; she was keeping hands off her son with great discipline. Her loneliness and steadfastness shone through her words.

When he brought Allie home afterward, they sat in his car for a few moments before parting. She was silent, neatly folding and refolding the gloves she had removed from her hands.

"I must say," Arthur said, "that I have had a delightful evening, Mrs. Evans."

"So have I," Allie replied, "and I guess we'll have to leave it at that, doctor. The relations of the sexes are even more awkward in the declining years than they are in adolescence."

"Nonsense," Arthur said. "One simply approaches the problem open-mindedly, in a spirit of inquiry, finds bases for postulates, and eventually the obvious solution occurs."

"I imagine that's it, all right."

"For instance," Arthur said, "one idea occurred to me this very instant. What are you doing tomorrow night?"

"Nothing," Allie said. "I could lie to you, but then I'd have to remember all sorts of things. Nothing, doctor. And that goes for every night to come."

He stared straight ahead through the windshield. "At seven, for dinner. I'll come by for you."

"Yes, sir," Allie said. "Pardon me. Yes, doctor. Good night. Thank you. I've had a lovely time."

"So have I," Arthur said. "I'll accompany you to your door. . . . Good night. Thank you."

At the end of two weeks Arthur had been Allie's squire on seven occasions. They found they had much in common, including an occasional mutual desire for companionable silence. They didn't tell each other stories about their past, or other associations, or any ancient history. Once when Allie, in an obvious spirit of fair play, started to give Arthur some idea of her previous life and happy marriage, he motioned for her to halt.

"We have nothing to discuss but the future, Mrs. Evans," he said. "Even when one considers how long people live these days, our time is short enough. Dwelling on the past is for the young, who have leisure to waste."

"You're an awfully smart man," Allie said. "Awfully smart."

Arthur's one confidence about himself was when they were sipping prebedtime sodas in a linoleum-floored jukebox-racked hall favored by the students at night.

"Here you see me surrounded by my sheep," he said. "Alas, some of them are sheep, intellectually speaking. But they have to go out in the world and be accomplished. My whole life has been devoted to forcing them to rise above themselves. They call me 'the expediter' in the university. I can't qualify as an educator, I am only a hothouse florist in a place of learning."

"You've never made a mistake," Allie said. "You don't even allow for mistakes. You'd better, doctor."

"What do you mean? Allow for them? Or make them?"

Allie shrugged and smiled. That seemed enough of an answer.

One evening she persuaded him to come with her to Jack's trailer, a mile or so from the campus, for dinner. Allie's son could not completely wipe off his face the astonishment and faint trepidation he felt at his mother's conquest. Mrs. Evans, Junior, was tiny, sunburned and painfully polite, and she had a tiny son to exhibit. The trailer struck Arthur as a bent, compressed way of living. But he ate the spaghetti and garlic bread and took a sip or two from his glass of red wine and stuck to safe topics. Allie looked from one to the other of the men rather anxiously, and her daughter-in-law's eyes followed the same track.

Finally, near the end of the visit, Jack grinned in an easier fashion and said, "Doctor Barris, I'm really glad mother got to know you. She seems scared, too, and now she realizes what I was up against when I complained to her that you were running me ragged."

"Do you think she has been cultivating me deliberately in your behalf?" Arthur asked.

"I hope so," Jack told him.

He grinned again. This time it resembled his mother's smile in warmth and completeness.

"Whether she has or hasn't," Arthur said, "it will do you no good, Jack. I'm proof against blandishments."

"I believe that," Jack said.

"Good," Arthur said. "Now, listen to me. You've got to be good at your chosen work in spite of everything—everything. Life is very serious. It does not admit of footling errors. Let me tell you that you are not going to receive your doctorate unless you apply yourself far more seriously than you are at present, and then how will you continue to study when your GI money is gone?"

"I won't," Jack said. "It's the lower reaches of society for me, doctor—and curiously enough, I don't mind much."

"I cannot accept that flippancy as an answer," Arthur said. "You must mercilessly crack the whip over yourself, Evans."

"He doesn't have your scarred, calloused hide, doctor," Allie said.

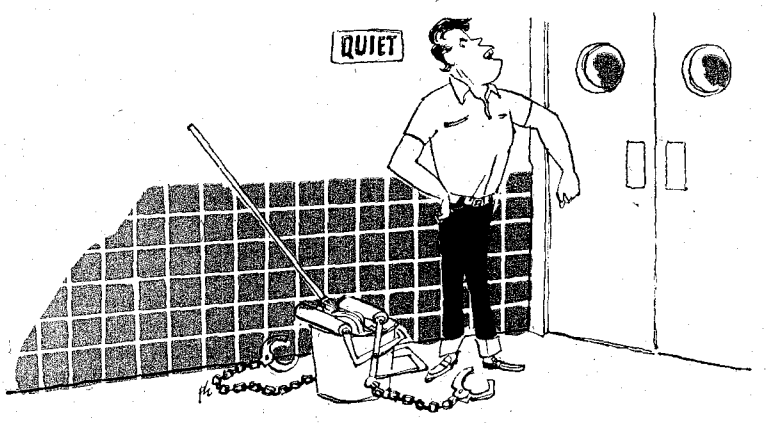
As Arthur drove her home, she was very silent. The quiet continued when they sat for a moment outside the apartment house. He was probing in his head for the correct words of farewell; then he observed the tears suffusing her eyes and suffered the most extraordinary shock.

"I—I cannot believe I have done anything wrong."

"Never," Allie said. "You're perfect. You have to be above reproach in your job. But I don't—and I was cultivating you on account of Jack."

"I wish you wouldn't cry," Arthur said. "It's quite all right. You'd have to have some good reason for evincing interest in an old crock like me."

Another shock was forthcoming. She wiped her eyes, tried to speak, kissed him on the cheek and fled from the car. He drove home bemused, humming a tune



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The selective-service board, respecting Cyril's conscientious objections to all forms of military service, assigned him under the law to "civilian work contributing to the maintenance of national health, safety, or interest." But when Cyril found that meant working for the Los Angeles Department of Charities, he objected to that too. So the Government indicted him.

"It's slavery, in violation of the Thirteenth Amendment, to compel me to work for a local hospital," Cyril asserted. "While public service at any level may help the nation, this is a non-Federal job which has nothing to do with national defense."

"The mere fact that a health program is carried out in the name of a locality rather than that of the United States Government doesn't diminish its contribution to the national welfare as a whole," the U. S. attorney replied. "The Thirteenth Amendment was never intended to limit military service, and, in effect, that's what this is."

If you were the judge, would you hold Cyril guilty?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Cyril was convicted. The court ruled that the draft law was intended "to exact public service from all to meet the public need." It said the Thirteenth Amendment did not apply.

Based upon a 1954 decision of a U. S. Court of Appeals.

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"Henry, I do wish you'd shave!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

to himself—an unheard-of thing for him to do—and the tune was Dardanella.

Given an opportunity to reflect on the situation, Arthur went back over ground covered with his inherent thoroughness. He could not believe that Allie was cultivating him any longer. Their relationship was firmly established. If it was to make sense, it would have to have a goal, a culmination. Weighing pros and cons, keeping to reason and excluding emotion, he found the conclusion obvious. One of his virtues was that he could make up his mind on a given issue and never again be troubled by doubts.

The question settled once and for all, he telephoned Allie and invited her to a faculty tea, which fortunately fell on her day off from the store. She accepted, and met most of his associates and their wives with aplomb and cordiality. Among her triumphs that afternoon was an invitation from the president's wife to join the Friends of the University Library.

"I am tremendously pleased," Arthur said, when he had delivered Allie to her apartment house. "Customarily at those faculty affairs I stand near a doorway, trying to keep the cake from falling off my saucer and looking as grim as the people who are trying to avoid me. Thanks to you, Mrs. Evans, several colleagues today made the mistake of taking me for a human being and were charming."

"We all make mistakes," Allie said. "Everybody but you, doctor." She hastily kissed his cheek. "Don't be afraid that's going to become a habit—it's just for special occasions, and we've had two in a row. We may never have another one." She jumped from the seat to the sidewalk. "Thank you."

"Thank you," Arthur said.

Returning to the university, he had an audience with the man on the next higher rung of the ladder, the chancellor.

"To sum up, Doctor Disbrow," Arthur said, "she is respectable and refined, her son is a mediocre graduate student here, I am certainly not marrying her for her money nor to acquire a nurse, and—and I find her company stimulating. I would like, however, to have your assurance that I am not an old fool."

"You are certainly not an old fool, Doctor Barris," Doctor Disbrow said. "The rest of us may be old fools, but not you. I am delighted at the news of your decision, and I urge you to go ahead. Without the desire to raise any disquietude in you, may I ask if you are sure of the lady?"

"Quite sure, doctor," Arthur said. "I don't move until I am on firm ground, as you probably know."

"I do know, indeed, doctor," Doctor Disbrow said, "so there's no necessity of my wishing you luck."

Soon after his dinner—during which he read—Arthur paid another visit to Jack Evans' trailer. The head of the wheeled house wasn't in, but his wife was; she was putting the baby to bed, and invited the guest to come in and watch. She said Jack had gone bowling and wouldn't be too long.

"I wish I had found him at his books," Arthur commented.

"So do I," Mrs. Evans said. "This visit is all he needs, poor guy."

She brewed coffee for them.

"It's a funny thing," Mrs. Evans said, "but I knew when you liked my mother-in-law that you're not really what they say you are. I know I can tell you the truth—I hate the university. I sit and look at my baby and think how lucky he is not to be able to read or write. Jack has been driving himself beyond his limit for two years."

"I fear you're not the best of influences on him."

"Oh, I tried inspiring him for a while," Mrs. Evans said, "until he got to confusing me with you and was nasty."

Jack arrived, flinched at the sight of Arthur, and accompanied him outside.

"My boy," Arthur said, "this is rather an important occasion. I have come to you first. Uh—the fact is, I wish to marry your mother, and I am in effect asking for your blessing."

"Do you think you need it?"

"I'm not a man to leave any loose ends lying about."

"No, that you're not," Jack said. He hesitated, scuffing one toe in the dirt. "Well, Professor Barris, as long as you've come for my opinion, I'll give it to you. I don't want my mother to marry you. You're too old, too square and too efficient. Anyway, I'm sure she can't be serious about you, unless on my account, and I don't want that much help. . . . Don't be sore."

"Hurt, not sore, if you please," Arthur said. He was sure the blood was draining from his face. "I appreciate your frankness. Good night. Thank you."

"Good night, sir," Jack said. "I ——"

Arthur drove rapidly to Allie's apartment house. He was annoyed to find his hands shaky and his breathing shallow. In response to his call on the house telephone, she came down to the lobby.

"What's the matter?" she said, a preliminary smile vanishing from her lips. "Doctor, you're as white as a sheet."

"Nothing," he said. "I am very well, thank you. I've just been to your son's. He doesn't approve of any alliance between us."

"Any what?"

"I will not put you in the position of choosing between us. I wish to say good-by. This has been very pleasant ——"

She, too, had become very pale. "Doctor Barris, why did you have to ask him?"

"Mrs. Evans," Arthur said, "I wished to be correct—to have every detail attended to, to make no mistakes ——"

"No mistakes!" Allie interrupted, in a trembling voice. "That's right, doctor. Only you made a mistake right away in assuming I would marry you. I wouldn't!"

His voice also unsteady, Arthur said, "As a mere matter of curiosity, Mrs. Evans, why?"

"Because I think," Allie said, "that you're an old—an old graven image!"

The next thing Arthur knew, he was driving aimlessly in his car. And the next thing was, he found himself in a cocktail bar, oppressed as he had never been before, ordering a highball. An air of complete unreality had him in its grip as he drank down the whisky and ordered another. A gloomy man next to him looked up from his beer.

Arthur said, "I have just parted with the only woman I will ever love."

"Oh?" the man said. "What's so big about that? You either part with them or stay and get married. It can turn out terrible either way."

"Allow me to say," Arthur said, "that I don't like your attitude."

"I don't like yours, neither," the man said.

"In that event," Arthur said, "I have no recourse other than to ——"

The bartender intervened and hushed them. He allowed Arthur to finish his drink, and then insisted that he go, and Arthur was too dispirited to make an issue of it. Besides, he was quite dizzy.

His car proved only a brief refuge. He had gone barely a block when he mashed the fender of an automobile bearing an official insigne. Two policemen insisted that he join them on the pavement and walk a straight line. They smelled his breath and examined his driver's license. A crowd gathered, and presently a youth said, in hushed tones, "Ye gods, it's Old Doc Barris! Am I going nuts?" Right after that, Doctor Barris hit the larger of the policemen—they were both huge—on the nose.

The ensuing struggle, and being spirited away, somehow relieved his sorrow and dismay. His attitude was genial as he was booked, fingerprinted, relieved of his possessions by a property clerk, and placed in a room where a couple of reporters and a photographer could work on him. He was just in time for the Night Court, they said.

"I planned it that way," Arthur told them. "You may quote me as saying that I intend to resign from the university and devote myself to a life of outlawry. The police do not fight fair."

In due course, he was brought, together with various other culprits, before Judge John B. Morrison. By this time the exhilaration of alcohol and delinquency had worn off, and Arthur realized he had

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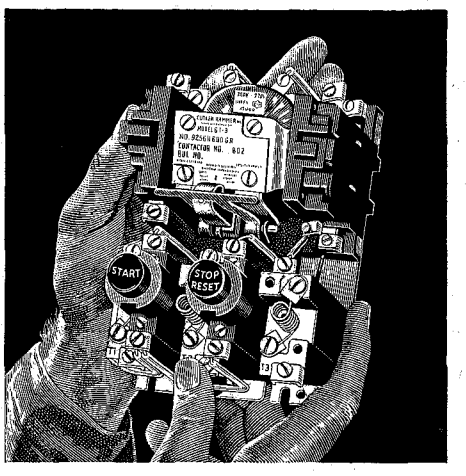

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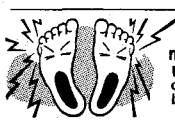

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come to the end of the trail. His hands and feet grew cold, and perspiration beaded his forehead as his honor gazed at him steadily through rimless glasses. Disregarding whispered advice, Arthur pleaded guilty to reckless driving, driving while drunk, damaging public property, resisting arrest and assaulting an officer.

"Normally," the judge said, and waited until the members of the press could clearly hear him, "I would let a man of your stature in the community off with a fine and a warning, Doctor Barris. But tonight you have proved yourself to be nothing other than a whited sepulcher. You have failed in your duty to the youth of the university, who are asked to look up to you. You are a preceptor with feet of clay. I only hope your disgrace will not loose upon our fair city an overwhelming tide of juvenile misdeeds. Fifteen days in the minimum-security detention camp and costs. Next case."

Arthur was led numbly away. Two additional photographers appeared and took pictures of him.

"You may say for me," he said, in a voice slightly above a whisper, "that I will send in my resignation as vice-chancellor as soon as they give me pen and paper."

When the docket was cleared, some other prisoners who hadn't contrived to get fined were assembled with Arthur, and they filed up the back steps of a vehicle with wire-netting front and rear and were driven out of town. Their destination didn't look at all like a prison, but was rather a series of barracks a little distance off the highway, with a central administration office and a mess hall. A bored officer gave them coffee in thick crockery cups. Arthur now had a dreadful headache, was panicky and hated himself.

Another officer came in as the prisoners were preparing to march out and inquired for Doctor Barris. Arthur went back with him to the administration section and was shown into a visitors' room. There was Jack, who took him over in a corner.

"My dear Jack," Arthur said, "I beg you to go. You are talking to a broken man ——"

"The word is all over the campus," Jack said. "They're dancing in the streets."

"I'm going to resign," Arthur said. "I must request that pen and paper ——"

"Listen to me," Jack said. "My mother came over to the trailer, crying. All at once she seems as if she's twenty years old, and I find I'm the one that's square, not you."

"She said ——" Arthur began.

"I'll bet she did," Jack said, and seemed embarrassed. "Anything. I believe you. The awful thing is, nobody grows up. We're all the same. I guess it's all right. It must be nature. Look, you've got to bug out of here and go to her."

"Eh?" Arthur said. "What? Escape? Why, I would be a fugitive from ——"

"This is a big romance," Jack said. "A bigger one than I ever had. She's desperate because you didn't come to her first instead of playing it straight with me. If you don't get to her immediately, and sweep the silly dame off her feet—all dames are silly—she'll be disappointed the rest of her life. Do you want to do that to her?"

"No," Arthur said. "But they'll give me another three months for—uh—bugging out, and my career is ended, and ——"

"What do you want to do at this late date, doc," Jack said, "spoil it for everybody who believes in castles and dragons and beautiful middle-aged maidens and elderly guys on white horses?"

"No," Arthur said firmly. "Still, there I'll be at the side of the highway, perhaps with the police after me already, and ——"

"This is organized," Jack said. "I'm stupid in advanced engineering, but in engineering the smooth course of true love I'm a genius. Relax."

They returned to where the officer was waiting at the door. To Arthur's amazement, Jack embraced him.

"Good night, dad," he said. "I'll take care of everything while you're gone."

"Good night—son," Arthur said. He knew he was turning an unattractive shade of pink, and yet he was disturbingly pleased.

He was taken to a barracks full of comatose malefactors, his clothing was impounded, he was issued well-washed pajamas and a formerly reddish robe and disposable paper slippers and told he would be given work clothes in the morning. Fortunately, his bunk was a lower. He lay down and rose shortly. Outside, a patrolling turnkey with a flashlight questioned him.

"Where am I going?" Arthur said. "At my age, and at this time of night, where would I be going?"

He didn't go there, however. Heading directly away from the camp, he made a wide circuit around to the highway. This involved tramping across soggy ground, being chased by a curious cow, barked at by dogs, and having his slippers disintegrate. Upon his arrival at the road, his feet were sore and cold, he was out of breath, and what he hesitated to describe to himself as a hang-over was far, far worse.

The headlights blinded him, he could not believe that anybody would pick up even a respectable-looking gentleman in an institutional bathrobe and pajamas and barefooted at an advanced hour such as this, and he was shivering violently.

The first car along on his side stopped with squealing tires. At the wheel of the jalopy was a young man who could have been a student; even Doctor Barris didn't know every one of them.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "Would you be going somewhere near the university?"

"By an odd coincidence, I would," Arthur said. "If my bizarre attire strikes you as peculiar, allow me to explain that ——"

"Not at all, sir," the youth interrupted. "There are thirty of us out here tonight, and I'm simply lucky. Fasten your seat belt."

Arthur could think of no more to say, and anyhow the boy in the leather jacket drove in a fashion that left him speechless. He kept his own counsel, such as it was, until they reached his apartment. Then he attempted to offer his thanks.

"It was nothing," the young man told him. "I hope you get it made with your girl friend, sir. Good luck."

Distinctly bemused, Arthur took the back stairs to his apartment, dressed in darkness, put on a slouch hat and dark glasses, and left by the rear entrance. He walked quickly down deserted streets to where Allie lived, observed that the lobby was empty, and scuttled to a house telephone.

"I cannot disclose who this is," he said, when she answered, "but come downstairs immediately—dressed, that is. And don't argue!"

"Oh, my dear!" Allie said. "Oh, yes! Hide behind that potted palm! I won't be two minutes!"

They held tightly to each other behind the palm. The cheek she pressed against his felt wet. Abruptly he was glad he was a rascal, a hunted man, and possibly an eventual figure of legend.

"I have nothing to offer you, Allie," he said, "but an old-age pension after the requisite number of years. I'm a fugitive from justice. I'm going to do more time for bugging out, and my work at the university is at an end. I am proscribed. Who knows, perhaps you will have to work at Hardwood's until you're an old woman to support me. Nevertheless, I want you to be mine. . . . Do I sound awfully silly?"

"You sound wonderful," Allie said. "Keep it up. I accept whatever you're offering. What do we do now?"

"First we must go to Doctor Disbrow," Arthur said, "and turn in my resignation. That will absolve the university from any of my actions. Then, if we have time, we'll get married. Following which, I'll surrender myself and pay my debt to society."

"Could we possibly have a honeymoon before you pay your debt to society?" Allie asked. "As my hero, you're surely entitled to something."

Their walk to Doctor Disbrow's was without incident, except for huddling in doorways while other pedestrians passed. But in the chancellor's driveway disaster struck. One of the university policemen was making a routine night check with his flashlight. Allie gripped Arthur's arm and prepared to run, but he saw the futility of that.

"Good evening, officer," he said. "I see that my luck has run out. I'll go quietly."

"What's your trouble, mister?" the cop said. "I never saw you before in my life."

His throat tight, Arthur led his intended into the Disbrow house. A maid summoned Doctor Disbrow to the library. The chancellor was smiling broadly, and gripped Arthur's hand.

"Well, well," he said. "I observe that you—uh—crashed out, my dear Barris. . . . And here is the little lady."

"Doctor Disbrow," Arthur said, "you are more than kind. I herewith tender my resignation, which I will be happy to amplify in writing. However, on the basis of past services, before I lost my mind ——"

"You regret it?" Doctor Disbrow said.

Arthur glanced at Allie. "No, I don't," he said. "I think now I should have been a man of action. . . . Doctor, we're going to get married. If you could keep silent until after that, and we can find the right hideout, I promise you that in a week I will surrender to the law and ——"

"Nonsense, my boy," Disbrow said. "We had a special meeting of the board of regents tonight, and your resignation is refused in advance. Our student newspaper is coming out tomorrow with a very strong editorial in your favor. Feet of clay on statues are very much in fashion this year, doctor. The young men and women we are trying to mold like the common touch; they need leaders who are human beings, not granite pedants. Aside from the coach, provided our football team wins this year, I would say you stand to become the most popular faculty member on the campus."

"Ah?" Arthur said.

"You have shown the common touch at last, Barris," Doctor Disbrow said. "We all make mistakes, being all mere humans, and you've made a real blooper. When you've served your term, we'll be waiting for you along with your bride. Anything else I can do for you, doctor?"

"Absolutely nothing, doctor," Arthur said. "Nothing. . . . Good night, sir."

"Good night, Doctor Disbrow," Allie said, in a faint voice.

"Good night, my dear," Doctor Disbrow said. "Mrs. Disbrow is going to have a tea for you next week. Sorry your husband can't be with us."

Arthur walked outside with Allie, and she had to steer him unobtrusively. Jack was waiting on the sidewalk. Because of the tears which filmed his eyes, Arthur had trouble distinguishing him. He made one final effort to achieve the old reality.

"Evans," he said, "you've really got to do better. It's not all beer and skittles, you know."

"Yes, dad," Jack said. THE END

"Then I said 'Step outside and say that!' not realizing at the time we were on the third floor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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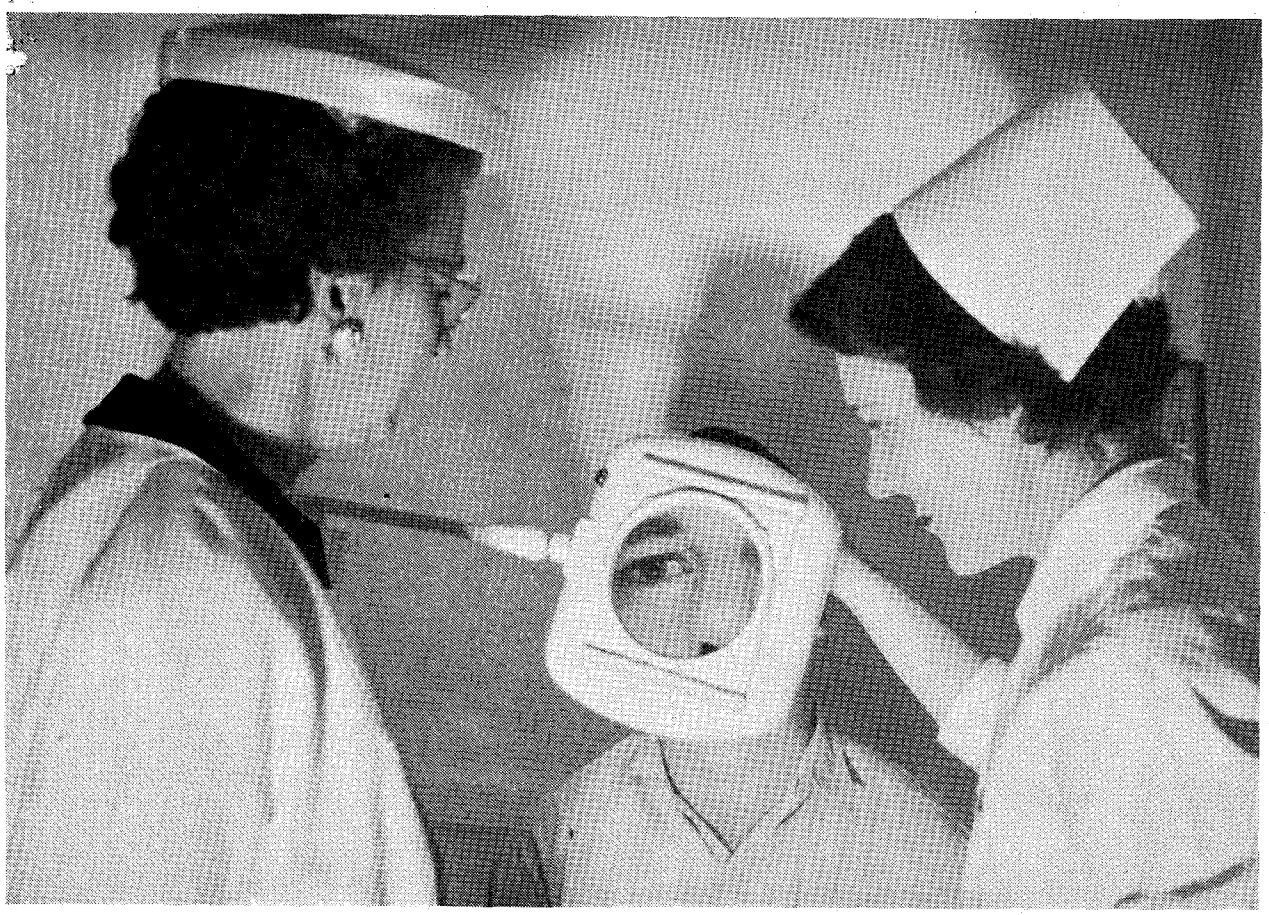
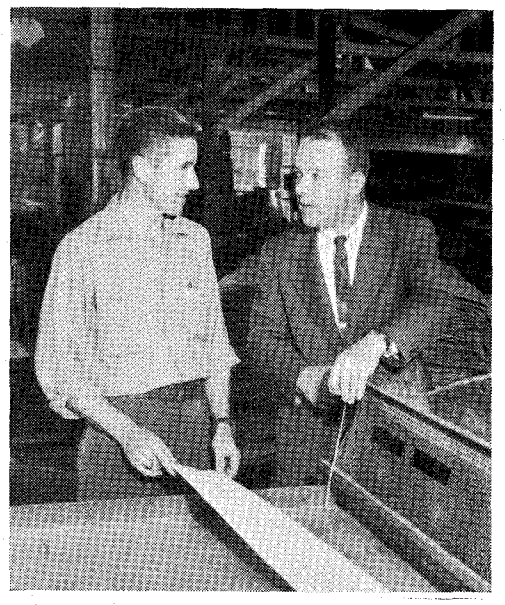


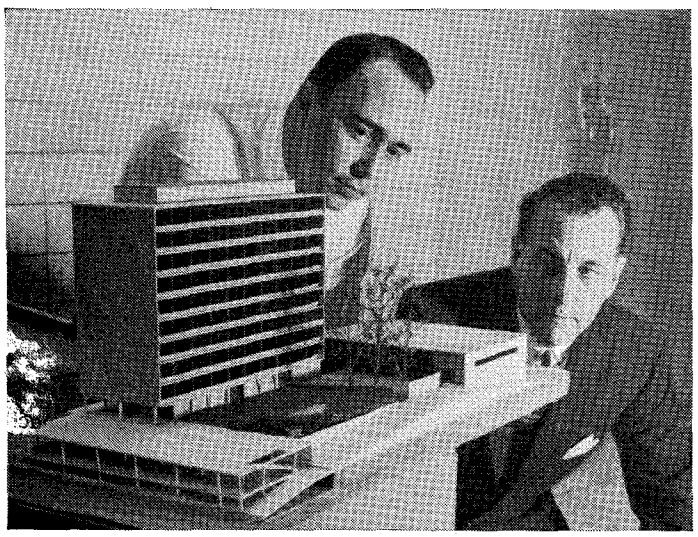
"More here than meets the eye. Miss Frances Bethune, Employers Mutuals' consulting nurse, is pictured here with Mrs. Ann Weaver, a Delta Air Lines, Inc. nurse. They are examining a worker's eye under a magnifying glass.

"A lady of tireless energy, Miss Bethune travels over the southeast advising and consulting with various industries about what she terms 'preventive medicine for industry.' She sets up first aid centers, advises about equipment and helps locate nurses. She has a very personal interest in making every plant she visits a safer, better place in which to work. As a reporter I was interested in discovering how much women like her do for industrial progress."



"The cutter is for wood—not fingers. Veneer cutting is a hazard for fingers. Warren Brown, an Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, saw this problem at the Georgia Lumber and Veneer Company. He recommended a guard designed especially for this particular job. Warren is shown at right with Allen Mills who is happy that not one of his workers has had an accident since the guards were installed. I understand it's this kind of safety work that results in lower workmen's compensation insurance costs for Employers Mutuals' policyholders."

"I found a little bit of **Wausau** away down south in **Dixie**"



"Putting out a fire before it starts. I'd thought that fire insurance was concerned simply with paying claims after a fire. But I learned that one of the services of Employers Mutuals is their fire protection engineers. Bob Giddens is one of them. He's shown here, at left, with Harry E. Roos, Jr., chief architect for Southern Engineering Company. What they're doing, as Bob puts it, is 'creating a low fire insurance rate for a building right from the architect's model.' Bob's file of letters from policyholders who now enjoy his 'pre-shrunk fire insurance rates' is evidence of his good work."

A WAUSAU STORY

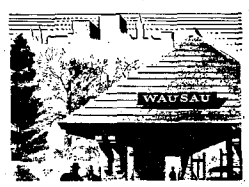
by ED BLAIR, Award-Winning Atlanta News Reporter, WAGA-TV

"A reporter is always looking for the human interest angle in a story. Business stories seldom have it. But I found an exception in the Wausau story. Wausau is a fairly small community up in the hunting and fishing country of Wisconsin. They say you can almost hear the fish splash from any downtown building and if you look sharp you can see a deer. It's the kind of place city folks dream about when the going-home traffic gets snarled. I hear that the people there are just about as nice and friendly as you'd ever want to meet. They conduct business in that spirit, too.

"As Bill Daily, manager of the Employers Mutuals Southeastern Branch in Atlanta, put it—'doing business with Wausau people is as pleasant as going to their home for a Sunday fried chicken dinner.' I think you'll get the Wausau idea from reading the three stories under the pictures on this page."

Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance. We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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I Make Up Hollywood

(Continued from Page 19)

the whole industry, and nobody wanted anything to do with her, and this included the electricians and the prop men. The hairdressers still worked on her, but they skimped their work because they had no love for her. When she asked me, "Why don't people like me?" I told her what kind of girl she was, using a short and ugly word. "But," I said, "you can stop being one if you want to, and maybe after a while people will start thinking you're human."

She never spoke to me again.

Let's cut to another girl who also knocked around Hollywood as an extra and who was signed by Paramount after a success in a New York musical. When this girl heard about the girl who'd been such a stinker, she told me, "Wally, if I ever get like that, I want you to kick me real hard! I mean it!"

She made four pictures, and she began to get out of line; not really bad, just little things here and there, such as commanding people to "bring me this" and ordering people to "do that." One day I went up to her and said, "Don't you think it's time you turned around?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten?" I asked. "You told me, 'If I ever get to be like a certain person, I want you to kick me real hard.'"

When I said that, she walked away, but she came back and said, "I want to apologize. I appreciate what you were trying to tell me, but with everybody here at the studio waiting on me and 'yes-darling' me, it's hard not to get a big head. You have to be extra sensible to keep your feet planted on the ground, but I see what you mean." She didn't exactly turn around and bend over, but we've been the best of friends ever since and she's the finest girl you'd want to meet. She's not on the Paramount lot any more. She's a successful stage and TV actress. Her name is Mary Martin.

It's my idea that this story may give some other youngster a clue how to stay nice, so when we first sign kids for the Paramount Stock Company and they come up to the make-up department to make their first test and we begin to talk, I tell them about Mary.

My idea is to warn them to keep a level head, because gossip items will be planted in the various Hollywood columns reporting that they've been at parties which have never been given, and photographs of them will be printed living it up at places so expensive the menus have no prices, when all the time they've just been at a modest gathering at a modest home. I tell them that when they read in somebody's column that they've been cast in this picture or that picture, not to believe it. "It's all part of this business," I say. "It's the build-up. It's stuff planted to let the public know you're alive. You couldn't possibly do all the things the magazines and papers will say you're doing and still have enough time left to sleep."

To be fair about it, most of the phony gossip items are planted by agents rather than studios. It's an agency's way of bringing a client to the public's attention.

And I tell those youngsters, "It's especially important to look your best when you drop into the studio commissary. The producers and directors will see you when you come in. And the writers eat there, and a writer may see you when a part in a picture he's writing is bothering him, and he'll tell himself, 'Now there's a doll who can play the part.' The same goes for the producers and directors, so, if you want to be sloppy, be sloppy on your own time. When you're away from home, you never know who's casing you for a job."

There's not much percentage in trying to warn them against too prolonged elbow-bending sessions, for even a modest gathering at somebody's modest home can develop into that. Such sessions are apt to leave their traces on actors and actresses of riper years, rather than on young, fresh types just out of college or dramatic school. However, when I'm asked—and I sometimes am—"Wally, do the people you make up ever come to work with a hang-over?" my answer is: "Of course. Businessmen go to their offices with hang-overs, don't they?" Show people have no corner on coming to work with eyes like road maps. However, in my department at Paramount we do a better job on postalcoholic slump than do most people. When I'm working on someone and he says "Boy, am I hung!" I send him to the studio hospital and have him given a whiff of oxygen. That's one of the best cures for the shakes. Another potent antidote is food in the stomach. I personally think that's better than oxygen. As for road-map eyes, we have special drops made up by an oculist to chase that bloodshot look. I don't know exactly what's in those drops, but I do know that when I put them in an eye and let them stay there for five minutes, things clear up.

Speaking of clearing things up, there was once a make-up situation which was far more of a problem than bloodshot eyes, although it probably involved a few black ones. In the old days in Hollywood, make-up men used to make up any portion of a woman's body which was exposed to a camera. That meant a lot, for there was more movie nudity then than now. Present regulations limit such things.

Inevitably, the day came when one make-up man forgot the rules of decorum while making up one girl, and this forgetfulness on his part brought about the institution known as Body-Make-Up Women. Since then no male make-up artist has been allowed to touch an actress below the neck or above the wrists. There were certain girls who didn't care whether the rule about body-make-up women was established or not, but they were the exceptions.

Among other duties which fall to their lot, body-make-up women cover dancers' navels with a patch of *mousseline de soie* when the dancers' costumes are brief enough to show that much of the body; then they hide that patch under make-up. This is done to conform to the Johnston Office code.

One job the make-up department doesn't have is to strap down the bosoms of women so they can play young girls. Wardrobe women do this. They have a special corset which does the trick. Where

Left: A sleepy-eyed Jo Van Fleet arrives at Wally Westmore's office for a make-up job before going on the sound stage in Gunfight at the OK Corral. Center: Wally gives the actress the works. Right: Jo at the end of forty minutes in the make-up chair.

Westmore's Rules for Your Make-Up

1 Your lips can be kept soft and smooth by frequent, gentle massage with olive oil at night. Any good night cream or oil, such as lanolin, will help. The same goes for under the eyes. If a woman gently rubs in a good lanolin-base cream under her eyes and leaves it on overnight every night, it helps prevent wrinkling.

2 Eye shadow should not be used in the daytime because sunlight is so revealing that it makes any foreign color obvious. The same goes for cheek rouge. If used at all, it should be applied so sparingly the onlooker must strain to see it.

3 Nine times out of ten, brown mascara is better than black mascara because the black variety makes the eyes hard looking. Brown is softer, while still being dark enough. I recommend that it be used just on the upper lashes. This helps an eye look larger and gives it a much softer look, instead of a stary look.

4 Don't use lip rouge that's too dark. This can make lips look like a black hole in the face instead of soft and desirable. It is better to use lip rouge which is a shade too light than one that is too dark. Some women have a perfect lip line. Those lucky ones can use a lipstick, but those who have a special lip problem should apply lip rouge with a lip brush.

5 A black eyebrow pencil should never be used, even if the hair is black. A brown eyebrow pencil is always better. Dead-black eyebrows give the face a hard look. Never make a line with a black or a brown pencil under the lower lashes around the eye. Doing so makes the eye look smaller, and I have yet to meet a woman who wants smaller eyes.

6 Never shave eyebrows. If the brows are so heavy or so low down on the forehead that your eyes seem to look out from under a shelf, they should be plucked, never shaved. I recommend your favorite beauty parlor for a pluck job. Have the make-up artists there do it. Make sure that they pluck from underneath the brows and never from the top.

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I come in is when a star or a starlet doesn't have enough bosom. Then the make-up department takes a cast of her upper body, makes a mold from that cast, and models a larger bosom on it which fits over the scanty one nature has bestowed.

This doesn't count as body make-up, because there aren't any women who do this kind of work. Plaster men take that cast in our own labs, but the plaster men in our labs are fatherly types. I see to it. Sometimes it's possible to use store-bought falsies for this purpose, but a specially modeled bosom looks so much better and fits so perfectly that it's worth the extra trouble involved.

I don't go along with the notion that the larger the bosom the more appealing it is. I think that a bust can be too large. My idea of a perfect figure is a thirty-four bust, twenty-four waist and thirty-four hips. To me, the important thing is a thin waist—the thinner the better.

To go back for a moment to the era before we had body-make-up women in Hollywood; male actors might not have been more male in those free-wheeling times, but women were certainly more womanly and flaunted their femininity more openly. The theory was that this was not only normal and natural but was more attractive. I don't quarrel with that theory, but then, I don't make the rules. The Johnston Office does that.

One present-day actress who quite obviously agrees with the theory that a womanly brand of femininity is not only normal but attractive is Anita Ekberg, the blond Swedish doll. Anita wears her femaleness proudly, like a neon-light badge. Last year, when Anita was making a picture at Paramount with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, she drove to work in a low sports car, clad only in a black leotard—which is nothing more than a pair of long-sleeved, black tights which cover a girl from her neck to her thighs as snugly as her own skin. You could hear rubber tires squeak on asphalt in every direction as the drivers of passing cars slammed on their brakes to cop a look at Anita behind the wheel.

I've been asked, "Why did she do that, Wally?" Your answer is as good as mine. Who knows what goes on inside a woman's head? You tell me. I've never been able to figure it.

One remark Anita made to me while she was in my chair was a switch on the theory that woman has been put into the world for man's delight. For no reason at all, she said to me, "Men are here for us women to enjoy." Another remark of hers was, "Men with interesting faces are here to stay." I don't know what that last crack meant. If it has any double—or even a single—meaning, I didn't get it. Her first remark was not so mysterious.

It was during one of my morning father-confessor sessions that I kept the movies from losing a future Academy Award winner to the fertilizer business. He'd done two B pictures for Paramount; he was drawing down seventy-five dollars a week and was upset that he wasn't getting along faster. He told me, "I'm going back into my dad's business. I'm lost here. I can make more money in fertilizer."

I said, "Settle down. Give yourself a chance. Don't be so anxious. You've made only two pictures."

He looked at me closely to see whether I was giving him the front-office line of malarkey; then he must have figured I was leveling, for he said, "O.K., I'll give it another go-round." His name is Bill Holden.

I don't know whether I've ever saved any marriages with any of my heart-to-heart chats, but among some I haven't saved were a number of my brothers' marriages. Not too many months ago, when my youngest brother, Frank, was divorced, I lost my fifteenth sister-in-law. I have five brothers, but I've been the luckiest Westmore in one way. On November 11, 1956, I will have been married to the same girl for thirty-one years, and she's a honey. Her maiden name was Edwina St. Clair Shelton, and she was born in Dublin, Texas. I don't think that some of my brothers have quite the same approach to marriage that I had. When I heard that one of them had a new fiancée, I said to him, "Why are you going to marry her? You've only known her for a couple of weeks."

"Everybody likes her," he replied. That was a reason?

Ten days after they were married they were separated.

Before he moved to Universal Pictures ten years ago, my brother, Bud, used to work with me. During his time at Paramount, Martha Raye was under contract. One day I was making up Martha when Bud walked into my room. I introduced them. When Bud left she asked, "Is that really your brother?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, boy!" she said. "Me for him!"

The next thing I knew, the telephone rang one Sunday morning, and Teet Carle said, "Congratulations!" Teet is head of Paramount's publicity department.

"On what?" I asked.

"On your newest sister-in-law, Martha Raye," he said.

That marriage wasn't very durable either.

Many young actresses are so nervous on the first day of shooting that they're practically in tears while I make them up. This happens not only to newcomers; it also happens to seasoned actresses. Sometimes they're so much on edge that their faces break out and shiners, or headlights, appear on their foreheads or chins. Shiners, or headlights, are risings; more like hives than pimples.

Quite naturally, kids who are just starting and who are being tested for a first role are most nervous of all. Sometimes a girl will sit in my chair and sob so hard I can't put on her make-up. "Relax while I tell you something," I say. "Everybody in the studio is pulling for you. All you have to do is forget the camera and learn your lines. You could be doing that while you're sitting here in my chair bawling. Just say your part the way I heard you say it in The Cage."

The Cage is a double-glass-walled room that the Paramount talent department has built so that the studio production staff can sit outside in the dark watching what goes on inside—like watching the morning line-up in jail. Those inside The Cage can't see us, but we can see them, and their voices come through a speaker so we can hear them. They're O.K. while they're in there performing, but outside on a set, with the lights and the camera on them, they feel that everything is different and that the pressure is really on. Once or twice I've had people in my chair who were so shaky about being out of The Cage and under the gun that I've had to give them a small glass of stimulant to help settle their nerves.

Having talent is not necessarily the same thing as having confidence. Audrey Hepburn is richly talented and she has no reason to be nervous, yet she was nervous at first too. Her skin didn't break out, but her movements were jerky, and she'd start to say something, then go off at a tangent and talk about something else. But once she got down to work, she was fine. Even an old Hollywood hand like Joan Fontaine is nervous and needs help in the courage department.

Besides curing hang-overs, I have this in common with business executives: I've had to learn to delegate work. I can't make everybody up myself. I have only two hands and only from seven until nine in the morning to do my work. But I do make up Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye. Kaye is a sketch in the make-up room. He comes in all revved up, grabs Nelly Manly, our head hairdresser, and pretends he's trying to kiss her. Nelly is forty-eight; she screams and protests, but she loves it. When Nelly goes on one of Danny's sets, Danny grabs her, picks her up, screaming, before all the people on the set, goes through a door, waits awhile; then comes out and says, "We've just decided to get married." And he rehearses his fast, skat, git-gat-gattle song numbers in my make-up room. I have to calm myself down after Danny goes.

But to get back to my sessions with stars early in the morning, I'd like to tell about a conversation I had with Claudette Colbert. During World War II Claudette used half false eyelashes, instead of full lashes, attached to the outer part of her upper lids. Actually, what she had me do was frame her eyes with a slightly heavier growth of lashes.

One morning I said to Claudette, "I hope you'll always have enough money to buy as many lashes as you want."

She thought that over for a while; then she asked, "What do you think I ought to do about it?"

"If I were you," I said, "I'd go to two or three of the most reputable insurance companies in town and take out some annuity policies."

I'd known actors and actresses who made as much as $25,000 a week in the old days, and I've seen those same actors and actresses working as extras for sixteen dollars a day in later years.

She said nothing, but two or three weeks later she came up to me and said, "I did it."

"Did what?" I asked.

"I took out those annuities you suggested."

Since then she has added to them, and almost every time I see her, she says, "Thanks, Wally." She doesn't have to say any more than that. I know what she means. I gave Mae West and George Raft the same advice, and they did something about it too. At least George did, because he said he did. Mae must have taken steps, too, because she has owned a very expensive apartment building for many years, and it's obvious in other ways that she's saved her money.

If I had to pick the hardest challenge that has ever come my way, it would be a toss-up between making up Freddie March as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and making up Barbara Stanwyck for her role in The Great Man's Lady, a film she made fourteen years ago with Joel McCrea. I think I'll choose the Stanwyck job because the Jekyll-and-Hyde assignment was so technical that few people can understand what I did even after I tell them.

Barbara's age was supposed to be hitting up around the hundred-year mark in her picture, although she was actually thirty-four. She wanted me to add those years with grease paint, but I knew it couldn't be done. That way might have been all right for stage purposes, but not for motion pictures, where an actress' head was enlarged 200 times its normal size. Now that we have VistaVision and CinemaScope, heads are even larger than that. On a movie screen, everything is so magnified that a complicated grease-paint job would look crude and obvious.

To begin my "aging Barbara Stanwyck" campaign I took her out to the Masonic Old Ladies' Home in Santa Monica.

(*Continued on Page 81*)

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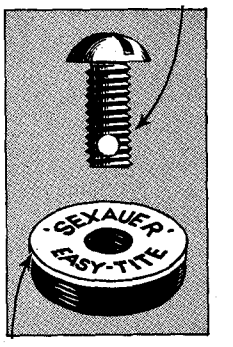

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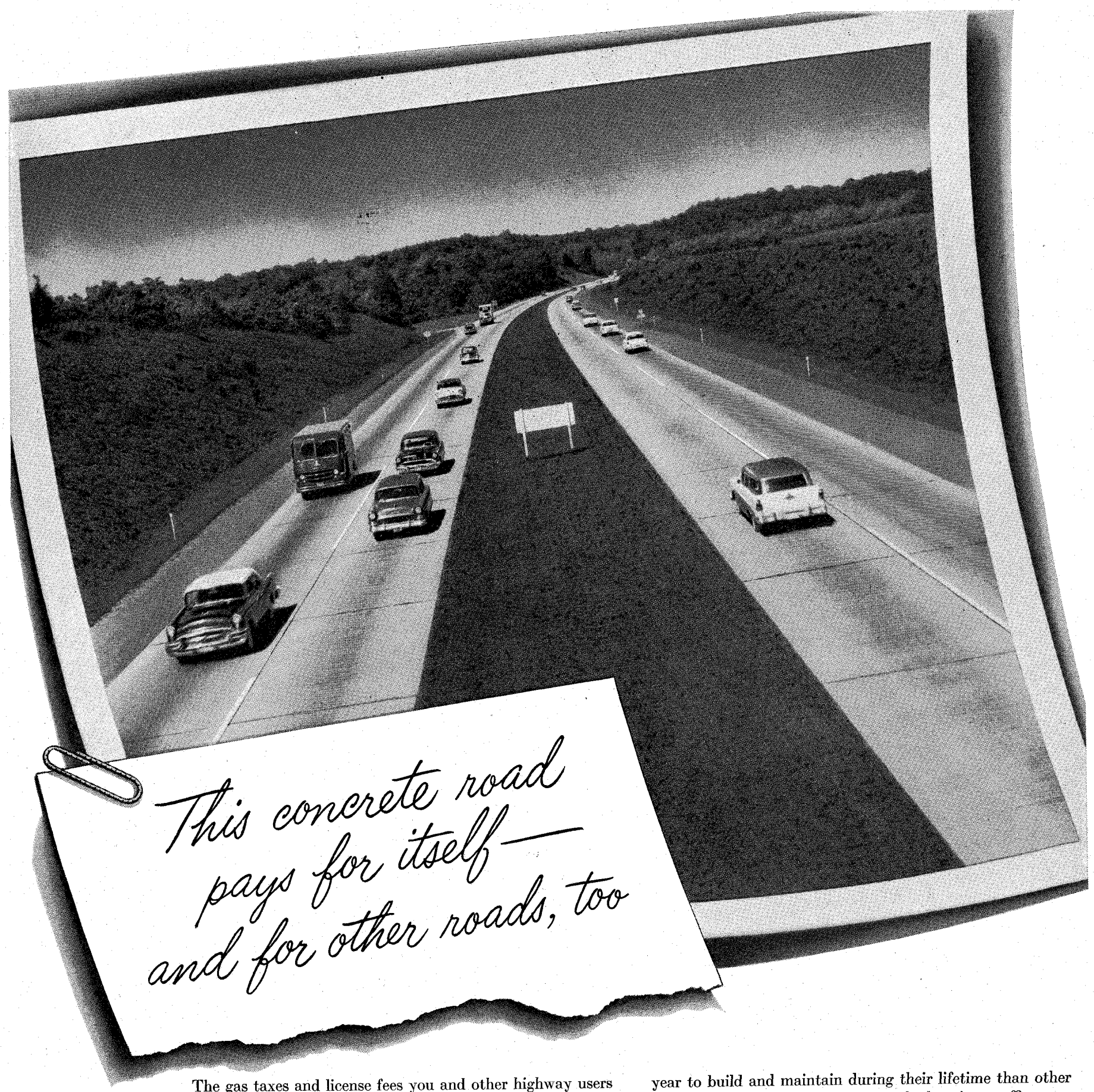

The gas taxes and license fees you and other highway users pay to drive on a road represent that highway's "earnings". Some roads earn less than they cost *per year* to build and maintain. Others earn more than their *annual cost.* Those "dividends" can be invested in urgently needed highways.

A typical good investment is Shirley Memorial Highway, which runs south from Washington, D. C., into Virginia. The section shown above carries a daily average of 30,000 vehicles. Here's how its earnings and profits are computed:

Number of vehicles traveling road daily	30,000
times average vehicle tax per mile in Va.	$.00745
equals road's earnings per day per mile	$223.50
times number of days in a year	365
equals annual earnings of road per mile	$81,578
minus annual cost to build and maintain such a road during its expected lifetime	$10,000
equals annual net profit per mile	$71,578

Other concrete roads, like Shirley Memorial Highway, pay big dividends to highway users because they cost less per year to build and maintain during their lifetime than other pavements even though they carry the heaviest traffic.

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(*Continued from Page 79*) Before going, I called the superintendent of the home and persuaded her to assemble a group of elderly ladies in the home's recreation hall. When Barbara and I arrived, four ladies were waiting there for us. Their average age was about ninety-six. I introduced Barbara to them and we had an enjoyable time together. I had tipped Barbara off to study how the old ladies walked and how they sat down. Really elderly people don't sit down the way other people do. Before seating themselves, they grasp a chair back as a steadier, and when they do sit, they lower themselves into a seat spraddle-legged and stooped. And I suggested to Barbara that she study their speech, for they spoke more haltingly than younger people.

When we got back to the studio, I had the wardrobe department make Barbara a leather halter which strapped around each of her legs below her knees, and connected with a girdle around her waist by means of a strap up the back of each leg. It restricted free movement of the body, so that she couldn't straighten her legs when she stood up. In turn, as a counterbalance, this made her head fall forward and kept her stoop-shouldered. Also, we added a pad on her back to make her even more bent, and we aged her hands with spirit gum and toilet paper. I asked her to double her hand into a fist; then I painted that fist with spirit gum. Next I put toilet paper on the fist, pushed it into wrinkles and let it dry. When she opened her hand, instead of being tight, her skin was loose and the tissue-paper wrinkles fell naturally into place.

She wore long sleeves for her role, but we wrinkled her arms just above the wrists in the same way we had wrinkled her hands, and we aged each finger individually. Then we put make-up over the whole, stippling it on with a sponge to discolor the skin the way the passage of years would have done. And we drew in veins with a gray pencil. That particular film was in black and white, which meant gray veins would show up well. For Barbara's old-lady dialogue, she put a steel ball bearing into her mouth. This helped blur her articulation and made her sound like an old lady talking. But that came later.

Next I led her to the Paramount lab and made a cast of her face in plaster of Paris. I took a mold of her face from that cast and modeled the characteristics of an old lady on it with modeling wax, including the wattles under her throat. Then I duplicated that mask in liquid foam rubber, beaten with an electric egg beater. The foam rubber we use is even softer and has finer bubbles in it than a sponge-rubber pillow. We use foam rubber instead of straight latex because non-bubbly latex lets no animation come through. The beaten, foamy stuff was poured into the plaster cast I'd made of her and put into a 350-degree oven and baked for six hours. Then we took the resultant "cured" mask out and applied it to her face. When Barbara smiled, the thin sheet of foam rubber covering her face was so soft, light and pliable that the smile came through.

I was a pioneer in churning liquid rubber to make it more flexible, and so more like real skin. By modeling on a cast of an actor's face with this new, softer, spongier rubber, I can make him look gruesome, older, younger; give him a longer face or a longer nose, a trick chin or a higher forehead; set his ears farther back or bring them forward. The things that can be done with this substance are practically unlimited. It can even be turned into masks—or semimasks—which make doubles look more like the people for whom they're doubling.

So far, I haven't said much about my pal, Bing Crosby. We've been friends for twenty-five years. He's the same today as he was when I first knew him—a tonic to be around. A nervous person gets over his jitters in Bing's company because Bing is so serene. His calmness gives you a bounce. In spite of his casualness, Bing likes to get a lot of work done, and he's completely honest with himself. He took one look at his last picture, Anything Goes, and said to me, "I've had it, Wally. I look like the Grand Lama of Tibet."

I didn't agree. "It's just a question of correct lighting," I said. The point is that when a star of Bing's ripe experience and years is surrounded by a lot of youngsters, the cameraman ought to devote most of his care and skill to him; the others will come through O.K. But Bing will be all right. He'll be back for more—if the right story comes along. After watching him play the part of a singer and stage actor in Country Girl, I decided that he can go on forever.

For the flashbacks in that story I was supposed to make him appear ten or fifteen years younger than he is. To accomplish that, I did a lot of high-lighting on all parts of his face to erase spots and wipe out the circles under his eyes. In addition, I used a more youthful toupee, with more hair, and I darkened Bing's own hair at the temples. It was what I'd call a nice, clean young make-up.

For the part in Country Girl where Bing was supposed to look older and fall a victim of alcoholism, I built up the circles under his eyes. I asked him to skip his usual morning shave and I also stippled more stubble on his chin with a coarse rubber sponge. To get this stippled effect I used dark-brown eye shadow—the kind usually used over eyes. The sponge kept the color from being solid and made it look more like hair. And for the older Bing, I not only gave him a thinner toupee, I grayed the sides of his hair. So, in a make-up switch, when you saw him on the screen making up for a stage appearance in which he was hoping to look more youthful, he was darkening the temples I had already grayed.

After this stage appearance in the picture, he took off a couple of small hair pieces right in front of the movie audience's eyes. Those hair pieces had been put on as a part of his stage make-up—in addition to the toupee Bing usually wears—and when he removed them, a gasp went up from most of the movie audiences who saw him do it. As far as I know, the moment in that picture when he took off some of his stage make-up before the camera, thus making himself look older, is the only time anything like that has ever been attempted in pictures.

In Country Girl, the script called for Bing to have scars on his wrists where he'd slashed them in a suicide attempt. I made those scars by taking a tube of liquid adhesive—a fluid rubber which is sold in all drugstores as a surgical adhesive—squeezing the contents of that tube on a piece of glass, working it into the shape of scars and drying them under a hair dryer. Once these were cured, I peeled them off and glued them on Bing's wrists with spirit gum. The "scars" blended into his skin and looked like part of it.

Shaping those scars was no guesswork with me. I do quite a bit of work with doctors who call me to make rubber breasts for women who have had theirs removed surgically, and for other forms of prosthesis. I've always been interested in surgery. I have quite a few doctor friends who tip me off when I can drop into a hospital and watch an operation. As a by-product, I've seen some slashed wrists.

Another special problem faced by Paramount's make-up department is reproducing the welts left on the skins of slaves by the whips of slave drivers. We make those welts out of latex, mold it into different sizes and shapes, then glue them across the backs of the chastised. Some are supposed to be healed scars; others are fresh wounds with blood still oozing from them.

Make-up "blood" is not catchup thinned with water, as some people think. Years ago, the blood we used for make-up was a dye which discolored costumes wherever it touched them, so the Motion Picture Research Council—a laboratory group formed to solve such problems—found a blood substitute; it's a paste which each make-up department can thin for itself. It doesn't stain and it washes out immediately.

There's no make-up problem involved in showing blood coming from a stab or a gunshot wound at the moment of stabbing or shooting, because the Johnston Office code forbids filming anybody being stabbed or shot. An assassin can be shown raising his knife and starting it down, but he is never shown driving it in. The next thing you see is the person who's been stabbed. There may be a knife sticking in him and blood welling up around it, but you don't see it go in.

The Johnston Office also has ruled out bullets hitting people on the screen. You can see an actor point a gun at another, but you never see the shooter and his victim on the same piece of film. Even in a battle or in a duel scene, when one actor is hacking away at another, you never see blood spurt. With a fist fight, it's different. You see a fist hit a mouth, and blood runs out of the mouth of the one who's been bashed. In such cases we pop a gelatin capsule filled with synthetic blood into an actor's mouth, and when his mouth collides with a fist, he bites down on the capsule and blood flows from his lips. However, the code says that the outside of his mouth can't be cut. It must be the inside that's damaged.

When you see a man in a film spit out teeth or a tooth, he started the scene with teeth stowed in his mouth for spitting. Those teeth don't come under the jurisdiction of make-up; they're props. On the other hand, if we show that actor without his lost teeth, that is make-up. We black out the "missing" teeth with dull black tooth enamel so they won't shine.

Cauliflower ears are an easy touch. We take a cast of the actor's head and ears and make lumpy ears of latex. However, if the actor who's wearing them doesn't have a leading part, the cast becomes too expensive an investment, so we use duomold wax to build up his cauliflowers. Duomold wax resembles a super nose putty or a modeling wax. Sometimes a cauliflower ear seems folded over or bent in the middle, and I've seen wrestlers' ears which look like little holes in the sides of the head or solid rosebuds of flesh.

"Making up" teeth is a double play; the ball is flipped from the make-up department to a dentist, who, in turn, produces what we call jackets—they are also known as caps. A Hollywood make-up department calls in a dentist if the actor's natural teeth are separated by wide spaces, if they protrude too much or are too pointed or too uneven. First the protruding teeth are ground down, care being taken not to come too close to the roots, and a cast of the ground-down teeth is taken. Next a technician models the teeth on the cast. A permanent cap is made and cemented on, its color matching the actor's teeth. This cap can be plastic, enamel or porcelain.

Another tooth-make-up gimmick is a veneer. Veneers are used if there are wide spaces between teeth and the person involved doesn't want to have his or her teeth capped. In that case we have fine plastic shells made and attach them with adhesive powder. All you have to do is wet the shells, shake powder on them and place them on the teeth. Veneers are no impediment to speech, but actors can't eat with them, because they're too fragile. However, after taking them off for meals, the wearer can put them back on.

This is one of the few jobs of make-up—if not the only one—that film players can do for themselves. For almost everything else they need help from characters like me. It's an old gag, but it's basically true that the job of a Hollywood make-up man is fixing flats. Next week I'll tell about some of the people I've worked on, among them Grace Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Debra Paget, Audrey Hepburn, Mitzi Gaynor, Anna Magnani, Bill Holden and Bob Hope.

Editors' note—This is the first of two articles by Wally Westmore as told to Pete Martin.

"When I agreed to an office pool, Purvis, I assumed . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Typhoon Rescue (Continued from Page 21)

"I'm not joking. I'm a nurse. I'm in the SS Padaran. She's not a fancy liner. Cargo and thirty-odd passengers. Mostly, I help the doctor with seasick pills and take care of passengers' kids. This time we had a pneumonia case. Our second officer. We had to send him ashore here to hospital. Coming back, I found John's letter at Jardine's. It makes me mad." She saw his dark eyes twinkling at her. She tossed her head and snapped, "Will you please stop grinning at me!"

"I told you before," said Mr. Pawling flatly. "That John of yours is nuts."

"He is not! He's a young attorney in San Francisco. He's just getting his feet on the ground. All I wanted to do is help him get started. Going to sea, I often make extra money with firsthand news stories to a press association. Lots of girls help out when first they're married nowadays. But him! He ——"

"He's not only nuts, he's a dope."

"Mr. Pawling, I simply will not let you ——"

"If he wanted to marry you bad enough, he wouldn't worry about you taking care of passengers' kids for a trip or maybe two. If he had any sense he'd know when it came the time for you to take care of one of your own, you'd be home soon enough where you belonged." He was grinning at her fiercely. "And if you were mine, Sally Buckley, that's exactly what I'd do."

"Well, I'm not yours!" She was furious. It made her look lovelier than ever, that silly little hat askew on her rust-blond hair. "What's more, I never would be. I don't trust big, dark-headed men. Especially if they're sailors."

"Then we're safe enough. I never cared for redheads."

"Oh, you don't, don't you! Well, let me tell you ——" She stopped abruptly. All of a sudden she smiled. Her eyes were bright and steady on him, some wistful poignancy that half revealed itself. "John," her throaty voice said gently, "I'm just hurt. I guess that's why I snarl at you. I guess you're hurt yourself. I'm sorry. Thanks for talking with me."

She meant to dismiss him, but he didn't go. He kept looking at her, saying quietly, "This is certainly a funny way to drown your sorrow." He nodded down at the table. "Tea and crumpets!" he chuckled. "Babula, the Number One boy, must be very amazed. This is mostly a place for seamen, Sally. Babula probably thinks you made a mistake, coming here, and he's too polite to tell you. He doesn't know you're a jilted seaman yourself." Mr. Pawling chuckled again. "I'm glad you haven't touched the crumpets. It would only spoil our dinner."

"Our dinner?"

"Of course! We're going out to Mamma Sangh's place over on North Boat Quay."

"We are doing no such thing!" Her anger began to flare at once. "If you think for one minute ——"

"Stop quarreling all the time. Of course, we are. Mamma Sangh will treat us fine. She remembers me. We both survived the war. She fed me in '42, the day I sailed out of here in a ship called Andromeda. I was a quartermaster then. We were the last ship out through Sunda Strait ahead of the Japanese. Didn't do us very much good." His voice went low. "Off Australia we got torpedoed. We were in an open boat two days." She kept watching him and he tried to grin. "Mamma Sangh will give us Bombay duck and chicken curry and chutney. She'll give us rose-petal wine. You've got no use for dark-haired men, and I don't care for redheads." This time he really grinned. "So what have you got to lose?"

They went out to Mamma Sangh's, all right. Sally Buckley was entranced. Mamma Sangh was large, dark-skinned and buxom, and she called Mr. Pawling "my Johnny." She gave them a table by themselves on a balcony.

Maybe Mr. Pawling told Sally about the ships he'd known, about a gray-eyed Berkeley girl who had no use for seamen. Maybe he told her he had no other skill, and if he wasn't a sailor he was nothing, and how he had hoped he had found a woman at last who understood it. Maybe she told him about a young San Francisco attorney who didn't like ships and sailors either. They weren't really sure what things they spoke about. But they heard a distant tinkling and Sally was sure of that. She cocked her head and listened. It was faint and far away, like music drifting gently in the hot night air from across some far-off hill. It was like a faith or a promise.

"What is it, John?" she murmured.

"The bells from Red Pagoda. You can seldom hear them here. They say if you really hear them, you are bound to have good luck."

"Well, I'm glad." Her throaty voice was stirring. "I'm glad we heard them, John."

Some evenings are like that. Some magic is afloat. You are attuned to it, to deep inexplicable rhythm. The magic can touch you. It must have touched them then. They didn't quarrel at all. They didn't know how late it was till the taxi rolled down to Keppel Harbor, through the wharf gate to the gangway of the SS Padaran.

"It's been a wonderful evening, John," she was telling him. "You made me very nearly forget my Dear Jane letter."

"I don't think you cared too much for him anyhow. If you ——"

"Well, I like that!"

"If you did, you'd quit the sea in a minute. It's not your life. You can. Me, I can't."

"Now you're getting nasty again," she snapped. She heard the cab's gears clash and suddenly roar off. It spun her around.

"That's funny," she frowned. "Now how will you get ——"

"I paid him off. I'll see you on board."

"You'll do no such thing! If that isn't just like a sailor! Just because I went to dinner with you, you ——"

"Oh, stop it, Sally!" He cut her anger short. "Why do you think I was in Jardine's today? You sent a man ashore with pneumonia. My ship was in Manila. I got orders to fly here to relieve him. I'm the Padaran's new second officer."

"Oh!" Her hand flew to her mouth. She made that quick gesture, two fingers at her lips. "You never told me."

"You never asked."

"I'm so sorry, John. I don't mean always to be rude." Her hand dropped slowly and she touched his arm. "I ought to be honest. You're probably right. About the Dear Jane letter, I mean. And then about dark-headed men. I lied."

"Well, that's all right." He grinned. "I lied myself. I think redheads are wonderful."

"I've made three trips. It's been fun." She was smiling. They were moving to the gangway's foot. "I could go ashore tomorrow, though. You're right. Except I never saw it, and I always wanted to."

"Saw what?"

"A rescue, John. A rescue at sea. I always ——"

She stopped short. At her side she felt him tense. She looked quickly at him. His face was stone. She had never seen a man's face look like that or heard a voice so bitter or so cold.

"So you can have a firsthand story for your press service!" He was staring into space. He was remembering how long seas looked from the thwart of an open boat, how men looked, huddled there. "The sea is not a private show!" The words dropped singly from his lips. "For you—or anyone!"

"John! I didn't mean ——"

"No! You don't know what you mean." His voice was quieter. "We'd better go aboard."

She climbed the gangway ahead of him. She knew he would say no more. And the following morning the Padaran sailed for Hong Kong on the leg of her passage toward San Francisco and her home.

The ship stood out through Singapore Strait and Middle Channel under a sky of brilliant blue. The chief officer stood no watch in the Padaran. Mr. Pawling had the four to eight. Tall cloud shapes draped the western sky. The ship kept humming and pulsing in the long, slow swell, creaming the water into foam. Mr. Pawling could hear the murmur of voices from the promenade. He wondered which one was Sally's. He didn't look, though, pacing the weather wing. When he heard her voice it was startlingly close. In the twilight on the ship's wide bridge it had a stirring sound.

"I brought you your coffee," it told him. "Let's not be angry, John."

Angry? How could he be? She looked too wonderful in white, the wind and the sunset in her hair. He grinned. They murmured together up there for moments while the sunset grew, the spell of fine weather on them. Watching the way she walked from him, he was suddenly glad of orders that had flown him from Manila to sail in the Padaran. You didn't often get such weather, September in the China Sea. Maybe it was Sally Buckley. Maybe Sally brought weather like this.

So the Padaran steamed toward Hong Kong, and the weather held, and the China Sea still smiled. It was cruise-ship weather. Sally had no trouble with seasick pills, and there weren't many kids. John Pawling saw her when he could, and as often as not they quarreled. But he found he was always grinning to himself when he left her. Who ever heard of a girl who got jilted because she went to sea?

So the passage went and the watches changed and the sea noise burbled all around. The Padaran built the latitudes, and the swells began to steepen. They took on a somber, oily look. Aloft a cirrus haze kept gathering. The seas were lifting in that sticky atmosphere. Fresh puffs of wind slashed at the ship, backed south and west, and started whimpering. The Padaran was rocking in a cross sea and her passenger decks grew empty. Long before the reports came up from the radio shack, the bridge knew what the weather meant. Captain Whitman laid the warnings on the chart, Mr. Pawling at his side. Captain Whitman frowned, his white head bent beneath the chart-room light.

"Typhoon," his deep voice said. "It will pass ahead of us." He tapped his dividers at the chart and frowned again. "The chief officer has everything secure. There's nothing for it, Mr. Pawling. We will hold the course."

"Yes, sir. We will catch some dirt, though, captain."

"I am sure of it."

They caught some dirt, all right. The wind kept lifting all the watch. The lower storm scud raced past swiftly, overhead, and in the north the black clouds of typhoon massed. The Padaran lurched heavily. Great seas swept at her and by dawn the wild, high-keening banshees of the true gale howled. There was no dawn, though. In a pale, weird glimmering the ship's head plunged down in a wilderness of water, green, with white ribs streaking all the marching seas. Each time she lifted, wind-swept waterfalls went cataracting from her. On her bridge the dark shapes kept their vigil, swinging up there, silhouetted between raging sea and angry sky.

The Padaran held northward in the typhoon's trough. She made hard weather of it. She was skillful, though. She put her shoulder to the mile-long seas. They didn't catch her by surprise. She always dodged in time, rose shaking. She was lucky, and her seamen knew it. Mr. Pawling knew it too. They were well below the storm eye. Up ahead where that wild heart of the true tempest passed, the fury would be desperate and frightful. It could murder ships and men, and Mr. Pawling knew that too. If there was unwarned shipping up there, could it possibly survive? John Pawling found out in the morning watch.

The Padaran still lurched in heavy seas. Torrential rain squalls lashed her, but the great gale's brutal edge was dulled. Star clusters glinted up aloft behind a racing scud. Only for a moment, though. Only long enough to let him see the glitter of weird light along a comber's white-plumed crest, the ship's head plunging in the flood. But he could keep the weather wing now, water dripping from his oilskins, eyes brine-rimmed and weary. He was grateful for the signs of moderation, waiting out the long and lonely morning watch.

He took his scalding coffee in the wheelhouse, checked the heading and stepped to the gratings of the wing again. That's when he thought he saw it. Feeble burst of color far ahead in inky darkness. Low on the water. Far too low. What star was rising there? He blinked and looked again. Nothing. It was gone. He frowned. He meant to turn away, but couldn't. Instinct, maybe. Maybe inner warning. He kept peering against windy blackness toward the north and east. There! Slow arc of pale fire lifting just a little into where the sky should be. It hesitated, hung an instant, then burst open. He was sure now! Signal of distress.

"You see that, Jensen?" his voice snapped. "Rocket? Starboard bow?"

"No," the lookout called back. "I see nothing, sir."

"Call Captain Whitman!"

Mr. Pawling wasn't wrong. The master saw it too. Slow curve of fire lifting higher while they watched, exploding fragile color in the distant murk where fire and color ought not be. The skipper put the rudder right, shaped over there. On the eastern board the first wan streak of dawnlight gray began to show. It glimmered for an instant, vanished, showed again. Glasses against their eyes, they saw a dark bulk, nothing more. It slowly grew, though. It became a hull. White cataracts of water washed across it, let it lift a moment, washed it down again.

New Car in the Family

Of all sad fates,
Perhaps the worst
Is his, or hers,
Who dents it first.

By Stephen Schlitzer

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"Dismasted schooner, sir," said Mr. Pawling. "Nothing of her masts left but two broken stumps. Gear and raffle pounding in the water all around. Lord, look at her! She's got no freeboard left at all! She can't last long."

"Call the chief mate, Jensen." Captain Whitman's face was grim. "I want oil started fore and aft. At once!" He peered against the weirdly growing light again. "Her crowd's all lashed back aft. Poor devils!" He let the glasses fall against his chest. "My first officer is not a young man, Mr. Pawling," he said slowly. "Mr. Graham will retire next trip. He cannot take a boat across." The master hesitated. Just an instant. Then he asked, "Can you?"

Mr. Pawling didn't answer for some moments. He looked out across the wind-streaked ocean's face to where ten men hung desperately to a battered sea-washed hulk. His eyes had memory and sadness in them when he turned.

"In this weather, sir," he said with tautness, "I prefer the pulling boat."

"You take her, then. You take the men you want. The bos'n is a first-rate sailor. He will volunteer. You let him pull the stroke. I'll lay an oil slick for you, Mr. Pawling. It will help you, but we haven't got much time. You keep my lee. Good luck!"

They spoke like that for moments on the Padaran's wide bridge. They took their counsel, understood their danger, saw white water washing clear across the broken schooner now, the dark blobs far aft over there all watching their last hope, their only succor bearing down. Then Mr. Pawling, on the boat deck, picked his men from volunteers with care. The bos'n was one of them, all right. He'd pull the stroke. Large, huge-handed, with a sunburned, heavy face, he checked the sea boat, painter and the gear with Mr. Pawling. In the eerie light the deck crowd gathered in a cluster at the falls. Looking forward to the bridge wing, Mr. Pawling saw white-headed Captain Whitman nod, arm waving quickly, giving signal he was ready. Mr. Pawling gestured his response, moved over to the unlashed sea boat hanging in her davits.

"John!" The cry came urgently behind him. Mr. Pawling recognized the voice at once. He knew its throaty timbre. "John!" it cried again. He spun around. He saw her. She was dressed in her white uniform, draped in a heavy coat. He thought her eyes were feverish and overbright. And she was racing toward him. "John, you can't!" She looked wildly out across the ocean and looked back. "I never knew it was like this! It isn't possible! It ——"

"You'll see it now," he told her in a cold, low voice. "You always wanted to. Well, here it is. Go get your camera."

He turned away. The thing he spoke was cruelty. He knew it. It slipped from him thoughtlessly. Stress did such things. Then he was climbing for the boat. Her voice just barely reached him now. There was no anger in it and no hurt. It came to him along the wind with gentle firmness. "You will bring them back, John. All of them. I know you will! We heard the bells from Red Pagoda back in Singapore at Mamma Sangh's. You're bound to have good luck. I'll ——"

He didn't hear the rest. He signaled and the boat falls skirled. They were dropping quickly down along the Padaran's steep side. The ocean lifted, took them, and he cried his orders out. The boat blocks tripped, the painter cast off. Mr. Pawling shipped the steering sweep. Water-borne, the boat sheered off.

The men pulled easily, the bos'n stroking strong and steady. Tall in the stern sheets, Mr. Pawling saw the sailor faces, all the grim eyes looking at him, moving forward, hauling back. The sea boat fell away into the trough, green, glassy hills all towering around them, deep, low booming of the wind aloft. He put his weight against the oar. He kept her head up till she lifted, climbed an ocean flank until the wind shrilled keenly, knifing at him, at the men along the pulling thwarts. Only then he saw the schooner, wallowing ahead there, broken hulk with dark blobs aft. Was she as far away as that?

The seas were steeper down here. You could judge their frightening dimension, their true strength. Down in an open boat was where the ocean really was, and you could understand its nature there. Only there you heard the wind's true voice. The boat rose soaring to a crest again. The hulk seemed just as far away. How could they ever reach her? Was there time? Each time she vanished behind hills of water, would she show herself again?

Keep in the oil slick. Let the boat run. Mr. Pawling understood that. If you fought great seas in small boats they would drown you and, unhurried and impersonal, rush on.

It went like that. The faces, draining water, kept their ceaseless rhythm, moving forward, hauling back. They never measured time. They didn't know how long it was till Mr. Pawling rounded to close under a foundering schooner's counter, till he bellowed orders and the bow oar boated. Above them on that wrecked poop one dark shape rose black against the storm wrack, rope coil in his hand. A line snaked out and down. It was their last thin thread of hope, and Mr. Pawling, gaunt and weary, held the boat's head on. The cast was true, the line secured. He saw the first man jump.

Back on the Padaran, they saw it too. In the bridge wing, Captain Whitman blinked. His officers were murmuring behind him. No one really spoke, though. Not up there. Not on the boat deck, either, where the people clustered, all the faces turned one way. Sally Buckley stood apart, one arm against a davit to support her, and the knuckles of that hand showed white. She stood rigid. She was seeing it, all right. Rescue at sea. She had told John Pawling that she always wanted to. This was the way it was! That little cockleshell down there, appearing, disappearing in a turbulence of angry sea. It never could survive! It hung in murky distance, lifting, falling close against a sea-washed hulk where dark shapes, one by one, leaped down into a green-white flood. In the stern sheets of the boat a tall shape loomed. That man was John. How could he live down there where water tumbled and the strong wind boomed?

She was seeing it, all right. Breathlessly, she watched. The little cockleshell was turning, crawling back along the ocean's face. This was the age-old symbol of seafaring. This was at its heart. She was seeing it. She heard the engine bells ring in the Padaran. Captain Whitman was maneuvering to help his boat. She never stirred. She kept her eyes glued on that dark speck laboring down on the water. It seemed motionless in distance. It seemed to make no headway. When the ocean hills rose up and swallowed it, would it reveal itself again? It always did.

She never knew how long she stood there. She remembered seeing John's face lift a moment, and it startled her. It looked haggard. He was closer. He was gauging sea and distance. Then she lost him. He was rounding to against the Padaran's steep side below her and she heard the crying of the many voices as the blocks hooked on, the boatfalls started whining.

That's how Mr. Pawling brought his people home. He saw the bos'n staggering beside him on the boat deck. Strange! A robust man like that? Could it be that he was staggering himself? He heard the thin, dry voice of Doctor Stanley, brisk, professional, the buzz of many others carrying and leading half-drowned seamen below. He looked for Sally. He was sure he saw her. He was sure her eyes were on him. They were green, all right. He thought she spoke. He tried to listen carefully, knowing there would be some comfort in her speaking. And he tried to answer. Maybe Mr. Pawling did. He wasn't sure. The weariness flowed over him. He'd tell her later. He knew what he'd say. It was time she knew.

The next thing Mr. Pawling knew for certain, he was draped in blankets, sitting on the bunk edge in his cabin. He was gulping scalding coffee. Coffee always tasted better when a girl like Sally gave it. She was there. Doctor Stanley too. But CaptainWhitman's huge bulk loomed before him. The master's blue eyes smiled, his white head bent a little.

"I have never seen a sea boat handled like that, mister," he heard Captain Whitman's deep voice murmur.

"Tell the bos'n, sir. He pulled the stroke," John told him. "Tell those others at the oars. Tell them. Not me."

"I will. The schooner foundered, Mr. Pawling. We just watched her go. The doctor here says all the men will be all right."

The skipper went away then. Doctor Stanley shooed him out. The girl was still there, though. John Pawling grinned at her. Her eyes were on him, bright and shining. Mr. Pawling had to tell her something. It was urgent, and the proper time was now. What the devil was the matter with that doctor? He hadn't sense enough to go away. Instead, he faced the girl, his fingers seeming to stroke her throat. Couldn't the doctor of the Padaran ever be unprofessional?

John Pawling heard him say, "All right, Buckley. You get back to the hospital. I'll see you there."

Doctors always called their nurses by their last names. Mr. Pawling grinned again. "Doc," he said, "you let her stay. I want to tell her ——"

"You can tell her later. She ——"

"Nonsense! Things like this won't wait. We both got jilted, doc. Old story for a sailor. Lots of girls won't marry such as us. But her! Did you ever hear of a girl who got jilted because she went to sea? It's just not right! I've got to put it straight so she ——"

"John! How can you?" Sally's voice flared instant anger. Mr. Pawling thought it sounded strange. Then just as suddenly her anger melted. "John, I saw my rescue," she was saying. "I was a fool ever to say I wanted to." Then she moved closer to him. "If you asked me, John," she told him gently, "I would quit the sea tomorrow. I would ——"

"Buckley!" The doctor's voice was sharp and dry. "You don't belong here. I told you to get back to the hospital!"

"Doc, why don't you get the devil out of here!" John Pawling flared. "I want to ask her what she thinks about being a sailor's wife instead of an attorney's. I want ——"

"You can ask her later. Maybe in a week. I'm sure she will not change her mind."

"You're a blasted martinet!" snapped Mr. Pawling. "You've got no right to shoo her off!" Then suddenly he was remembering a thing the girl had said in Singapore. He looked up at the doctor of the Padaran, and he was grinning broadly. "What's the matter with me, doc? Have I got the mumps, or something?"

"No," said Doctor Stanley dryly. "But she has." THE END

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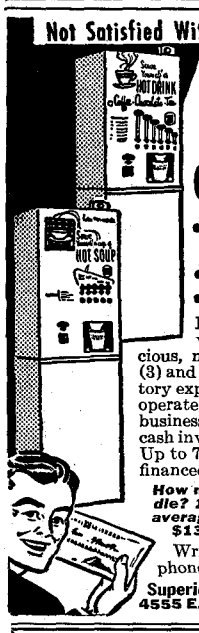

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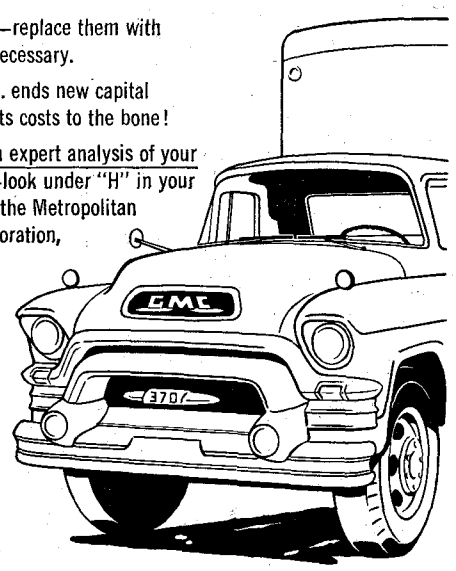

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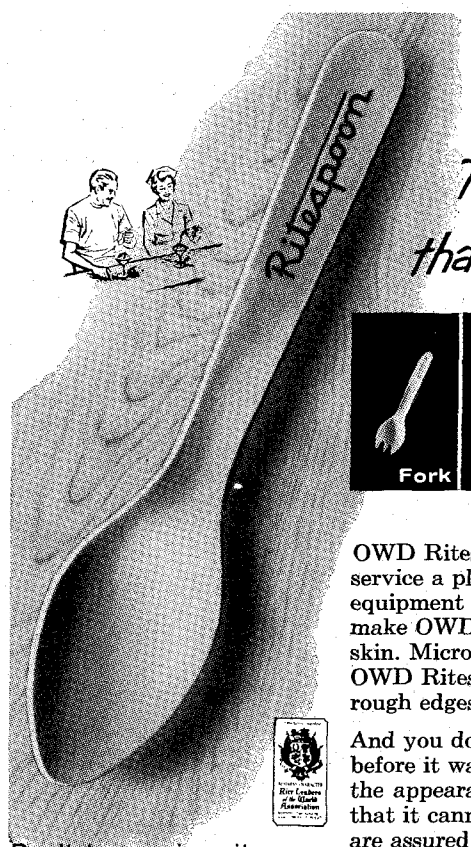

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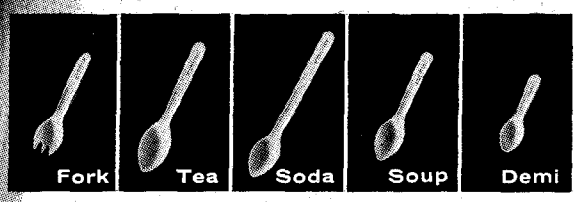

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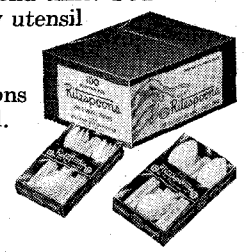

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I Came Back from Madness

(Continued from Page 25)

letters to him. I take long walks in the rain. Sometimes I lock myself up in my room with my books and music. But I have learned that I can control the tension in me. I will never fail again.

I was not one of those neat, appealing cases where a nervous breakdown results from overwork. I was schizophrenic because I couldn't take the common everyday combat with life. I was a difficult, temperamental, unhappy child. I was a lonely, irrational, "peculiar" girl. I was mentally ill before I finished college, and I spent my twenty-third year in a state asylum and a private sanitarium.

According to medical science, schizophrenia is a split personality, a retreat from the real world into fantasy. That was my case.

Unable to meet life, I ran away from it into paranoiac schizophrenia, a feeling that everything and everybody was against me. I retreated into hysteria, uncontrolled moments when I wanted to scream and hurt and kill. These were sometimes followed by regression into infantile behavior. As a paranoiac or hysterical schizophrenic I was my "other self," someone I did not know or afterward remember.

Why was I this way, and so unlike my sister? I am not seeking to explain, to punish or to excuse. I am not placing blame, either on my parents or on myself. Whatever the mysteries of heredity and environment that made me "different," I was "different." Psychologists and psychiatrists might give a diagnosis, and discuss my case in terms of rejection, fixation, sublimation, transference or Oedipus complex. That would be their story. This is mine.

The air was autumn crisp the fateful morning I went "for a ride" with my father and Aunt Mabel. The hills flamed in red and gold, and I loved the "ride" and suspected nothing. Father had asked me to go with them to visit another aunt in a nearby town. But we passed her home without stopping.

"Where are we going?" I looked curiously at the roadside signs that pointed to Centerville. Could they be taking me back to Centerville College? I had not even packed.

My father stared straight ahead of him, not answering. Aunt Mabel's mouth was set in a hard line. She looked as cool and efficient as she did when on duty in the city hospital. Suddenly I knew! The state asylum was located in Centerville!

"You can't! You can't take me—there!" I flung myself at the door. I fought, clawing at my aunt's face. "Where is mother? I want to go back to mother!" I sobbed.

"Don't, baby," begged father. He slowed the car and Aunt Mabel gave me a hypodermic.

"This will quiet her," she said.

"Perhaps she should have one more chance. It is pretty hard, Mabel, taking my own daughter to the asylum." Father's voice was thick.

"You can't be sentimental now, Bill. You know three doctors signed the lunacy papers."

I grew sleepy after that. There were some great dark buildings, a long flight of steps, and hands reaching for me.

"She looks like a dopey one," remarked someone. All I wanted to do was sleep. I realized where I was, and that I was being committed to the state mental hospital. I didn't care. I heard the sound of a lock turning, and I was alone.

It was then that the terror struck. I pounded on the door.

"You can't leave me!" I began to shout. I was wide awake now.

"I'm not crazy! There has been a mistake! I don't belong in here!" I screamed. It was a low, experimental scream. Then I screamed again. A nurse passed. She did not even glance my way.

I looked around the cell-like room and sank down on the hard cot. Outside the barred porthole of a window, I saw a tree, its autumn-gold leaves stirring in the wind.

"God, help me!" I prayed.

Much later, when all was dark and quiet over the ward, the key scratched in my lock.

"Don't put me in with someone else!" a woman was pleading. "I don't want to be locked up with a maniac!"

A maniac? She was talking about me!

Light streamed in the open door and an attendant walked in.

"Sorry to wake you up, Ann. Everything else is full. I have brought you some company."

The new patient watched me uncertainly.

"Don't be afraid," I heard myself saying. "I am not going to hurt you."

My roommate sat on the cot beside me. She introduced herself as Mrs. Ginther, and explained that she was late because her son's car had broken down on the way. We talked as though we were two travelers sharing a room at the Y.W.C.A.

"I have been here many times—many times," explained Mrs. Ginther, cheerfully. "I am just too crazy—too crazy to live with my children." She laughed, and I laughed. A few hours before, I had thought that I would never laugh again.

There was not much to laugh about during those weeks in the state asylum. All around me was horror—the horror of idle hours, of tasteless food, of brutality. There were not enough doctors and nurses, not even enough beds. Some patients slept on the floor. I was accepted matter-of-factly as a patient who had "spells." They came on me as periods of weeping and screaming, and then they were over. Between "spells," I was pressed into service assisting the nurses and attendants. I liked the work, and I became interested in the pitiful women I tried to help.

One patient had killed her own child. Unaware of what she had done, she followed me about all day, asking, "Have you seen my baby? How is my baby?"

"He's doing wonderfully well," I assured her. "He gained three pounds last week."

There was a beautiful girl who never stopped giggling. Another woman prayed aloud for hours. Another pulled everyone's hair. And there was Milenda, who refused to sleep where the moonlight could shine on her face. "That can make a person lose her mind," Milenda insisted.

As I worked with these patients I became toughened to my surroundings. During my fourth week I saw a young mother of four children attempt to cut her throat with a breakfast knife, and I was able to go right on eating my lumpy oatmeal. I was toughened, but I never hardened to my daily fare of suffering. I was allowed on the "hopeless" back wards, where the patients that sometimes seemed more animal than human were caged. The things I saw make me shudder to this day, and make me pray for more public interest in mental health. An old college dream of someday becoming a doctor returned on tiptoe, but I drove it away.

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Don't be a fool. You can never be a doctor now, or anything else, I told myself. *You are insane.*

My seizures became less frequent and less violent, and the great day came when I was taken for a walk outdoors. Never has the air smelled so clean or the sky been so blue! A line of us marched behind a nurse across the grounds and sat down under a great pine.

The nurse, Miss Lewis, approached me. "Ann, I am curious about you." She smiled. "You have such pretty black eyes and are so intelligent and normal. You don't seem to belong here."

"I am all right most of the time, but suddenly I go 'boom,'" I explained.

That evening at supper I had an attack, as though staged for Miss Lewis. I felt the familiar choking, smothering sensation, and fell to the floor.

An argument about my case raged at the clinic. One doctor insisted that I was only showing off. "Ann is not an epileptic," he said. "It is hysteria. She wants attention. She can control herself."

"I don't agree that she can control it yet," another doctor protested. They talked in front of me. "Perhaps she does want attention. Perhaps she never had attention or love. Perhaps she has every right to want those things."

They agreed, however, that I was definitely schizophrenic.

After two months I was promoted to a "privileged" group, and one day Miss Lewis invited me to go to a movie with her in Centerville.

I looked hungrily at the dime stores, drugstores, department stores. This was the world of normal people. We passed a bookstore—a place I had loved two years before as a student at college. I could still hear the little bell tinkle as I opened the door, and I could smell the faint, musty, leathery odor of the store.

"Next time we come out, I will take you shopping," the nurse said. "Would you like that?"

I could only nod, numbly.

But the day shattered around me as we approached the box office at the theater. There stood Miss Kendall, who had been one of my favorite teachers at the college. I had never guessed that anyone who knew me would see me at the Centerville movie. I tried to hide, but too late.

"Why, it's Ann Bentley!" said Miss Kendall. "Are you back in school?" Then she saw the nurse. The teacher was more embarrassed than was I. "Ann, I had no idea!" She flushed. "How long—er—can I come to see her?" She addressed her question to Miss Lewis. I could not look her in the eye. I trembled all through the movie. All I could see on the screen was Miss Kendall's startled face.

The next day she came to visit me.

"None of us knew you were out here, Ann. We are going to do something about it," she promised. "Any girl who can write like this doesn't belong here. Do you remember this?"

She gave me a copy of a poem with which I had won a college poetry contest. I read it as though it were a verse written by someone else.

I find these russet, sun-dyed trees,
Rustling on the sky's blue deep,
So rich with splendor that I have
No eyes for little ants that creep.

Is heaven so gay with sunny trees
Against a ceaselessly blue sky
That God, with ecstasy-blind eyes,
Sees not the creeper that is I?

"Please! Please! Get me out, Miss Kendall!"

I wept. Hope welled up in me for the first time. Could I get better? Could I make something of myself? Could I go to college again, write again, be free again?

A social worker was assigned to my case. There were interviews and more interviews. My family pieced together the money, and I was soon on a jubilant trip from the state institution to a private sanitarium 800 miles north. I had been in the asylum three months, and I hoped that the road through the new hospital was the road home.

The sanitarium was everything that the asylum had not been, in cleanliness, care and skill. I felt safe and snug there—the way one feels when tucked in bed with a fever. I took tub treatments, and experimented with weaving in occupational therapy, and tried out a new hairdo at the beauty parlor. I went to the hospital dances. I had psychiatric treatment—and I found friends, Doctor Matthews and Miss Dolby.

The road back was a rocky road. After four months, I still remained shy and tense, and lacked self-confidence. I had six nervous attacks in one week. My illness was relatively mild, they said, but I made little progress. Miss Dolby told me that I might find I would "get worse before getting better."

Doctor Matthews suggested an air encephalogram. "We are wondering whether your convulsions could be of organic origin," he explained. "Shall we find out?"

I agreed.

The air encephalogram was an eternity of pain, but the results showed that my brain was perfectly normal. Apparently I was still groggy from the examination because my first remark was an illogical one.

"If only something were wrong, then you could help me," I said.

"There is something wrong, Ann, and we will help you," Doctor Matthews calmed me.

The doctor's next recommendation was phenobarbital. For two weeks of this sedation I was relaxed, lazy—and depressed. Then antagonism took over—antagonism to the nurses and doctors, even to food. I was classified as "acutely disturbed," and moved to the "disturbed" ward. Here, I seemed to get worse. I broke a window in a panic. I was restrained six hours in a wet-sheet pack. I was introduced to shock treatment.

"Shock" frightened me, but I know now that it looks much worse than it is. A band was slipped over my head, with buttons pressing the temples. Cotton was stuffed in my mouth. Three nurses held me during the moment's convulsion. I thought I would die of fright, but afterward I drifted into a heavy sleep, and awoke into a temporary amnesia. This was followed by a light, walking-on-air sensation, and then it was time for another shock treatment.

By the end of a series of twelve, taken on alternate days, I felt fine. I could have licked my weight in wildcats, but, of course, the basic problem was still there.

Between treatments I reported for psychotherapy, talking to the psychiatrists about fears and sex and dreams, and about my home and my parents. And I read. I walked. I listened to music. Slowly, as spring broke over the land, my mind shook off its winter. Spring sang in me. I was shifted from the ward, back to my own room. Then came the "parole" section, with wind blowing in the unbarred window. I was allowed to have bobby pins and safety pins and belts, and I could hang my clothes over a chair. I sat by the forsythia bushes on the lawn and watched spring drift into summer.

"We think you will be able to leave in two weeks," Doctor Matthews announced abruptly one morning. Everything in me tightened.

"Are you sure—I am ready?" The hospital was refuge and protection. Could I break out of that comfortable cocoon?

"You don't have to go, Ann. But if you decide to try an experiment in normal living, we will take a room for you near here. You can come in for consultations twice a week."

I felt as though I were standing on a high-diving tower, about to plunge. I wanted to run away. Yet I wanted to make that plunge more than I had ever wanted anything before!

"I'd like to go, if you think I can make it," I decided. "Please don't let me fail, Doctor Matthews."

"Much of that will be up to you, Ann," he said gently.

Doctor Matthews took me to my new home, a small white cottage with green blinds. Roses grew along a steppingstone walk, and hollyhocks leaned against a white picket fence. A white-haired woman came to the door with flour on her arms.

"You will have to forgive me," she fluttered. "I have been making cookies for Tommy. He will be in from kindergarten soon. He's my grandson, you know."

"Good heavens! It is father!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The doctor introduced us. "Mrs. Stewart, this is the Miss Bentley I called you about."

"I love children, especially little boys," I said.

My landlady's eyes sparkled and I knew I had said the right thing. She showed us to my room and hurried away. In the room was a great bed with a tufted pink spread. The rugs were pink, and the wallpaper trailed pink rosebuds. I caught my breath. It was lovely!

"Did you tell her?" I whispered to Doctor Matthews.

"No. Many people are still narrow-minded about sanitarium patients." He winked. "You have been working too hard, Miss Bentley. You have come to the mountains for a rest."

We shook hands. "Good luck! I'll see you Monday at three o'clock."

The Stewarts accepted me as one of the family. Mrs. Stewart's son, Austin, and her daughter-in-law, Sue, were away at work all day, and Mrs. Stewart let me help her in the kitchen and, best of all, she let me care for five-year-old Tommy. Tommy was a blue-eyed bundle of mischief and the happiest thing that had happened to me in a long time. I mended his toys and played with him in the sand pile and took him for walks in the park.

The family asked me no questions. They showed no surprise if I grew tense and withdrawn sometimes. They never seemed to notice that I spent a lot of time alone in my room, and were never curious about the trips I made twice a week to see Doctor Matthews. Once when I came back, Mrs. Stewart met me at the door, laughing.

"Am I glad to see you! Tommy has been howling all afternoon, 'Where's Ann? I want Ann!'"

Three weeks passed. "I'm getting well!" I could scarcely believe it myself.

One afternoon a friend of Mrs. Stewart's came as I was leaving with Tommy for the park.

"Hazel, I don't think you have met our boarder, Miss Bentley," my landlady began.

The woman looked at me, smiling automatically. Then the smile froze on her face.

"I have seen you—somewhere."

"No." But she had seen me, and I knew where!

Tommy tugged at my hand.

"I better go now," I said. "I am glad to have met ——"

"No! You can't! Where—are you taking that baby?" The woman's face was livid.

"For a walk in the park."

"But—you ——" She leaped to her feet. "Stop her!"

Mrs. Stewart frowned. "Hazel, what is wrong?"

"Don't you know who she is?" She pointed at me. "That girl is a lunatic! I know where I have seen her! It was at the sanitarium!"

"You must be mistaken." I tried to be calm. But I began to choke. Rage pounded through me. I was shouting. I clutched Tommy to me.

"Perhaps you'd better not go." It was Mrs. Stewart. "I didn't know. Perhaps you'd better not take Tommy today." She was terrified.

Tommy began to whimper, "Ann, you're hurting me!"

Mrs. Stewart reached for the child. I must have struck her. I know we fought, and Tommy was crying between us, and there were screams and voices and sounds of running feet and the crash of a breaking window.

"She's gone berserk!" someone yelled. "Call the police!"

I was back in the hospital.

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It started all over again. The spells. The treatments. The consultations.

"Three weeks was a pretty good record," Doctor Matthews said. "I am pleased with you." I was astonished. "Next time it will be for keeps."

No one shamed me, or resented me, or abandoned me. Hope was born in me again. *I am going to whip this thing*, I determined. In spite of the failure, those three weeks had given me something new—a conviction that I could live again as a normal person.

I talked more freely to Doctor Matthews as he probed back, back, back, into my history. I was a co-operative witness for my own case. The doctor's tape recorder took down my testimony.

My earliest memories were of a strife-ridden home—a father, Bill Bentley, who drank; and a mother, Eva Bentley, who nagged. They were troubled by their own tumultuous marriage, and puzzled by a tense, nervous child who ran away and broke vases and pulled up the flowers in the garden. I was "bad," and no amount of spanking seemed to help. My sister, Mary, three years younger, grew into a pretty, bubbling little blonde. Everyone loved her.

"Mary is such a beautiful little girl, and such a good little girl," neighbors would say, looking at me significantly. I wanted to kill my sister, and once I actually did try to smother her in her crib. Fortunately, mother interfered.

Throughout those early years mother and father separated several times, talked of divorce, then went back together again. Mary and I were shuttled to grandparents and aunts. They were all glad to take Mary, but no one wanted me. I belonged to no one.

When I began school I looked for love in my teachers and my playmates, but I felt they did not want me either. I did well in school, and one triumphant day I heard my teacher tell mother that I was "the smartest child in the room." But she lowered her voice, thinking I could not hear, and added, "I wish the children would not call her 'that crazy Bentley girl.'"

In high school I led my classes, but found little satisfaction in that. The girls I so longed to have as friends laughed at my clothes, or teased me about my timidity toward boys, or, what was even worse, ignored me. One bright spot was my friendship with Arthur, a crippled boy whose family moved next door. For hours I sat by Arthur's wheel chair and we talked about poetry and music. In a way, we were both handicapped, but he had already learned to live with his handicap, while I had not. When Arthur and his family left town, I cried all day.

Then I had my first "attack." It was at Sunday dinner. Mother and father were quarreling bitterly, as usual.

"And I suppose something is wrong with the gravy too?" mother shrilled.

"I just don't want any gravy!" father shouted back at her.

"Go right ahead and criticize it. I never knew you to turn down gravy before. All you Bentleys are interested in is food—and women."

"Can't you shut up long enough to eat your dinner, Eva?"

Mary was eating quietly, oblivious of their voices. She was used to this, and so was I. But suddenly I felt as though I were choking. My heart pounded. I clutched my throat.

"Let me out of here!"

I rushed from the table. I fell on the living-room sofa, sobbing, gasping for breath. I thought I was dying. Mother and father, alarmed, rubbed my cold hands and feet.

"What's the matter, baby? What's the matter?" father kept asking.

They called a doctor. I don't know what he said to them, but I was put to bed. Neighbors came in. Some of the high-school students called on the telephone. One of the teachers came to see me. My illness was a sensation. For the first time I was the center of attention in my home. I enjoyed it! Going back to school was an agony, because after a few days I was no longer the "Bentley girl who had a heart attack or something." I was just "that crazy Bentley girl" once more.

I became interested in religion, joined a church and found Eunice. Eunice sang in the choir, and she and her husband, Ben, seemed honestly concerned about me. They knew I was unhappy at home, and invited me to live with them. Because of them, the last months in school passed smoothly and I graduated, winning several of the medals given at the graduation ceremony.

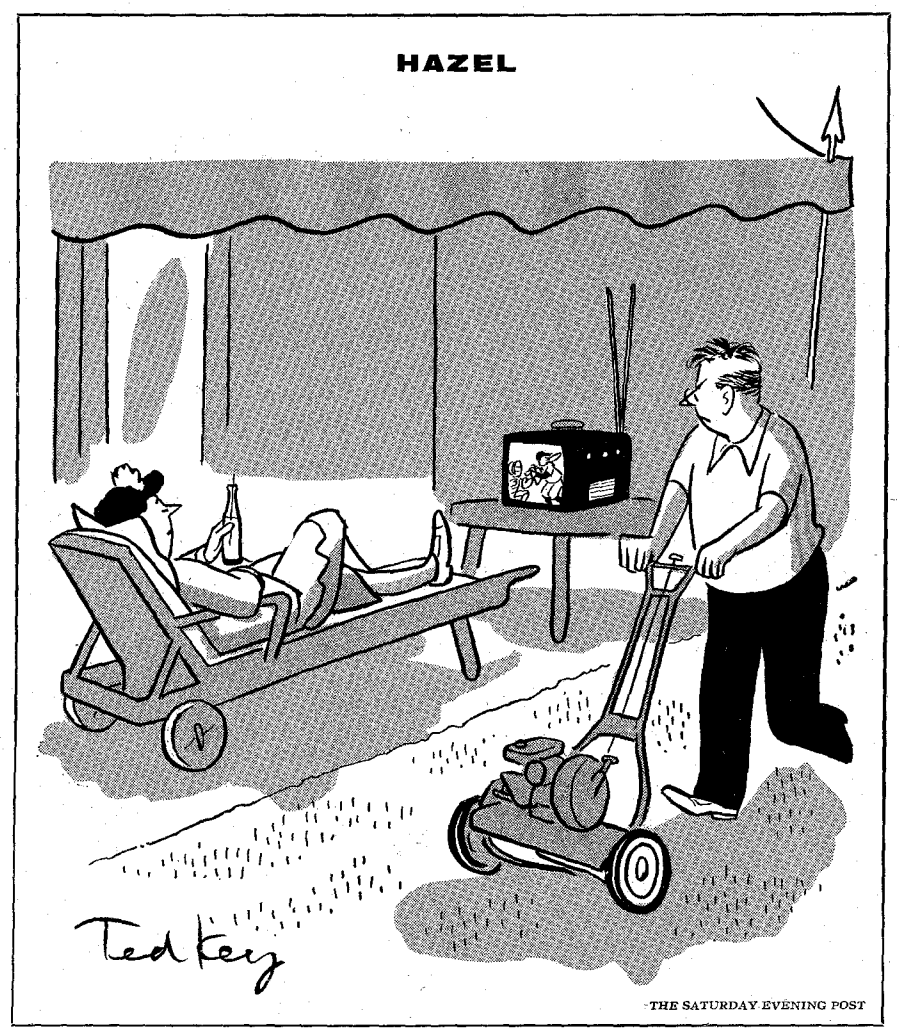
College was the next step. By now my attacks were more frequent, and I was "that peculiar Bentley student who has convulsions." I adored my teachers, like the dignified Miss Kendall, and I worshiped the college doctor, Dr. Sarah Lee. Because of frequent stays in the college infirmary, I saw her often, and sometimes at night I would stand in the dark outside her office window, watching her. Doctor Lee was beautiful, I thought, with the light from the desk lamp shining on her upsweep of gray hair. I wanted to be near her always. I wanted to be like her. Perhaps I could be a doctor someday?

When Doctor Lee told me that she thought I should drop out of college for a while, I tried to kill myself. I cut my wrists with a razor blade, but the cuts were superficial. I was patched up and sent to Aunt Mabel's.

My aunt immediately packed me off to a camp. I don't know whether it was because she wanted to help me or because she wanted to be rid of me. It doesn't matter. The weeks at the girls' camp were something out of heaven. The counselors and the other girls had been warned to accept my attacks as nothing unusual, and they did. Their sympathy was healing to my spirit.

When the camping period drew to an end, I scratched myself all over with briers, hoping that I would be injured too much to travel and would need to stay a few days longer. The attempt was in vain.

I went to live again with my friends, Eunice and Ben. That did not last long, and I moved to Aunt Mabel's, then to grandmother's. Mother and father were back together, and once more I tried living at home with my parents and sister, Mary. I didn't think much about going back to college or about becoming a doctor. I saw so many doctors that I began to hate them. Whatever was happening to me, I knew I was sick. And I was getting worse.



The day after my twenty-third birthday I was committed to the state asylum.

Doctor Matthews reviewed my story, drawing out all the details. He explained that such a case as mine was not uncommon.

"At one time your problems were too much for you to handle," he admitted. "The trauma made you a psychotic. But you are working it through. The question is: Where do you go from here? Will you let your past help you?"

"Help me? How can the home life I had help me?"

"If you will let it, your trauma can make you even steadier mentally," he told me. "Just as a warning heart attack can sometimes lengthen a man's life because it teaches him caution, so can a cured mental patient be stronger than one who has never known such suffering."

He took my hand. "Ann, your mother and father have their own problems. Your sister has developed a heart condition. You cannot blame your family in order to avoid your own responsibility. When you see this and no longer try to escape from yourself, you are no longer sick."

I knew that he was right.

Three months later, Doctor Matthews pronounced me ready to face the world again. This time my chin was set and my head was high. I was handicapped, yes. I was emotionally handicapped. But I was healthy and intelligent, and some persons told me I was attractive. Others who were as handicapped as I, had built full, useful lives. I could do it too.

The rest of my story is normal—almost. I returned to college and graduated. I entered nursing training and became a registered nurse. I took it slowly, dropping out when I felt I was nearing a danger point. But I re-entered, and I made it, thanks to sympathetic friends and medical and psychological help.

Five years after I left the sanitarium I met Cliff Downing, a man with laughing eyes and a shock of sandy hair that always needed combing. I loved him at first sight, as any other normal girl would have loved him. Cliff wasn't young and he wasn't handsome, and, although you have to be smart with figures to work in a hospital business office, Cliff was no genius. But he was kind and patient, and he accepted me for what I was and for what I had been.

When we were married, Cliff was well acquainted with my story, all the dark little ugly alleys of it.

"You are taking a risk with me," I reminded him. "I'm—different."

"Of course, you are different. So what? That's why I love you," he grinned.

As the months passed, I found much more than kindness and patience in Cliff Downing. He was all the people I had ever loved. He was Arthur, Eunice and Ben, Dr. Sarah Lee, Doctor Matthews, Miss Dolby and Tommy, all in one person.

Cliff and I wanted to have a baby right away, and we were overjoyed when I found that I was pregnant. The doctors, however, were concerned. They thought pregnancy might be too much of a strain for me, but I only laughed at them. I had a normal pregnancy, and our baby was a pink doll with her father's thick sandy hair. When she died in a few weeks, the doctors worried about me again. But I had more to think about than myself. My heart was broken, but I also had to see Cliff through. I knew after I held up under that tragedy that nothing else would ever defeat me. The doctors realized it too. They predicted right; a few years later I faced up to another crisis. My marriage failed. After the death of our child and my failure to have another, Cliff drifted from me.

I had no joy in marriage and in motherhood, and sorrow in the death of my child. I knew the bitterness of losing another I had loved. Perhaps I am stronger because of this. I like to think so. I know I am stronger than many women because the challenge to be strong is greater.

In work I have found faith in myself and in my God. In that work there are those who believe in me, those who are dependent on me. Many of these are children, for I am a nurse on a children's ward. I take care of babies, hundreds of them. They are other women's children, but they are small and soft and warm against me, and perhaps I can give them love against the day when they may need this unremembered affection.

I think of them all as my children. For all of them I hope that home is a safe, welcome place. I hope that they never need to search for belonging, because they belong. I hope they are loved and know that they are loved. For them the winds will blow and the cradles will rock, but never may the bough break and the cradle fall.

This is my prayer for them.

THE END

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Armco helps put new star in Dallas skyline

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Statler Hilton's ultra-modern hotel in Dallas is a dramatically new kind of skyscraper. Its *outside walls* are colorful porcelain enamel on Armco Enameling Iron. They're made of the same durable material you can have in your "dream" kitchen, laundry and bathroom.

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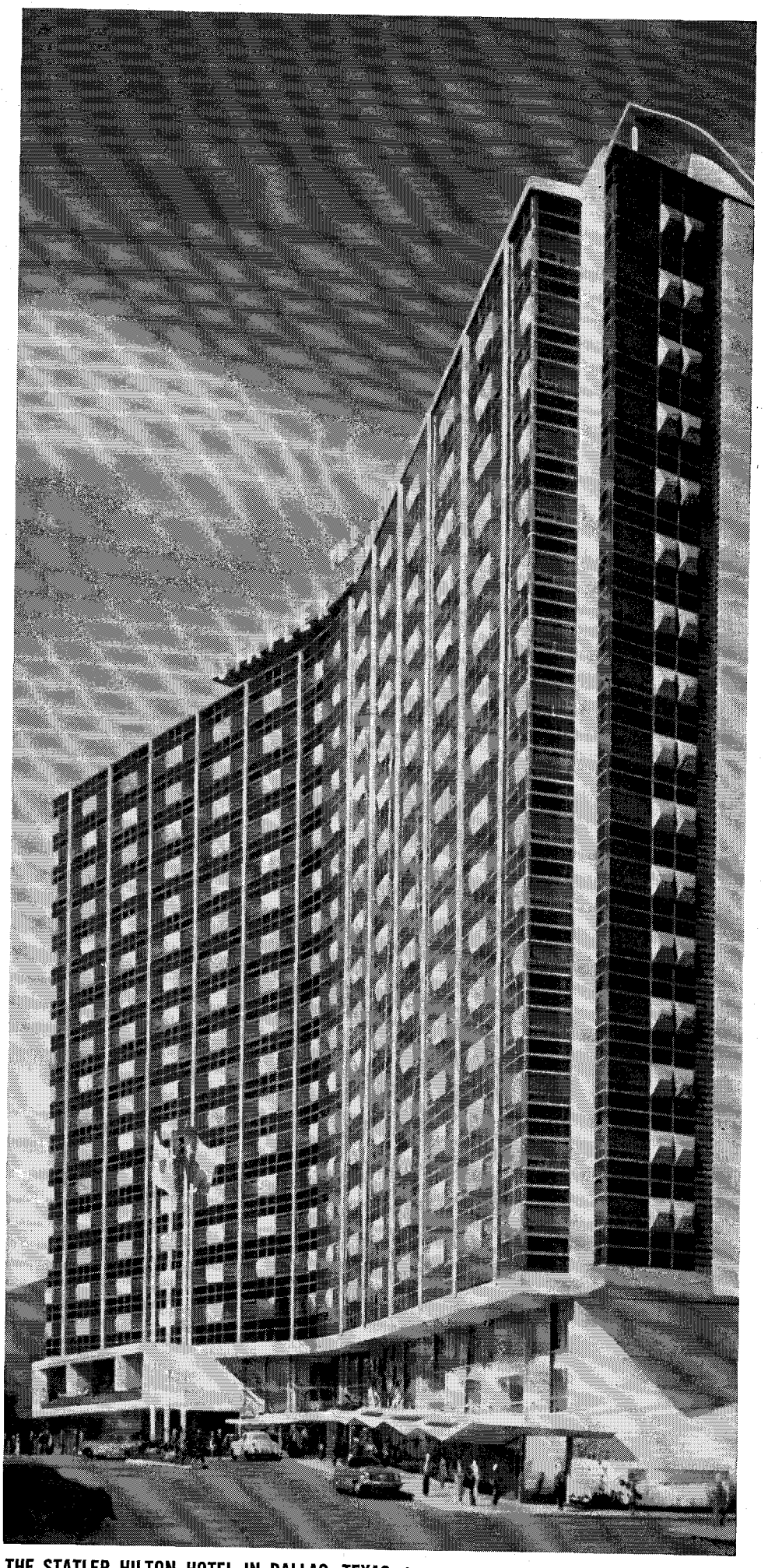

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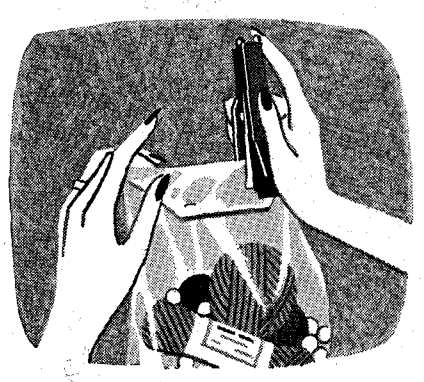
AT HOME



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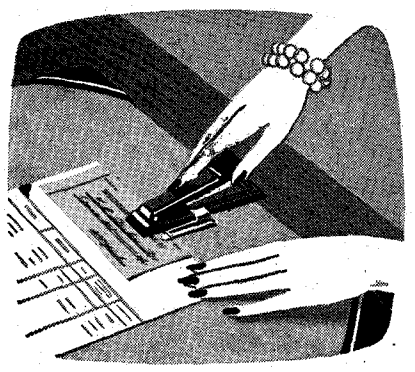

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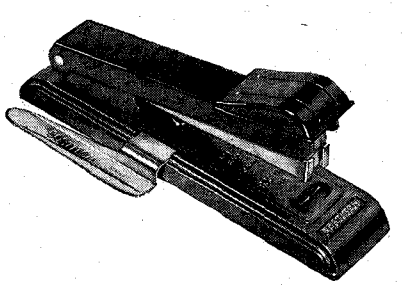

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Keeping Posted

The Kind of Fellow Wally Westmore Is

Soon after Pete Martin had wrapped up the story of Wally Westmore, filmland's make-up genius, an expressman lugged into his house a box within which was wrapped up a copper vacuum ice-bucket. Martin got the point of Westmore's gift; often as they worked he had had to plead, "Now, Wally, don't freeze up."

It was surprising that Westmore glaciated like that; he's naturally so amiable, out-going, even breezy. No doubt this was partly because in relating the intimate anecdotes about his clients that unfold on page 17, he fretted about teetering over the boundary line of good taste. Also, he was apt to wend off into long, too-technical soliloquies about his work, and it was hard to unfreeze him

Grandchildren atop Westmore.

from these excursions. Westmore thinks of his work as that of a true artist; he should—that makes the thinking unanimous. So this parenthetical query: considering the many Oscars awarded annually to technicians, why don't make-up masters rate them? Be that as it may,

Fishin' pals ply their hobby: Westmore, Major Wood, Crosby.

Martin oddly discovered that he could best keep Westmore warmed up by having him occasionally sip from a tall glass partly containing cracked ice.

Martin feels deep apprehension when sometimes a collaborator asks if his wife may check a finished manuscript, to O.K. or dissect it. Mrs. Westmore, having checked, said, "This is all very good." She then added, "Though it isn't the Wally I know."

Instead of that last crack shattering Martin, it uncoiled his nerves. He knew that years ago the Westmores had agreed that business life and home life shouldn't mix. So the wife stays away from the studio, and when the husband comes home, he doesn't start reporting what Grace Kelly or somebody said that day. A wonderful cabinetmaker, Westmore fashions gracious pieces for their home; when he gets fed up with this, he whips a fly rod in the back yard, and probably winds up taking off with Bing Crosby to reduce the nation's trout population. But by no means all of the Westmores' many friends are movie people. Pete Martin suggests that Crosby's special regard for Westmore may stem from character similarity, a democratic, unphony nature which warms to every decent person, seeing no difference, for purposes of friendship, between the loftiest stars and the lowliest extras.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"I Love
Those Italian Men",

As for the art of charming the ladies, Americans could learn a lot from the Latins. So avers Nebraska-born Letitia Baldrige, after serving three years as a social secretary in the American embassy in Rome.

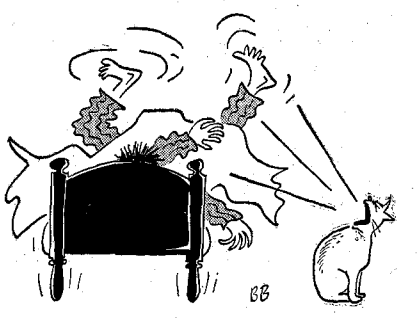
He Fought and Then He Wrote About It

To talk shop for four sentences, it normally takes novelist Christopher Landon half a year to proceed from the first to the last word of a book. However, one day, while sitting with his wife and three youngsters at Timbers Farm, Peasmarsh, near Rye, Sussex, England into his head descended or rose an idea which is on page 36. He immediately hopped the London train, got a Yes from his publisher, figured out his whole plot on the way back, then started churning out twenty pages a day, "and I finished the entire business in three weeks dead." Although in American English he presumably means three weeks flat, after that mighty churning he must have felt at least partly dead.

No doubt he was so speedy because he had been through much of the World War II drama of which he wrote. Landon started out to become a doctor, but wound up becoming a member of the London Stock Exchange; then he enlisted in the Royal Army as a private and, after three years of battling in the Middle East, Major Landon was hospitalized home, tabbed "unfit for further service in the tropics." He adds, "Some War Office genius then posted me in Norway, far above the Arctic Circle, where I finished the conflict in relative coolness." In 1952, while convalescing from a serious illness, he decided to see if he could write. He could. That's the way to parlay an illness.

Bob Carson Reports on Kit Carson

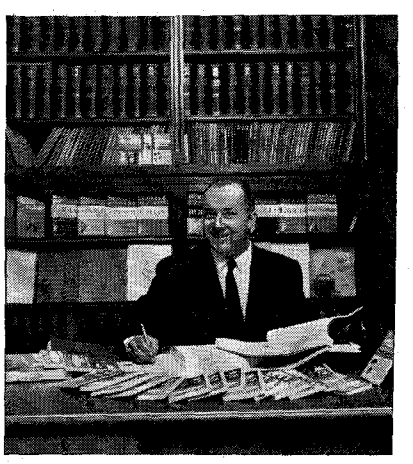
It is touching to watch a man fall in love with a cat against his better judgment. Robert Carson has a new story on page 28 and a new tailless Manx cat at 1030 Stone Canyon Road, Los Angeles. Carson describes his *felis domestica*—a female named Kelly—as "insufferable." She detests catnip, walks mostly on mantelpieces, sits on the television box and watches the show upside-down, utters bloodcurdling screams every A.M. at six, and although she has a scratching



post, she scratches only the living-room carpet.

"If you want me for anything," says Carson, "I'll be sitting right here with Stupid on my lap."

Linguist Has the Last Word



Many-tongued Mr. Berlitz.

Dean Jennings remarks that part of New York's Rockefeller Plaza now contains the Tower of Babel. He found language teacher Charles Berlitz there with four secretaries, each of whom was speaking a different tongue. Berlitz more or less simultaneously talked with all of them, and Jennings says you never heard anything like it.

During work on the page 34 article, Berlitz started to give Jennings his how-to-speak books on French, German and Italian, and seemed a trifle sad when the author happily confessed he could read and speak those forms of communication. But Berlitz felt better when he took the author to lunch and Jennings found that the menu was printed in Indonesian. Berlitz gave Jennings his Indonesia book.

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